

SCHOOL HYMNS
WITH TUNES

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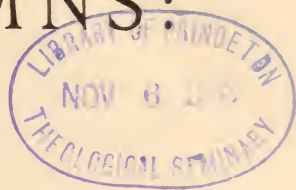
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✓
SCHOOL HYMNS:

WITH TUNES.



A Book of Praise

FOR

TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS,

GUILDS, CHRISTIAN BANDS,

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR SOCIETIES, ETC.

EDITED BY ✓

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THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

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CONTENTS.

	HYMN
THE HOLY TRINITY	I
GOD THE FATHER :	
Praise and Glory	8
Love and Providence	29
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :	
Birth	50
Life on Earth	61
Death	85
Resurrection	91
Ascension and Glory	97
THE HOLY SPIRIT	111
LITANIES	117
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :	
Invitations	123
Repentance	133
Service	141
Warfare	150
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	168
THE LORD'S DAY	173
SPECIAL OCCASIONS :	
New Year	192
Anniversaries	195
The Seasons, Flower Services, &c.	209
Harvest	214
Close of the Year	217
Death	219
THE HEAVENLY HOME	223
MISSIONARY HYMNS	235
BAND OF HOPE AND TEMPERANCE	248
NATIONAL HYMNS	253
GENERAL HYMNS	258
HYMNS FOR INFANT CLASSES	393
HYMNS FOR TEACHERS, PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.	423

PREFACE.

THIS Collection of Hymns, as its name denotes, is intended primarily for use in Schools—Sunday and Weekday—but provision has been made for other occasions; and the Editor has included a large number specially intended for Meetings of Christian Workers, Guilds, Teachers, Bands of Hope, &c. There are also hymns which, although not so suitable as others for public services, will be found acceptable for worship in the Home.

The Editor has endeavoured to provide a Hymnal for the young which shall assist in fostering a high tone of spiritual life, and stimulating early piety of a bright and manly kind. No attempt has been made to include only such hymns as very young children can comprehend—a section for Infant Classes being specially provided—but many of the hymns given are those in use in the Services of the Churches, and which can be sung with equal fitness by old and young. At the same time, the Editor has excluded many hymns, some of them of great beauty, which could only be sung by children at the risk of a simulation of religious experience, which might endanger the truthfulness and sincerity of their regard for the Divine Being. For this reason numerous hymns which have been known by teachers in other collections may now be missed; but, in their place, a large number of bright and vigorous hymns are given.

The Editor has received much kind help from many, and desires to particularly thank Mrs. Carey Brock (Editor of the Children's Hymn-book), Mrs. H. P. Hawkins (Editor of the Home Hymn-book), Rev. Carey Bonner, and Rev. W. Garrett Horder (Editor of Congregational Hymns and The Poet's Bible, and Author of The Hymn-Lover, &c.), for valuable assistance rendered and information supplied.

For permission to include Copyright Hymns, and for hymns written specially for this book, the Editor offers his sincere thanks to Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander; Mrs. E. S. Armitage; Miss M. Beetham-Edwards; Miss Jane Borthwick; Mrs. H. Brock; Miss Marianne Farningham; Miss Maude Harvey; Mrs. H. P. Hawkins; Mrs. C. F. Hernaman; Miss Annie Matheson; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Mitchell; Miss Ollerenshaw; Mrs. Streatfeild; Miss Wigglesworth; E. C. W.; and L. H. W.

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Notwithstanding the great advance which has been effected in recent years to improve the musical portion of the Services of the Church, but little improvement has been made in the quality of the music provided in Sunday School Hymnals. In SCHOOL HYMNS an attempt has been made to carry what is best and worthiest in the music of the Church into the School, at the same time bearing in mind that there are many children's hymns which call for a somewhat more advanced and a livelier style of setting than is usual with the more staid and severe verses of the psalms and hymns of the congregation.

The Editor has endeavoured to exclude all that is unworthy and inferior, hoping that the book, in addition to achieving its primary object, may be a means of promoting a correct and refined musical taste among the young people for whom it is intended. With this object he has omitted the crude and inartistic compositions which, in recent years, have been so extensively imported from America to the injury, as many think, of the words to which they have been not unfrequently most unworthily wedded ; and although some tunes of a lower musical standard are included, they have found a place only because they have become so associated with the words as to prohibit a disunion.

For the difficult work of selecting the accompanying tunes, the Editor was fortunate in securing the assistance and co-operation of Mr. H. Elliot Button, whose wide experience and musical knowledge have been of the greatest value in such an undertaking. Mr. Button has also revised the harmonies of the tunes selected, and the advantages arising from the association of a musician of so much taste and ability will be apparent to all who examine the book.

The Editor desires to thank the following Composers and Proprietors of copyright tunes for their generous permission, in all cases most readily granted, to insert their tunes in this book without payment : Mr. F. G. Baker for *St. Saviour* ; Mr. Henry Baker for *Hesperus* ; Mr. W. S. Bambridge for *St. Asaph* ; Mr. Wilfred

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Some explanation is perhaps necessary to account for the absence of a number of tunes by the late Dr. J. B. Dykes and others, which are to be found in the hymnals of almost every denomination, and which have attained a world-wide popularity, owing to the freedom with which permission for their use has been hitherto granted by their owners, the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern. In the present instance, however, and without any reason being assigned, the Proprietors of these copyright tunes have refused to grant the permission, which has heretofore been given gratuitously, or to accept payment for the privilege desired. In no other instance where application has been made to composers or owners of copyrights, has any refusal been given, but every assistance has been most courteously rendered. The Editor believes that the tunes which have been inserted in the place of those referred to will, when they become known, be as popular as those the use of which has been so strangely denied.

March, 1893.

INDEX TO HYMNS.

HYMN	PAGE
1 GLORY to the Father give	271
2 God Almighty, in Thy temple	199
3 God of glory, God of grace	119
4 Great Creator, Lord of all	92
5 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	281
6 Let all men praise the Lord	40
7 Seraphs praise Thee, God the Father	211
8 All people that on earth do dwell	243
9 Angels holy, high and lowly	221
10 Angel voices, ever singing	131
11 Come let us adore Him, the bountiful	283
12 For the beauty of the earth	115
13 From all that dwell below the skies	243
14 Give to our God immortal praise	236
15 Glory, glory to God in the highest !	293
16 I sing the almighty power of God.....	164
17 In thankful songs our hearts we lift	161
18 Let us with a gladsome mind.....	106
19 O give thanks to Him who made.....	115
20 O Lord of earth, and sea, and sky ...	188
21 O worship the King, all glorious above	1
22 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	202
23 Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore ...	209
24 Praise ye the Lord ! immortal choir... ..	164
25 Sing to the Lord a joyful song	256
26 The valleys and the mountains	288
27 To Him who spread the skies	31
28 We thank our loving Father, God.....	172
29 All that's good, and great, and true... ..	104
30 All things bless Thee, God most holy	211
31 For all beneath the open sky	251
32 For all Thy care we bless Thee	55
33 God is Love ! delightful truth	103
34 God is Love ! His mercy brightens ...	191
35 God is Love ; that anthem olden	199
36 Great Giver of all good	33
37 Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	232
38 Great God, the world is full of Thee... ..	154
39 How dearly God must love us	77
40 I know, when I lie down to sleep	161
41 My heavenly Father ! all I see	140
42 None is like God, who reigns above... ..	149
43 Our heavenly Father calls us near.....	147
44 The beautiful bright sunshine	87
45 The King of Love my Shepherd is ...	190
46 There's not a tint that paints the rose	157
47 Thou art, O God, the life and light ...	253
48 We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair ...	249
49 Yes, God is good ; in earth and sky ...	234
50 Cradled in a manger meanly	208
51 " Glory to God ! " the angel said	139
52 Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour ...	159
53 Hark ! the herald angels sing	124
54 I love to hear the story	68
55 In the town of Bethlehem	198
56 It came upon the midnight clear	179
57 Once in royal David's city	200
58 Sweetly sang the angels	20
59 The joyful morn is breaking	59
60 We sing a loving Jesus	68
61 A widowed mother lost her son.....	143
62 By Jacob's ancient well	37
63 Children in the temple.....	10
64 Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	223
65 Gentle, holy Jesus, Saviour meek ...	20
66 God, who hath fixed his throne.....	136
67 Hosanna ! loud hosanna !	66
68 Hosanna ! they were crying	66
69 I love to think though I am young ...	137

HYMN	PAGE
70 I think, when I read that sweet story...	271
71 Jesus, who lived above the sky	232
72 My dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	240
73 O Love, how deep ! how broad !	249
74 O where is He that trod the sea ?	174
75 The night was wild, and stormy winds	140
76 The Son of God, in mighty love	241
77 The sufferer had been heard to say ...	232
78 'Tis very wonderful, I'm sure	157
79 'Twas long ago, when Jesus dwelt.....	183
80 When, His salvation bringing	52
81 When Jesus, at a wondrous feast	147
82 When Jesus Christ was here below	241
83 When Jesus was on earth He used ...	150
84 When they brought little children.....	88
85 Forgive them, O my Father	72
86 It is a thing most wonderful	234
87 Jesus, tender Saviour	7
88 One there is above all others	201
89 There is a green hill far away	152
90 Who is this, so weak and helpless ? ...	206
91 Christ is risen, Hallelujah !	218
92 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day !	108
93 Hark ! the angels' joyful song	113
94 On wings of living light	31
95 Rejoice and be glad !	287
96 The fishers sat within their boat	186
97 All glory, praise, and honour.....	57
98 All hail the power of Jesus' name	138
99 At the name of Jesus every knee	14
100 Come, happy children, come and raise	139
101 Come, let us join our cheerful songs... ..	139
102 Crown Him with many crowns	39
103 Far above in highest heaven	211
104 Golden harps are sounding.....	21
105 Let us sing with one accord	108
106 O God of God ! O Light of Light ! ...	256
107 Rejoice, the Lord is King	31
108 The golden gates are lifted up	164
109 The head that once was crowned	165
110 There is no name so sweet on earth ...	217
111 Come, gracious Spirit, Source of love	229
112 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	116
113 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	95
114 Holy Spirit, hear us	7
115 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine !	101
116 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	253
117 Our Father, God, who art in heaven... ..	162
118 Father, from Thy throne on high	97
119 Heavenly Father, let Thy light	98
120 Jesus, from Thy throne on high.....	97
121 Jesus, once an infant small	97
122 May we prize the Christian name.....	97
123 Art thou weary, art thou languid	128
124 Come to Jesus ! mighty Saviour.....	193
125 Come to the Saviour, make no delay	261
126 Come unto Me, ye weary	65
127 Hark ! a still small voice is heard.....	118
128 I heard the voice of Jesus say	176
129 Merciful and loving Saviour	195
130 O come to the merciful Saviour.....	285
131 O Jesus, Thou art standing	71
132 O word of words, the sweetest	79
133 If Jesus Christ was sent	35
134 Jesus, we come to Thee	39
135 Jesus, who callest little ones to Thee	262
136 Just as I am—without one plea.....	227
137 Lord ! I obey Thy kind command ...	226
138 Lord of mercy and of might	95

HYMN	PAGE	HYMN	PAGE
139 Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	193	208 To Thee the Giver of all good	247
140 O Thou! who young children didst... ..	285	209 Sweet flowers are blooming.....	159
141 Do we love our gentle Saviour	219	210 Summer suns are glowing	12
142 I cannot do great things for Him	171	211 Come, children, bring your offerings...	66
143 Just as I am, Thine own to be	227	212 From meadows bright with blossom...	49
144 Saviour! while my heart is tender.....	213	213 O Thou whose bounty fills the earth ..	159
145 The Master hath come	285	214 Again the joy of harvest	83
146 We are only little workers	196	215 Sing to the Lord of harvest	52
147 We have no words with which to tell ..	154	216 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise ..	217
148 What can I give to Jesus	86	217 O Lord, another year has flown	229
149 While the sun is shining	14	218 We love to sing our Saviour's praise ..	184
150 Christian, seek not yet repose	93	219 Blessed art thou, who, passed before ..	236
151 Father, we are young and weak	114	220 They are going—only going	208
152 Fight the good fight	244	221 Captain and Saviour of the host	145
153 Forward! be our watchword.....	22	222 God of the living, in whose eyes	253
154 Go forth, go forth in our armour clad ..	260	223 I love that holy Scripture	47
155 Go forward, Christian soldier.....	72	224 Little feet are passing	12
156 March on, march on, ye soldiers true ..	287	225 O happy land, O happy land.....	179
157 March onward, march onward	281	226 Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	78
158 Onward, children! onward!	22	227 Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	89
159 Onward, Christian soldiers.....	23	228 The pearl gates are open wide.....	187
160 Put on the armour of our God	169	229 There is a bright and happy home ..	215
161 Sound the battle cry!	295	230 There is a home where angels dwell...	182
162 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! ..	250	231 There was a lovely garden once	180
163 Stand up! stand up for Jesus.....	75	232 There's a fold both safe and happy ..	213
164 Strike! O strike for victory.....	17	233 There's a Friend for little children ..	61
165 The Son of God goes forth to war ...	178	234 Yes, there are little ones in heaven ...	254
166 We are the children of a King	178	235 From Greenland's icy mountains	53
167 Yield not to temptation	279	236 From north and south, and east	224
168 Great God, with wonder.....	166	237 From the eastern mountains	21
169 The good old Book with histories.....	152	238 God of heaven, hear our singing	195
170 There is a lamp that sheds a light ...	240	239 Hail to the Lord's anointed	75
171 Thy Word is like a garden, Lord	154	240 Hark! the joyful tidings.....	10
172 We love the good old Bible	69	241 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying	213
173 In God's holy dwelling.....	14	242 How blest are they who strive	35
174 Lord, this day Thy children meet.....	103	243 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	244
175 This is the day the light was made ...	161	244 Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet ..	162
176 What shall we sing for Sabbath songs?	173	245 Spread the tidings of salvation	191
177 Again the morn of gladness	81	246 Tell it out among the heathen	291
178 Again we meet in gladness	73	247 Soldiers of the Cross, arise!	103
179 At Thy feet, our God and Father	209	248 Come, friends, the world wants	83
180 Bright and joyous be our lay	121	249 O, rouse ye, Christian workers	84
181 O day of rest and gladness.....	65	250 On to the conflict, battle for the right ..	269
182 O Thou who hast Thy servants taught ..	159	251 The boys and girls of England	85
183 Father, give us now Thy blessing.....	195	252 The many are not always right.....	145
184 God be with you till we meet again ..	258	253 God bless our native land	25
185 Saviour, now the day is ending.....	201	254 God save our gracious Queen.....	25
186 The Lord be with us as we bend	162	255 Our fathers were high-minded men ..	185
187 And now this holy day	27	256 Praise to our God, whose bounteous ..	236
188 At even, ere the sun was set	230	257 When wilt Thou save the people	289
189 Saviour, again to Thy dear name.....	267	258 Almighty Father, God of Love	233
190 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear ...	230	259 Awake, my soul, and with the sun ...	242
191 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended ..	259	260 Brightly, O Father, when morning ..	274
192 Another year is dawning.....	48	261 Father, Holy Father, now the sun ...	8
193 From glory unto glory!	51	262 Father of lights, again these new-born ..	267
194 The old year's long campaign is o'er ..	181	263 God of our life, our morning songs ...	149
195 A glad some hymn of praise we sing ..	221	264 Lord God of morning and of night ...	238
196 Another year has passed away	169	265 My Father, for another night.....	162
197 Come, Christian youths and maidens ..	57	266 Now while the morning brightens.....	259
198 Father, from Thy throne of glory	195	267 O God, who, when the night was deep ..	234
199 God bless our Sunday school.....	25	268 The darkness now is over	47
200 Hail the children's festal day	121	269 The morning, the bright.....	283
201 It is a day of gladness	80	270 Thy love for all Thy creatures	75
202 Jesus, blessed Saviour	18	271 When the morning breaketh	24
203 Lord Jesus, God and man	37	272 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide ..	265
204 Lord Jesus, once again we meet	181	273 All praise to Thee, my God, this night ..	243
205 O Lord of all, we bring to Thee	184	274 Ere evening shadows round me close ..	235
206 Our hymn of thanks we sing to-day ...	171	275 Ere I sleep, for every favour	125
207 We hail our anniversary	294	276 Father, in high heaven dwelling	223

HYMN	PAGE	HYMN	PAGE
277 Father, Thy children come to-night...	238	346 Jesus, the children are calling	126
278 Father, while the shadows fall	112	347 King of glory ! Saviour dear !	103
279 God, who madest earth and heaven...	127	348 Lead us, heavenly Father	13
280 Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father...	193	349 Looking upward every day.....	44
281 Lord, when we have not any light.....	154	350 Lord, I read of tender mercy.....	129
282 My Father, hear my prayer	27	351 Lord, who hast made me Thy	152
283 Now God be with us, for the night...	277	352 Loving Shepherd, feed me	11
284 Now the day is over.....	7	353 Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep.....	105
285 Peacefully round us the shadows	274	354 Make channels for the streams of Love	150
286 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing...	197	355 My God has given me work to do	137
287 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	254	356 My Lord, in glory reigning	56
288 The day is past and over	85	357 My Saviour, be Thou near me	63
289 The hours of day are over	50	358 O God of mercy, God of might.....	228
290 The twilight falls, the night is near ...	150	359 O happy Christian children	53
291 Through the day Thy love hath	201	360 O happy they who know the Lord ...	230
292 When evening shadows gather	63	361 O help me, Lord, this day to be	235
293 A little kingdom I possess	183	362 O Holy Lord, content to fill	231
294 A thought is but a little thing	152	363 O Jesus, blessed Jesus !	71
295 Around the throne of God a band	244	364 O Lamb of God most lowly	47
296 Before the throne of God above	140	365 O Lord of Life ! for all Thy care	173
297 Blest Saviour, let me be a child.....	157	366 O Lord, the children come to Thee...	237
298 Children of Jerusalem	109	367 O Lord, Thou art surrounded	55
299 Christ, the Teacher, cometh	10	368 Raise the song of triumph	278
300 Christ, who once among us	8	369 Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	15
301 Christian children must be holy	196	370 Saviour, teach me, day by day	99
302 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour ..	71	371 Singing for Jesus, our Saviour	265
303 Come, sing with holy gladness	62	372 Teach me, O Lord, where'er I move	147
304 Day by day we magnify Thee	191	373 The happy days have come again.....	190
305 Dear Jesus, ever at my side	163	374 The Lord attends when children pray	152
306 Dear Jesus, I have learnt to know	238	375 The Saviour loves all children	69
307 Dear Saviour, who of old didst call ..	253	376 The still small voice that speaks	182
308 Early will we seek Thee	15	377 The wise may bring their learning ...	58
309 Eternal Father, strong to save	253	378 The world looks very beautiful	76
310 Every morning the red sun.....	42	379 There is a book who runs may read...	147
311 Father, lead me day by day	104	380 There is a mother's voice of love	153
312 Friend of sinners ! Lord of glory	209	381 There is a name I love to hear	163
313 God does not judge as we must do	157	382 There is a path that leads to God.....	161
314 God make my life a little light	157	383 Thou bidst us seek Thee early	59
315 God of little children	16	384 Thou blessed Jesus, pity me	155
316 God of mercy, throned on high.....	119	385 Upon the shore of life we stand.....	145
317 God of pity, God of grace	95	386 We are but little children weak.....	233
318 God sets a still small voice.....	26	387 We bring to Thee, dear Saviour	61
319 God speaks to us in bird and song ...	228	388 We join our hearts and voices	77
320 God who hath made the daisies	76	389 We thank Thee, Lord, for all the joys	150
321 God will take care of you	264	390 What a Friend we have in Jesus	213
322 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	205	391 What is life ? O think with care.....	122
323 Grant us, O our Heavenly Father.....	196	392 When He cometh, when He cometh ..	134
324 Hosanna be the children's song	165	393 A little child may know	33
325 " Hosanna " we sing, like the children	272	394 Always by day, always by night.....	145
326 Hushed was the evening hymn	29	395 Around the throne of God in heaven	168
327 I am so glad that our Father in heaven	268	396 Children know but little	9
328 I have a Father up in heaven.....	137	397 Do no sinful action	11
329 I know who makes the daisies	67	398 From His high throne above the sky	143
330 I love my precious Saviour.....	73	399 God is in heaven. Can He hear	149
331 I love to sing of that great Power.....	165	400 God is near me when the light	117
332 I ought to love my Saviour	61	401 God, who made the earth	3
333 I want to be like Jesus.....	86	402 How pleasant is the cheerful light.....	143
334 I want to live and be a man	244	403 I am a little soldier	48
335 In our work and in our play	110	404 I like to play ; but life was made	145
336 In vain the name of Christ we bear ...	245	405 In my soft bed, when quite alone	153
337 It fell upon a summer day	225	406 Jesus loves me, this I know	111
338 It is but little that I know	149	407 Jesus loves the little children	205
339 Jesus, Friend of little children	128	408 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	193
340 Jesus high in glory, lend a listening ear	8	409 Jesus was once a little child	135
341 Jesus, I so often need Thee	128	410 Kind Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb	133
342 Jesus, King of glory, throned	18	411 Little beam of rosy light.....	90
343 Jesus, Lord and Master	12	412 Little children, love the Lord.....	105
344 Jesus, loving Saviour, hear us	8	413 Little drops of water	7
345 Jesus, meek and gentle	7	414 O little birds that all day long	171

HYMN

415 O what can little hands do ?	125
416 Once to our world there came	26
417 Saviour, bless a little child	99
418 Sweet the lessons Jesus taught	95
419 Thou that once on mother's knee	117
420 Thy little one, O Saviour dear	135
421 When mothers of Salem	296
422 Where is Jesus, little children ?	127
423 Almighty God, Thy word is cast	157
424 Always with thee ; ever near	105
425 As helpless as a child who clings	177
426 Ashamed of Thee ! O dearest Lord	235
427 Behold us, Lord, a little space	177
428 Come to us, Lord, who come to Thee	229
429 Courage, brother ! do not stumble	197
430 Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	171
431 Drawn by Thy love that found me	267
432 Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God	141
433 Forsaken once, and thrice denied	227
434 Forward, soldiers, bold and fearless	130
435 Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent	231
436 God chooseth out the place	37
437 God hath two families of love	247
438 Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord	101
439 Help me, my God, to speak	35
440 Higher, higher to the Cross	107
441 How blessed from the bonds of sin	175
442 How kind our Father's voice	35
443 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	151
444 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	129
445 I give my heart to Thee	39
446 I have no help but Thine	267
447 I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour	5
448 I thank Thee, Lord, for using me	143
449 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend	217
450 Immortal Love, for ever full	166
451 In the hour of trial, Jesus, plead for	13
452 In the march of life, through the toil	263
453 Jesus, blessed Jesus, I would follow	13
454 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	193
455 Jesus, Lover of my soul	123
456 Jesus, Master, whom I serve	116
457 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	254
458 Jesus, still lead on	2
459 Jesus, the very thought of Thee	163
460 Jesus, Thy joy of loving hearts	231
461 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	255
462 Jesus, unto whom we pray	107
463 Lead us, O Father, in the paths	267
464 Light of the world, whose kind and	262
465 Look from Thy sphere of endless day	237
466 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	147
467 Lord, give me light to do Thy work	141
468 Lord, I was blind ; I could not see	238
469 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	239
470 Lord, we meet to pray and praise	101
471 Lord, when through sin I wander	71
472 May the grace of Christ our Saviour	211
473 Met again in Jesus' name	103
474 My God, how wonderful Thou art	166
475 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right	233
476 Nearer, my God, to Thee	4
477 Not your own, but His ye are	121
478 O brother man ! fold to thy heart	273
479 O Everlasting Light	37
480 O for a heart to praise my God	159
481 O for a thousand tongues to sing	136
482 O for the love, the perfect love	155
483 O God of Truth, whose living word	143

PAGE

HYMN

484 O God ! who knows't how frail we are	235
485 O grant us light, that we may know	237
486 O happy band of pilgrims	47
487 O happy home, where thou art loved	275
488 O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me	167
489 O Jesus, crucified for man	249
490 O Jesus, I have promised	55
491 O Jesus, King most wonderful	167
492 O Lord and Father of mankind	189
493 O Lord and Master of us all	167
494 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	224
495 O Lord, with toil our days are filled	145
496 O Master, let me walk with Thee	257
497 O praise the Lord our God	40
498 O Saviour, I have nought to plead	228
499 O Saviour, may we never rest	159
500 O Saviour, precious Saviour	56
501 O the Father's hands are helping	193
502 O Thou before whose presence	58
503 O Thou who by a star didst guide	135
504 O Thou who camest from above	247
505 O Thou who sendest sun and rain	249
506 O Thou, whose presence went before	249
507 O walk with Jesus, wouldst thou know	247
508 On our way rejoicing	9
509 One prayer I have—all prayers in one	177
510 Open the door for the children	214
511 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	149
512 Rock of ages, cleft for me	118
513 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	195
514 Shine Thou upon us, Lord	28
515 Soldiers of Christ, arise	37
516 Souls of men, why will ye scatter	207
517 Standing forth on life's rough way	41
518 Still with Thee, O my God	35
519 Strong Son of God, immortal Love	246
520 Take my life, and let it be	101
521 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	245
522 Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal	141
523 Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way	239
524 The Galilean fishers toil	175
525 The Lord is rich and merciful	180
526 There is a service, whose seeks	175
527 There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight	151
528 Thou art the Way, by Thee alone	149
529 Thou Grace divine, encircling all	151
530 Thou in whose name the two or three	229
531 Though lowly here our lot may be	155
532 Through good report and evil, Lord	225
533 Thy home is with the humble, Lord	153
534 To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	65
535 True-hearted, whole-hearted	276
536 Uplift the banner ! let it float	241
537 Upon the holy mount they stood	173
538 Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know	139
539 We are soldiers of Christ	282
540 We give Thee but Thine own	33
541 We have not known Thee as we ought	255
542 We render thanks to Thee, O God	133
543 We who would lead Thy flock	245
544 When I had wandered from His fold	136
545 When the Lord of Love was here	91
546 When through life's dewy fields	133
547 Where is thy God, my soul ?	33
548 Who is on the Lord's side ?	19
549 Work, for the night is coming	43
550 Work is sweet, for God has blest	114
551 All things bright and beautiful	45

PAGE

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	HYMN	PAGE		HYMN	PAGE
A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing	195	221	Come, children, bring your offerings	211	66
A little child may know	393	33	Come, Christian youths and maidens	197	57
A little kingdom I possess	293	183	Come, friends—the world wants.....	248	83
A thought is but a little thing	294	152	Come, gracious Spirit, source of love	111	229
A widowed mother lost her son	61	143	Come, happy children, come and raise	100	139
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	272	265	Come, let us adore Him, the bountiful.....	11	283
Again the joy of harvest	214	83	Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	101	139
Again the morn of gladness	177	81	Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.....	302	71
Again we meet in gladness	178	73	Come, sing with holy gladness	303	62
All glory, praise, and honour	97	57	Come to Jesus, mighty Saviour.....	124	193
All hail the power of Jesus' name	98	138	Come to the Saviour, make no delay	125	261
All people that on earth do dwell	8	243	Come to us, Lord, who come to Thee	428	229
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	273	243	Come unto Me, ye weary.....	126	65
All that's good and great and true	29	104	Courage, brother, do not stumble	429	197
All things bless Thee, God most holy	30	211	Cradled in a manger meanly	50	208
All things bright and beautiful	551	45	Crown Him with many crowns	102	39
Almighty Father, God of love.....	258	233			
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	423	157	DAY by day we magnify Thee	304	191
Always by day, always by night	394	145	Dear Jesus, ever at my side.....	305	163
Always with Thee ! Ever near	424	105	Dear Jesus, I have learnt to know	306	238
And now this holy day.....	187	27	Dear Saviour, who of old didst call	307	253
Angel voices ever singing.....	10	131	Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	430	171
Angels holy, high and lowly	9	221	Do no sinful action.....	397	11
Another year has passed away	196	169	Do we love our gentle Saviour	141	219
Another year is dawning	192	48	Drawn by Thy love that found me	431	267
Around the throne of God a band	295	244			
Around the throne of God in heaven.....	395	168	EARLY will we seek Thee.....	308	15
Art thou weary, art thou languid ?	123	128	Ere evening's shadows round me close.....	274	235
As helpless as a child who clings	425	177	Ere I sleep, for every favour	275	125
Ashamed of Thee ! O dearest Lord	426	235	Eternal Father, strong to save	309	253
At even, ere the sun was set	188	230	Every morning the red sun	310	42
At the name of Jesus.....	99	14			
At Thy feet, our God and Father	179	209	FAR above, in highest heaven	103	211
Awake my soul, and with the sun.....	259	242	Father, from Thy throne of glory	198	195
			Father, from Thy throne on high	118	97
BEFORE the throne of God above	296	140	Father, give us now Thy blessing	183	195
Behold us, Lord, a little space	427	177	Father, Holy Father, now the sun	261	8
Blessed art thou, who passed before	219	236	Father, in high heaven dwelling	276	223
Blest Saviour, let me be a child	297	157	Father, lead me day by day.....	311	104
Bright and joyous be our lay	180	121	Father of lights, again these	262	267
Brightly, O Father, when morning	260	274	Father, Thy children come to-night	277	238
By Jacob's ancient well	62	37	Father, we are young and weak.....	151	114
			Father, while the shadows fall	278	112
CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host	221	145	Fierce raged the tempest	64	223
Children in the temple	63	10	Fight the good fight	152	244
Children know but little	396	9	Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God	432	141
Children of Jerusalem	298	109	For all beneath the open sky	31	251
Christ is risen ! Hallelujah	91	218	For all Thy care we bless Thee	32	55
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	92	108	For the beauty of the earth	12	115
Christ the Teacher cometh	299	10	Forgive them, O my Father.....	85	72
Christ, who once among us	300	8	Forsaken once, and thrice denied	433	227
Christian children must be holy	301	196	Forward ! be our watchword	153	22
Christian, seek not yet repose.....	150	93	Forward, soldiers, bold and fearless	434	130

	HYMN	PAGE		HYMN	PAGE
Friend of sinners, Lord of glory	312	209	Hark the voice of Jesus crying	241	213
From all that dwell below the skies	13	243	Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father	280	193
From glory unto glory !	193	51	Heavenly Father, let Thy light	119	98
From Greenland's icy mountains	235	53	Help me, my God, to speak	439	35
From His high throne above the sky	398	143	Higher, higher to the Cross	440	107
From meadows bright with blossom	212	49	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ...	5	281
From north, and south, and east, and west	236	224	Holy Spirit, hear us	114	7
From the eastern mountains	237	21	Holy Spirit, Truth Divine	115	101
			Hosanna ! be the children's song	324	165
GENTLE, Holy Jesus	65	20	Hosanna ! loud Hosanna	67	66
Give to our God immortal praise	14	236	Hosanna ! they were crying	68	66
Glory, glory to God in the highest	15	293	Hosanna we sing, like the children	325	272
Glory to God the angel said	51	139	How blessed, from the bonds of sin	441	175
Glory to the Father give	1	101	How blest are they who strive	242	35
Go forth, go forth in our armour clad	154	260	How dearly God must love us	39	77
Go forward, Christian soldier	155	72	How kind our Father's voice	442	35
Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent	435	231	How pleasant is the cheerful light	402	143
God Almighty, in Thy temple	2	199	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	443	151
God be with you till we meet again	184	258	Hushed was the evening hymn	326	29
God bless our native land	253	25			
God bless our Sunday school	199	25	I AM a little soldier	403	48
God chooseth out the place	436	37	I am so glad that our Father	327	268
God does not judge as we must do	313	157	I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	444	129
God hath two families of love	437	247	I cannot do great things for Him	142	171
God is in Heaven. Can He hear	399	149	I give my heart to Thee	445	39
God is Love : delightful truth	33	103	I have a Father up in heaven	328	137
God is Love : His mercy brightens	34	191	I have no help but Thine	446	267
God is Love ; that anthem olden	35	199	I heard the voice of Jesus say	128	176
God is near me when the light	400	117	I know when I lie down to sleep	40	161
God make my life a little light	314	157	I know who makes the daisies	329	67
God of glory, God of grace	3	119	I lift my heart to Thee	447	5
God of heaven, hear our singing	238	195	I like to play, but life was made	404	145
God of little children, lend a gracious ear	315	16	I love my precious Saviour	330	73
God of mercy, throned on high	316	119	I love that Holy Scripture	223	47
God of our life, our morning songs	263	149	I love to hear the story	54	68
God of pity, God of grace	317	95	I love to sing of that great Power	331	165
God of the living, in whose eyes	222	253	I love to think though I am young	69	137
God save our gracious Queen	254	25	I ought to love my Saviour	332	61
God sets a still small voice	318	26	I sing the almighty power of God	16	164
God speaks to us in bird and song	319	228	I thank Thee, Lord, for using me	448	143
God who hath fixed His throne on high	66	136	I think, when I read that sweet story of old	70	271
God who hath made the daisies	320	76	I've found a Friend ! O such a Friend	449	217
God who made the earth	401	3	I want to be like Jesus	333	86
God who madest earth and heaven	279	127	I want to live and be a man	334	244
God will take care of you	321	264	If Jesus Christ was sent	133	35
Golden harps are sounding	104	21	Immortal Love, for ever full	450	166
Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd	322	205	In God's holy dwelling	173	14
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	112	116	In my soft bed when quite alone	405	152
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	113	95	In our work and in our play	335	110
Grant us, O our Heavenly Father	323	196	In thankful songs our hearts we lift	17	161
Great Creator, Lord of all	4	92	In the hour of trial	451	13
Great Giver of all good	36	33	In the march of life	452	263
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	37	232	In the town of Bethlehem	55	198
Great God, the world is full of Thee	38	154	In vain the name of Christ we bear	336	245
Great God, with wonder and with praise	168	166	It came upon the midnight clear	56	179
			It fell upon a summer day	337	225
HAIL the children's festal day	200	121	It is a day of gladness	201	80
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	239	75	It is a thing most wonderful	86	234
Hark ! a still small voice is heard	127	118	It is but little that I know	338	149
Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord	438	101			
Hark ! the angels' joyful song	93	113	JESUS, blessed Jesus	453	13
Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes	52	159	Jesus, blessed Saviour	202	18
Hark ! the herald angels sing	53	124	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	454	193
Hark ! the joyful tidings	240	10	Jesus, Friend of little children	339	128

	HYMN	PAGE		HYMN	PAGE
Jesus, from Thy throne on high.....	120	97	MAKE channels for the streams of love.....	354	150
Jesus, high in glory	340	8	March on, march on, ye soldiers true	156	287
Jesus, I so often need Thee.....	341	128	March onward ! march onward ! our	157	281
Jesus, King of glory	342	18	May the grace of Christ our Saviour.....	472	211
Jesus, Lord and Master	343	12	May we prize the Christian name	122	97
Jesus, Lover of my soul	455	123	Merciful and loving Saviour.....	129	195
Jesus loves me ! this I know	406	111	Met again in Jesus' name.....	473	103
Jesus loves the little children	407	205	My dear Redeemer and my Lord	72	240
Jesus, loving Saviour.....	344	8	My Father, for another night	265	162
Jesus, Master, whom I serve	456	116	My Father, hear my prayer.....	282	27
Jesus, meek and gentle.....	345	7	My God has given me work to do	355	137
Jesus my Lord, my God, my All	457	254	My God, how wonderful Thou art.....	474	166
Jesus once an infant small	121	97	My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	475	233
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	243	244	My heavenly Father, all I see.....	41	140
Jesus, still lead on	458	2	My Lord in glory reigning	356	56
Jesus, tender Saviour	87	7	My Saviour, be Thou near me	357	63
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	408	193			
Jesus, the children are calling	346	126	NEARER, my God, to Thee.....	476	4
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	459	163	None is like God who reigns above	42	149
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	460	231	Not your own, but His ye are	477	121
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	461	255	Now God be with us, for the night	283	277
Jesus, unto whom we pray	462	107	Now the day is over	284	7
Jesus was once a little child	409	135	Now while the morning brightens.....	266	259
Jesus, we come to Thee	134	39			
Jesus, who callest little ones to Thee.....	135	262	O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart	478	273
Jesus who lived above the sky	71	232	O come to the merciful Saviour	130	285
Just as I am, Thine own to be	143	227	O day of rest and gladness	181	65
Just as I am, without one plea	136	227	O Everlasting Light	479	37
			O for a heart to praise my God	480	159
			O for a thousand tongues to sing	481	136
			O for the love, the perfect love	482	155
			O give thanks to Him who made	19	115
			O God of God ! O Light of light	106	256
			O God of mercy ! God of night.....	358	228
			O God of Truth ! whose living Word	483	143
			O God who knowest how frail we are	484	235
			O God who when the night was deep	267	234
			O grant us light, that we may know.....	485	237
			O happy band of pilgrims.....	486	47
			O happy Christian children.....	359	53
			O happy home ! where Thou art loved ..	487	275
			O happy land ! O happy land.....	225	179
			O happy they who know the Lord	360	230
			O help me, Lord, this day to be.....	361	235
			O holy Lord, content to fill.....	362	231
			O Jesus ! blessed Jesus	363	71
			O Jesus Christ ! grow Thou in me	488	167
			O Jesus, crucified for man	489	249
			O Jesus, I have promised.....	490	55
			O Jesus, King most wonderful	491	167
			O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	131	71
			O Lamb of God, most lowly	364	47
			O little birds that all day long	414	171
			O Lord and Father of mankind	492	189
			O Lord and Master of us all	493	167
			O Lord, another year has flown.....	217	229
			O Lord of all, we bring to Thee.....	205	184
			O Lord of earth, and sea, and sky.....	20	188
			O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	494	224
			O Lord of life, for all Thy care	365	173
			O Lord, the children come to Thee	366	237
			O Lord, Thou art surrounded.....	367	55
			O Lord ! with toil our days are filled	495	145
			O Love ! how deep ! how broad.....	73	249
KIND Shepherd, see Thy little lamb.....	410	133			
King of Glory, Saviour dear	347	103			
LEAD US, heavenly Father	348	13			
Lead us, O Father, in the paths.....	463	267			
Let all men praise the Lord.....	6	40			
Let us sing with one accord	105	108			
Let us with a gladsome mind	18	106			
Light of the world, whose kind	464	262			
Little beam of rosy light	411	90			
Little children, love the Lord	412	105			
Little drops of water	413	7			
Little feet are passing	224	12			
Look from Thy sphere of endless day	465	237			
Looking upward every day	349	44			
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	466	147			
Lord, give me light to do Thy work.....	467	141			
Lord God of morning and of night.....	264	238			
Lord, I obey Thy kind command	137	226			
Lord, I read of tender mercy	350	129			
Lord, I was blind, I could not see.....	468	238			
Lord Jesus, God and Man	203	37			
Lord Jesus, once again we meet.....	204	181			
Lord of mercy and of might.....	138	95			
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	469	239			
Lord, this day Thy children meet	174	103			
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	139	193			
Lord, we meet to pray and praise	470	101			
Lord, when through sin I wander	471	71			
Lord, when we have not any light.....	281	154			
Lord, who hast made me Thy dear child.....	351	152			
Loving Shepherd, feed me	352	11			
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep	353	105			

	HYMN	PAGE		HYMN	PAGE
O Master, let me walk with Thee	496	257	Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	515	37
O, praise the Lord our God.....	497	40	Soldiers of the Cross, arise	247	103
O rouse ye, Christian workers	249	84	Souls of men, why will ye scatter	516	207
O Saviour, I have nought to plead.....	498	228	Sound the battle-cry	161	295
O Saviour, may we never rest.....	499	159	Spread the tidings of salvation	245	191
O Saviour ! precious Saviour	500	56	Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand.....	162	250
O the Father's hands are helping	501	193	Stand up, stand up for Jesus	163	75
O Thou before whose presence	502	58	Standing forth on life's rough way.....	517	41
O Thou, who by a star didst guide	503	135	Still with Thee, O my God	518	35
O Thou who camest from above.....	504	247	Strike, O strike for victory	164	17
O Thou who hast Thy servants taught	182	159	Strong Son of God, Immortal Love	519	246
O Thou who sendest sun and rain.....	505	249	Summer suns are glowing	210	12
O Thou who young children didst take ..	140	285	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	190	230
O Thou whose bounty fills the earth	213	159	Sweet flowers are blooming	209	159
O Thou whose presence went before.....	506	249	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	287	254
O walk with Jesus, wouldst thou know ..	507	247	Sweet the lessons Jesus taught	418	95
O what can little hands do	415	125	Sweetly sang the angels	58	20
O where is He that trod the sea.....	74	174			
O word of words the sweetest.....	132	79	TAKE my life and let it be	520	101
O worship the King	21	1	Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	521	245
On our way rejoicing.....	508	9	Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal	522	141
On to the conflict	250	269	Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way	523	239
On wings of living light.....	94	31	Teach me, O Lord, where'er I move.....	372	147
Once in royal David's city	57	200	Tell it out among the heathen	246	291
Once to our world there came.....	416	26	Ten thousand times ten thousand	227	89
One prayer I have, all prayers in one	509	177	The beautiful bright sunshine	44	87
One there is above all others	88	201	The boys and girls of England	251	85
Onward, children, onward	158	22	The darkness now is over.....	268	47
Onward, Christian soldiers	159	23	The day is past and over	288	85
Open the door for the children	510	214	The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	191	259
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	116	136	The fishers sat within their boat	96	186
Our Father, God, who art in heaven	117	162	The Galilean fishers toil	524	175
Our fathers were high-minded men	255	185	The golden gates are lifted up.....	108	164
Our heavenly Father calls us near.....	43	147	The good old book, with histories.....	169	152
Our hymn of thanks we sing to-day.....	206	171	The happy days have come again	373	190
Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet.....	244	162	The head that once was crowned	109	165
			The hours of day are over	289	50
PEACEFULLY round us the shadows	285	274	The joyful morn is breaking	59	59
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.....	22	202	The King of love my Shepherd is	45	190
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him ..	23	209	The Lord attends when children pray	374	152
Praise to our God, whose bounteous	256	236	The Lord be with us as we bend	186	162
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir	24	164	The Lord is rich and merciful.....	525	180
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	511	149	The many are not always right	252	145
Put on the armour of our God.....	160	169	The Master hath come, and He.....	145	285
			The morning, the bright and the	269	283
RAISE the song of triumph	368	278	The night was wild and stormy winds	75	140
Rejoice, and be glad, the Redeemer	95	287	The old year's long campaign is o'er.....	194	181
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	107	31	The pearly gates are open wide	228	187
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	512	118	The Saviour loves all children.....	375	69
			The Son of God goes forth to war.....	165	178
SAFE in the arms of Jesus	226	78	The Son of God, in mighty love	76	241
Saviour, again to Thy dear name	189	267	The still, small voice that speaks	376	182
Saviour, bless a little child	417	99	The sufferer had been heard to say	77	232
Saviour, blessed Saviour	369	15	The twilight falls, the night is near	290	150
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	286	197	The valleys and the mountains	26	288
Saviour, now the day is ending	185	201	The wise may bring their learning.....	377	58
Saviour, teach me, day by day	370	99	The world looks very beautiful	378	76
Saviour, while my heart is tender	144	213	There is a book who runs may read	379	147
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	513	195	There is a bright and happy home.....	229	215
Seraphs praise Thee, God the Father	7	211	There is a green hill far away.....	89	152
Shine Thou upon us, Lord	514	28	There is a home where angels dwell	230	182
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	25	256	There is a lamp that sheds a light	170	240
Sing to the Lord of harvest	215	52	There is a mother's voice of love.....	380	153
Singing for Jesus, our Saviour	371	265	There is a name I love to hear.....	381	163

	HYMN	PAGE		HYMN	PAGE
There is a path that leads to God	382	161	We bring to Thee, dear Saviour.....	387	61
There is a service whoso seeks	526	175	We give Thee but Thine own	540	33
There is no name so sweet on earth	110	217	We hail our anniversary	207	294
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	527	151	We have no words with which to tell	147	154
There's a fold both safe and happy	232	213	We have not known Thee as we ought ..	541	255
There's a Friend for little children	233	61	We join our hearts and voices	388	77
There's not a tint that paints the rose	46	157	We love the good old Bible	172	69
There was a lovely garden once.....	231	180	We love to sing our Saviour's praise	218	184
They are going—only going	220	208	We render thanks to Thee, O God	542	133
This is the day the light was made	175	161	We sing a loving Jesus	60	68
Thou art, O God, the life and light	47	253	We thank our loving Father, God.....	28	172
Thou art the Way, by Thee alone.....	528	149	We thank Thee, Lord, for all the joys.....	389	150
Thou bidst us seek Thee early	383	59	We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair	48	249
Thou blessed Jesus, pity me	384	155	We who would lead Thy flock must be ..	543	245
Thou Grace divine, encircling all	529	151	What a Friend we have in Jesus	390	213
Thou in whose name the two or three	530	229	What can I give to Jesus	148	86
Thou that once on mother's knee	419	117	What is life? O think with care	391	122
Though lowly here our lot may be	531	155	What shall we sing for Sabbath songs	176	173
Through good report and evil, Lord.....	532	225	When evening shadows gather	292	63
Through the day Thy love hath.....	291	201	When He cometh, when He cometh.....	392	134
Thy home is with the humble, Lord.....	533	153	When His salvation bringing	80	52
Thy little one, O Saviour dear	420	135	When I had wandered from His fold	544	136
Thy love for all Thy creatures	270	75	When Jesus at a wondrous feast	81	147
Thy Word is like a garden, Lord	171	154	When Jesus Christ was here below	82	241
'Tis very wonderful, I'm sure	78	157	When Jesus was on earth He used	83	150
To Him that spread the skies	27	31	When mothers of Salem	421	296
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	534	65	When the Lord of Love was here	545	91
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	216	217	When the morning breaketh	271	24
To Thee, the Giver of all good	208	247	When they brought little children.....	84	88
True-hearted, whole-hearted	535	276	When through life's dewy fields we go.....	546	133
'Twas long ago, when Jesus dwelt	79	183	When wilt Thou save the people	257	289
			Where is Jesus, little children	422	127
UPLIFT the banner, let it float	536	241	Where is Thy God, my soul	547	33
Upon the holy mount they stood	537	173	While the sun is shining	149	14
Upon the shore of life we stand	385	145	Who is on the Lord's side	548	19
			Who is this so weak and helpless	90	206
WALK in the light, so shalt Thou know ...	538	139	Work, for the night is coming.....	549	43
We are but little children weak	386	233	Work is sweet, for God has blest	550	114
We are only little workers	146	196			
We are soldiers of Christ	539	282	Yes, God is good; in earth and sky	49	234
We are the children of a King.....	166	178	Yes; there are little ones in heaven	234	254
			Yield not to temptation.....	167	279

INDEX TO TUNES.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
ABENDLIED.....	248	8.8.7.8.8.7.....	Wilfred Bendall.
Acton.....	82	7.6. (8 lines).....	Phillip Phillips.
Addiscombe.....	45	S.M.D.....	C. E. Kettle.
Advent.....	234	8.7. (8 lines).....	Berthold Tours.
Afton.....	152	C.M.....	German.
Albion.....	28	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.....	
All things bright and beautiful...	53	7.6.7.6. and Refrain.....	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Allerton.....	110	7.7.7.7.....	Rev. H. A. Crosbie.
Ambleside.....	26	6.5. (12 lines).....	Albert Lowe.
Anastasis.....	322	12.11.12.11.....	Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.
Angel voices.....	147	8.5.8.5.8.7.....	E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Angel's story.....	59	7.6. (8 lines).....	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc.
Angelus.....	259	L.M.....	J. Scheffler.
Anniversary Song.....	332	P.M.....	W. F. Sherwin.
Arundel.....	216	8.7.8.7.....	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Ashburton.....	128	7.7.7.7.7.7.....	Robert Jackson.
Assisi.....	261	L.M.....	Old Melody.
Athens.....	309	11.8.12.9.11.9.11.9.....	Greek Melody.
Autumn.....	54	7.6.7.6.....	Mendelssohn.
BARTON.....	55	7.6.7.6.....	J. H. Knecht.
Battle Cry.....	333	P.M.....	W. F. Sherwin.
Battle Song.....	146	8.5. (8 lines).....	H. Elliot Button.
Beckesbourne.....	129	7.7.7.7.7.7.....	Robert Jackson.
Belmont.....	160	C.M.....	S. Webbe.
Bemerton.....	8	6.5.6.5.....	F. Filitz.
Benevento.....	137	7.7. (8 lines).....	S. Webbe.
Bethany.....	236	8.7. (8 lines).....	Henry Smart.
Bethany.....	241	8.7. (8 lines).....	Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.
Bethlehem.....	39	S.M.....	S. Wesley.
Bethlehem.....	202	C.M.D.....	
Bethlehem.....	225	8.7.8.7. and Chorus.....	C. E. Kettle.
Birmingham.....	320	12.9.12.9.....	J. Granville Smith.
Blatchford.....	246	8.7. (8 lines) and Chorus.....	G. F. Root.
Bonchurch.....	61	7.6. (8 lines).....	From Beethoven.
Bridge.....	163	C.M.....	Robert Jackson.
Bromham.....	300	10.10.10.10.....	Rev. T. R. Matthews.
Budleigh.....	7	6.4.6.4.10.10.....	T. M. Mudie.
Bullinger.....	144	8.5.8.3.....	Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.
Byzantium.....	166	C.M.....	W. Jackson.
CAPTOWN.....	103	7.7.7.5.....	F. Filitz.
Cartmel.....	63	7.6. (8 lines).....	John Naylor, Mus. Doc.
Chamouni.....	232	8.7. (8 lines).....	G. Lomas.
Chichester.....	238	8.7. (8 lines).....	S. Wesley.
Child Service.....	139	7.7.8.8.7.....	H. Elliot Button.
Childhood.....	169	C.M.....	Rev. C. J. Dickinson.
Children of Jerusalem.....	123	7.7.7.7. and Chorus.....	American.
Children's Praise.....	12	6.5. (8 lines).....	H. Elliot Button.
Children's Prayer.....	219	8.7.8.7.....	C. Gounod.
Christus Consolator.....	145	8.5.8.3.....	
Churchfield.....	21	6.5. (12 lines).....	
Clare Market.....	312	11.10.11.10.....	Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.
Claremont.....	172	C.M.....	Mary Palmer.
Clarens.....	11	6.5. (8 lines).....	J. Foster.
Come Sing.....	65	7.6. (8 lines).....	C. A. Groos.
Come to the Saviour.....	297	9.10.9.6. and Chorus.....	T. L. Forbes.
Conscience.....	30	6.6.6.6.....	G. F. Root.
Coronæ.....	46	S.M.D.....	H. Elliot Button.
Courage, Brother.....	223	8.7.8.7.....	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Cron dall.....	230	8.7.8.7.8.7.....	Rev. Carey Bonner.
Crüger.....	67	7.6. (8 lines).....	E. A. Sydenham.
Cyrl.....	174	C.M.....	J. Crüger.
			Arthur Patten.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
DALEHURST	176	C.M.	A. Cottman.
Dalkeith	303	10. 10. 10. 10.	T. Hewlett.
Deerhurst	239	8.7. (8 lines)	J. Langran.
Deus Omnipotens	231	8.7. (8 lines)	Percy J. Starnes.
Dewy Fields	148	8.6.8.4.	Ferris Tozer.
EASTER Hymn	122	7.7.7.7. with Alleluia	Henry Carey.
Eden Grove	69	7.6. (8 lines)	Samuel Smith.
Ellacombe	71	7.6. (8 lines)	German.
Ellers	304	10. 10. 10. 10.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Emmanuel	153	C.M.	Beethoven.
England	93	7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6. and Chorus	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.
Enon	9	6.5.6.5.	O. M. Fielden.
Epenetus	330	P.M.	Frances Ridley Havergal.
Evan	161	C.M.	Rev. W. H. Havergal.
Evening	72	7.6. (8 lines)	H. Elliot Button.
Evening Hymn	249	8.8.7.8.8.7.	W. Jackson.
Evening Prayer	217	8.7.8.7.	H. Elliot Button.
Eversley	154	C.M.	A. Cottman.
Ewing	73	7.6. (8 lines)	Alexander Ewing.
FABER	233	8.7.8.7.	Ferris Tozer.
Faithful and Loyal	314	11. 10. 11. 10. and Chorus	C. E. Kettle.
Farmingham	167	C.M.	C. E. Kettle.
Farrant	178	C.M.	Richard Farrant.
Ferrier	117	7.7.7.7.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Flavian	168	C.M.	Barber's Psalm Tunes.
Fleury	23	6.5. (12 lines)	Rossini.
Franconia	36	S.M.	German Melody.
From Glory unto Glory	60	7.6. (8 lines)	A. Morris Edwards.
Fulda	263	L.M.	Beethoven.
GALILEE	210	C.M.D. and Chorus	H. Elliot Button.
Gasquoine	118	7.7.7.7.	E. Minshall.
Gather them in	240	8.7. (8 lines)	H. Elliot Button.
Gilbert	135	7.7. (8 lines)	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc.
Gildas	37	S.M.	Pierre Abelard.
Glory	193	C.M. and Chorus	
Glory to God	331	P.M.	From Schubert.
Go forth	296	9.9.10.9. and Chorus	American.
God of Little Children	19	6.5. (8 lines)	Rev. Carey Bonner.
God save the People	329	P.M.	H. P. Hawkins.
Goodmanham	265	L.M.	Rev. W. Blow.
Golden Sheaves	242	8.7. (8 lines)	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Gopsal	34	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Handel.
Greenland	52	7.6. (8 lines)	Lausanne Psalter.
Greeting	194	C.M. and Chorus	W. B. Bradbury.
HADDO	47	S.M.D.	James Turle.
Hanover	1	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.	Dr. Croft.
Happy Voices	75	7.6. (8 lines)	Ferris Tozer.
Hapsford	286	8.8.8.8.8.8.	A. Morris Edwards.
Harvest	89	7.6. (8 lines) and Chorus	Berthold Tours.
Haworth	99	7.7.4.7.7.4.7.7.	
Hayes	291	L.M.D.	From Beethoven.
He Careth	284	L.M. and Refrain	Rev. Carey Bonner.
Hebden	95	7.6.8.6.	H. J. Coldwell.
Heidelberg	57	7.6.7.6.	German.
Hesperus	276	L.M.	H. Baker.
Holly	267	L.M.	G. Hews.
Holy Childhood	106	7.7.7.6.	Arthur H. Brown.
Holy City	96	7.6.8.6.D.	A. R. Gaul.
Holy Cross	181	C.M.	
Hope	268	L.M.	H. S. Irons.
Horsley	175	C.M.	W. Horsley, Mus. Doc.
Hosanna we sing	310	10. 10. 10. 11.	Rev. Carey Bonner.
Hosanna	76	7.6. (8 lines)	American.
Hursley	260	L.M.	German.
Hushed was the Evening Hymn	33	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
I LOVE to hear the Story	77	7.6. (8 lines)	John E. West.
Incarnation	130	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Henry Smart.
Innocents	253	8.8.8.6.	C. Vincent, Mus. Doc.
Innocents	119	7.7.7.7.	Old Litany.

NAME OF TUNE.	No. OF TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
Integer vite	315	II. II. II. 5.	F. F. Flemming.
Intercessor	254	8.8.8.6.	Old Melody.
Irby	227	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Dr. Gauntlett.
Irene	104	7.7.7.5.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield.
JAZER	173	C.M.	A. E. Tozer, Mus. Doc.
Jesus loves me	306	10. 10. 10. 10. and Chorus	P. P. Bliss.
Jewels	151	8.6.8.5. and Chorus	G. F. Root.
Joyous ray	27	6.5.6.5.7.7.	Ferris Tozer.
KELVEDEN	226	8.7.8.7.4.7.	Rev. Wm. Blow.
Kind Shepherd	149	8.6.8.4.	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.
Kingswood	124	7.7.7.7.7. and Chorus	Rev. Carey Bonner.
Kirk Bradden	42	S.M.	George Lomas.
Kirk Ella	140	8.3.3.6.	H. E. Nichol.
LANCASHIRE	68	7.6. (8 lines)	Henry Smart.
Land of Rest	204	C.M.D.	R. S. Newman.
Langdale	214	8.7.8.7.	
Lanherne	311	II. 10. II. 10.	Henry Hayman.
Lausanne	32	6.6. (8 lines)	Lausanne Psalter.
Lebanon	196	8.6.8.6.8.6.	From Spohr.
Ledbury	105	7.7.7.5.	A. King.
Light of the World	79	7.6. (8 lines)	H. R. Bird.
Lilybourne	131	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Samuel Smith.
Litany	107	7.7.7.6.	E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.
Litany	109	7.7.7.6.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield.
Litany	108	7.7.7.6.	T. Tallis.
Little Children	97	7.6.8.6.D.	Ferris Tozer.
Little, modest violet	136	7.7. (8 lines)	Berthold Tours.
Lord of Love	100	7.7.5.7.7.5.	John E. West.
Lowestoft	121	7.7.7.7.	F. A. Mann.
Lubeck	111	7.7.7.7.	German.
Lux Eoi	235	8.7. (8 lines)	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Lymington	78	7.6. (8 lines)	Robert Jackson.
Lyndhurst	13	6.5. (8 lines)	
MAGDALEN	287	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.
Magdeburg	49	7.4. (8 lines)	German.
Mainzer	258	L.M.	Dr. J. Mainzer.
March of Life	299	10. 8. (8 lines)	H. Elliot Button.
March on! March on!	327	P.M.	W. H. Bennett.
March Onward	318	II. II. II. II. and Chorus	American.
Melanesia	271	L.M.	Samuel Smith.
Melcombe	269	L.M.	S. Webbe.
Mendelssohn	138	7.7. (10 lines)	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Miles's Lane	155	C.M.	W. Shrubsole.
Mirfield	156	C.M.	A. Cottman.
Mizpah	293	9.8.8.9. and Chorus	W. G. Tomer.
Morgenlied	244	8.7. (12 lines)	F. C. Maker.
Morning Hymn	272	L.M.	F. H. Barthelemon.
Moscow	29	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	F. Giardini.
Moseley	31	6.6.6.6.	Henry Smart.
NATIVITY	157	C.M.	Henry Lahee.
Nearer to Thee	5	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.	
New St. Andrews	133	7.7. (8 lines)	J. Gill.
Newburgh	266	L.M.	Old Melody.
Newland	40	S.M.	Dr. Gauntlett.
Newton Ferns	220	8.7.8.7.	Samuel Smith.
Noel	203	C.M.D.	Traditional Air.
Norseman	209	C.M.D.	Norse Melody.
Northumberland	199	C.M.D.	Henry Smart.
Nottingham	120	7.7.7.7.	From Mozart.
Now the Day is Over	10	6.5.6.5.	H. Elliot Button.
Nox Processit	170	C.M.	J. Baptiste Calkin.
Nun Danket	48	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.	J. Crüger.
OLD Hundredth	273	L.M.	Genevan Psalter.
Onward! Christian Soldiers	25	6.5. (12 lines)	Percy J. Starnes.
Orillia	112	7.7.7.7.	S. D. Routh.
Our Father's Care	285	L.M. and Refrain	John E. West.

NAME OF TUNE.	No. OF TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
PASSION Chorale	81	7.6. (8 lines).....	H. L. Hassler.
Pearsall	64	7.6. (8 lines).....	German.
Pentavy	212	C.M.D. and Chorus	
Pentecost	275	L.M.	W. Boyd.
Petersham	200	C.M.D.	Clement W. Poole.
Pierson	83	7.6. (8 lines)	H. Hugo Pierson.
Portslade	288	8.8.8.8.8.8.	C. E. Kettle.
Prague	43	S.M.	L. R. West.
Praise, my Soul	229	8.7.8.7.8.7.	Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc.
Princethorpe	14	6.5. (8 lines)	Wm. Pitts.
Propior Tibi	6	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.	H. Elliot Button.
Protection	3	5.6.6.4.	J. F. Wheeler.
Providence	4	5.6.6.4.	R. Tomlinson.
REDHEAD (No. 76)	132	7.7.7.7.7.7.	R. Redhead.
Rest	213	8.6.8.8.6.	F. C. Maker.
Rejoice and be Glad.....	325	P.M.	Old English Air.
Rhodes	38	S.M.	C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Doc.
Rickmansworth.....	141	8.3.8.3.	Rev. W. F. Hurndall, Ph.D.
Rivershill.....	308	11.8.12.9.11.9.11.9.	Rev. Carey Bonner.
Rome	158	C.M.	
Ruth.....	15	6.5. (8 lines)	Samuel Smith.
Rutherford	58	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.	D'Uhran.
SAFE in the Arms of Jesus.....	87	7.6. (8 lines) and Chorus	W. H. Doane.
St. Aðlred	250	8.8.8.3.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Agnes	159	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Agnes	305	10.10.10.10.	J. Langran.
St. Albans	17	6.5. (8 lines)	T. Morley.
St. Alphege.....	56	7.6.7.6.	Dr. Gauntlett.
St. Anatolius	94	7.6.7.6.8.8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Asaph	237	8.7. (8 lines).....	W. S. Bainbridge.
St. Asaph	323	12.11.12.11.	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc.
St. Barnabas	255	8.8.8.6.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Bees	113	7.7.7.7.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Bernard.....	182	C.M.	W. Richardson.
St. Catherine	80	7.6. (8 lines).....	Rev. R. F. Dale, Mus. Doc.
St. Catherine	289	8.8.8.8.8.8.	J. G. Walton.
St. Clement	294	9.8.9.8.	Rev. C. C. Scholfield.
St. Crispin	256	8.8.8.6.	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
St. Etheldreda	184	C.M.	T. Turton.
St. Eustasius	125	7.7.7.7. and Chorus	German.
St. Ewen	85	7.6. (8 lines).....	A. Cottman.
St. Faith	179	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Frances.....	177	C.M.	G. A. Löhr.
St. Fulbert	185	C.M.	Dr. Gauntlett.
St. George	44	S.M.	Dr. Gauntlett.
St. George	134	7.7. (8 lines).....	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
St. Godric	35	6.6.6.6.8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Gregory	278	L.M.	German.
St. Lawrence	279	L.M.	L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.
St. Leonard	186	C.M.	Henry Smart.
St. Leonard.....	187	C.M.	Robert Jackson.
St. Leonard.....	205	C.M.1.	H. Hiles.
St. Luke	270	L.M.	
St. Marguerite	162	C.M.	E. C. Walker.
St. Martin	114	7.7.7.7.	Ancient Church Melody.
St. Matthew	201	C.M.D.	Dr. Croft.
St. Mawgan	206	C.M.D.	Henry Hayman.
St. Michael.....	41	S.M.	Day's Psalter.
St. Nicholas	207	C.M.D.	Nicholas Heins.
St. Oswald	218	8.7.8.7.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
St. Saviour	189	C.M.	F. G. Baker.
St. Sepulchre	264	L.M.	George Cooper.
St. Silas	197	8.6.8.6.8.6.	Joseph Lancaster.
St. Theodulph	66	7.6. (8 lines).....	German, Harmonised by Bach.
St. Ursula	208	C.M.D.	F. Westlake.
Salem	334	P.M.	
Samos	102	7.7.7.3.	Rev. W. H. Havergal.
Samson	262	L.M.	G. F. Handel.
Sandon	298	10.4.10.4.10.10.	C. H. Purday.
Sawley	171	C.M.	J. Walch.
Selborne	280	L.M.	Ancient Melody.
Seraphim	247	8.7.8.8.7.	Henry Smart.
Shadows	126	7.7.7.7. and Chorus	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.

NAME OF TUNE.	No. OF TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
Sharon	224	8.7.8.7.....	Dr. Boyce.
Shiloh	70	7.6. (8 lines).....	S. Salvadori.
Shiloh	251	8.8.8.4.....	Rev. Carey Bonner.
Shining Way	211	D.C.M. and Chorus.....	American.
Silksworth	50	7.5.7.5.7.7.....	C. J. Vincent, Junr.
Singing for Jesus	301	10.10.10.10.....	H. Elliot Button.
Slingsby	198	8.6.8.6.8.6.....	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Slingsby	215	8.7.8.7.....	Rev. E. S. Carter.
Soldiers of Christ	321	12.9.12.9.....	A. Morris Edwards.
Soldiers True	18	6.5. (8 lines).....	John Naylor, Mus. Doc.
Solomon	190	C.M.	G. F. Handel.
Song of Triumph	316	11.11.11.11. and Chorus	T. Crawford.
Southport	252	8.8.8.4.....	G. Lomas.
Sowing	91	7.6. (12 lines)	H. M. Higgs.
Spire	2	5.5.8.8.5.5.....	Adam Dresse.
Springfield	295	9.9.9.9.....	
Stafford	164	C.M.	Dr. S. Howard.
Stand Firm	195	C.M. and Chorus	Ferris Tozer.
Stand up for Jesus.....	283	L.M. and Chorus.....	H. Elliot Button.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	84	7.6. (8 lines).....	J. G. Webb.
Stella	290	8.8.8.8.8.8.....	From the <i>Crown of Jesus</i> .
Stepney	228	8.7.8.7.7.7.....	W. Bayley.
Strike for Victory	20	6.5. (8 lines) and Chorus	W. H. Doane.
Stutgard	222	8.7.8.7.....	German.
Succoth	243	8.7. (8 lines)	Samuel Smith.
Sudeley	191	C.M.	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.
Sumus Tibi	22	6.5. (12 lines)	H. Elliot Button.
Sun of my Soul	281	L.M.	Rev. H. Percy Smith.
Sunnyside	313	11.10.11.10.....	H. P. Hawkins.
Sunset	292	L.M.D.	Meyer Lutz.
Sunshine	52	7.6.7.6.....	Ferris Tozer.
Suppliant	180	C.M.	H. Elliot Button.
Sursum Voces.....	127	7.7.7.7. and Chorus	H. Elliot Button.
TALLIS	165	C.M.	T. Tallis.
Tallis' Canon	274	L.M.	T. Tallis.
Ten thousand times ten thousand	98	7.6.8.6.D.....	A. Morris Edwards.
Tenby	16	6.5. (8 lines).....	Edwin Moss.
Tenderness	221	8.7.8.7.....	H. Elliot Button.
The Children's Friend	86	7.6. (8 lines).....	Robert Griffiths.
The Master's Call.....	324	12.11.12.11.....	J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.
The New Year	24	6.5. (12 lines)	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc.
The Sweetest Word	88	7.6. (8 lines) and Chorus	J. McGranahan.
The Valleys and the Mountains	328	P.M.	Sir J. Barnby.
Toulon	302	10.10.10.10.....	Goudimel.
Trinity	101	7.7.5.7.7.7.5.....	John E. West.
Trinity	319	11.12.12.11.....	A. Stone.
Truro	277	L.M.	Charles Burney, Mus. Doc.
Trust	257	8.8.8.6.....	G. W. Torrance, Mus. Doc.
UNIVERSITY College	115	7.7.7.7.....	Dr. Gauntlett.
Upsal	142	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.....	J. Crüger.
VICTORY	307	10.10.10.10. and Chorus	American.
Vienna	116	7.7.7.7.....	J. H. Knecht.
WELLESLEY	74	7.6. (8 lines)	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Westminster	192	C.M.	James Turlie.
Where is Jesus?	143	8.5.8.5.....	H. Elliot Button.
Wiltshire	188	C.M.	Sir George Smart.
Winchester New	282	L.M.	Crassellius.
Winchester Old	183	C.M.	Alison's Psalter.
Wir pflegen	90	7.6. (8 lines) and Chorus	J. A. Schultz.
Woodchester	92	P.M.	
Work for all	326	7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.....	Ferris Tozer.
Work for Jesus	245	8.7. (12 lines)	A. Morris Edwards.
Work, for the Night is Coming	51	7.6.7.5.D.....	Dr. Lowell Mason.
Wreford	150	8.6.8.4.....	Rev. E. S. Carter.
YIELD not to Temptation	317	11.11.11.11. and Chorus	H. P. Palmer.

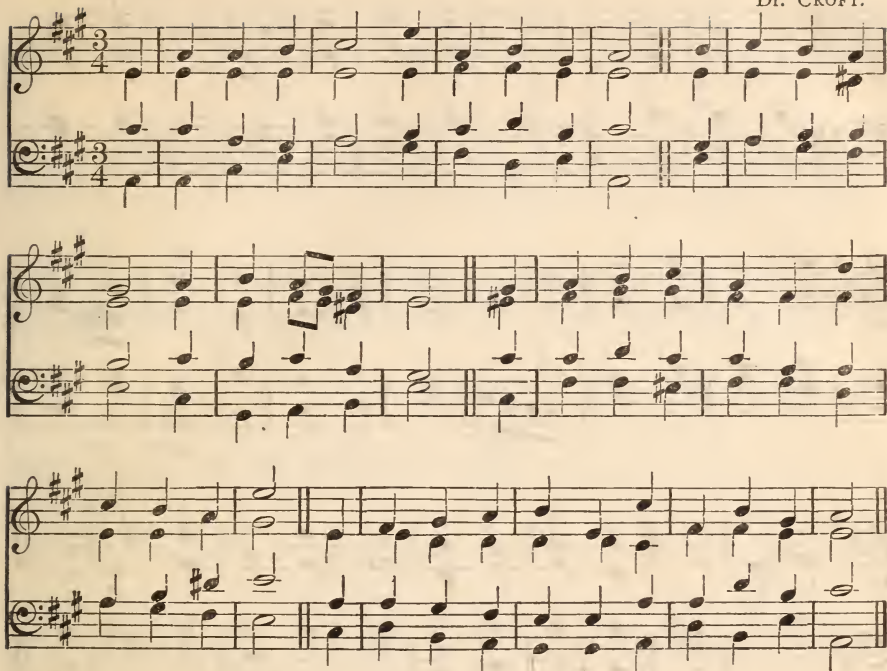
METRICAL INDEX.

	TUNE		TUNE		TUNE
5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.		7.5.7.5.7.7.		7.7.7.3.	
Hanover.....	1	Silksworth.....	50	Samos.....	102
5.5.8.8.5.5.		7.6.7.5.D.		7.7.7.5.	
Spire.....	2	Work, for the Night is Coming	51	Capetown.....	103
5.6.6.4.		7.6.7.6.		Irene.....	104
Protection.....	3	Autumn.....	54	Ledbury.....	105
Providence.....	4	Barton.....	55	7.7.7.6.	
6.4.6.4.6.6.4.		Heidelberg.....	57	Holy Childhood.....	106
Nearer to Thee.....	5	St. Alphege.....	56	Litany (Bunnett).....	107
Propior Tibi.....	6	Sunshine.....	52	Litany (Tallis).....	108
6.4.6.4.10.10.		7.6.7.6. and Refrain.		Litany (Scholefield).....	109
Budleigh.....	7	All things Bright and Beautiful	53	7.7.7.7.	
6.5.6.5.		7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.		Allerton.....	110
Bemerton.....	8	Rutherford.....	58	Ferrier.....	117
Enon.....	9	7.6.7.6.D.		Gasquoine.....	118
Now the day is over.....	10	Acton.....	82	Innocents.....	119
6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.		Angel's Story.....	59	Lowestoft.....	121
Children's Praise.....	12	Bonchurch.....	61	Lubeck.....	111
Clarens.....	11	Cartmel.....	63	Nottingham.....	120
God of Little Children.....	19	Come Sing.....	65	Orillia.....	112
Lyndhurst.....	13	Crüger.....	67	St. Bees.....	113
Princethorpe.....	14	Edengrove.....	69	St. Martin.....	114
Ruth.....	15	Ellacombe.....	71	University College.....	115
St. Alban's.....	17	Evening.....	72	Vienna.....	116
Soldiers True.....	18	Ewing.....	73	7.7.7.7. with Alleluias.	
Tenby.....	16	From Glory unto Glory.....	60	Easter Hymn.....	122
6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. and Chorus.		Greenland.....	62	7.7.7.7. and Chorus.	
Strike for Victory.....	20	Happy Voices.....	75	Children of Jerusalem.....	123
6.5. (12 lines).		Hosanna.....	76	Kingswood.....	124
Ambleside.....	26	I love to hear the Story.....	77	St. Eustatius.....	125
Churchfield.....	21	Lancashire.....	68	Shadows.....	126
Flcury.....	23	Light of the World.....	79	Sursum Voces.....	127
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	25	Lylington.....	78	7.7.7.7.7.7.	
Sumus Tibi.....	22	Passion Chorale.....	81	Ashburton.....	128
The New Year.....	24	Pearsall.....	64	Bekesbourne.....	129
6.5.6.5.7.7.		Pierson.....	83	Incarnation.....	130
Joyous Ray.....	27	St. Catherine.....	80	Lilybourne.....	131
6.6.4.6.6.6.4.		St. Ewen.....	85	Redhead (No. 76).....	132
Albion.....	28	St. Theodulph.....	66	7.7. (8 lines).	
Moscow.....	29	Shiloh.....	70	Benevento.....	137
6.6.6.6.		Stand up! Stand up for Jesus	84	Gilbert.....	135
Conscience.....	30	The Children's Friend.....	86	Little, modest violet.....	136
Moseley.....	31	Wellesley.....	74	New St. Andrews.....	133
6.6.6.6.D.		7.6.7.6.D. and Chorus.		St. George.....	134
Lausanne.....	32	Harvest.....	89	7.7. (10 lines).	
6.6.6.6.8.8.		Safe in the Arms of Jesus.....	87	Mendelssohn.....	138
Gopsal.....	34	The Sweetest Word.....	88	7.7.8.8.7.	
Hushed was the Evening Hymn	33	Wir pflegen.....	90	Child Service.....	139
St. Godric.....	35	Sowing.....	91	8.3.3.6.	
S.M.		7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.		Kirk Ella.....	140
Bethlehem.....	39	Work for All.....	92	8.3.8.3.	
Franconia.....	36	7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6. and Chorus.		Rickmansworth.....	141
Gildas.....	37	England.....	93	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	
Kirk Braddon.....	42	7.6.7.6.8.8.		Upsal.....	142
Newland.....	40	St. Anatolius.....	94	8.5.8.3.	
Prague.....	43	Hebden.....	95	Bullinger.....	144
Rhodes.....	38	7.6.8.6.		Christus Consolator.....	145
St. George.....	44	7.6.8.6.D.		8.5.8.5.	
St. Michael.....	41	Holy City.....	96	Where is Jesus.....	143
S.M.D.		Little Children.....	97	8.5.8.5.D.	
Addiscombe.....	45	Ten thousand times ten thou-		Battle Song.....	146
Coronæ.....	46	sand.....	98	8.5.8.5.8.7.	
Haddo.....	47	7.7.4.7.7.4.7.7.		Angel Voices.....	147
6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.		Haworth.....	99	8.6.8.4.	
Nun Danket.....	48	Lord of Love.....	100	Dewy Fields.....	148
7.4.7.4.7.4.7.4.		7.7.5.7.7.5.		Kind Shepherd.....	149
Magdeburg.....	49	7.7.5.7.7.7.5.		Wreford.....	150
		Trinity.....	101		

	TUNE
8.6.8.5. and Chorus.	
Jewels	151
C.M.	
Afton	152
Belmont	160
Bridge	163
Byzantium	166
Childhood	169
Claremont	172
Cyril	174
Dalehurst	176
Emmanuel	153
Evan	161
Eversley	154
Farningham	167
Farrant	178
Flavian	168
Holy Cross	181
Horsley	175
Jazer	173
Miles' Lane	155
Mirfield	156
Nativity	157
Nox Processit	170
Rome	158
St. Agnes	159
St. Bernard	182
St. Etheldreda	184
St. Faith	179
St. Frances	177
St. Fulbert	185
St. Leonard (Jackson)	187
St. Leonard (Smart)	186
St. Marguerite	162
St. Saviour	189
Sawley	171
Solomon	190
Stafford	164
Studeley	191
Suppliant	180
Tallis	165
Westminster	192
Wiltshire	188
Winchester Old	183
C.M. and Chorus.	
Glory	193
Greeting	194
Stand Firm	195
8.6.8.6.8.6.	
Lebanon	196
St. Silas	197
Slingsby	198
C.M.D.	
Bethlehem	202
Land of Rest	204
Noel	203
Norseman	209
Northumberland	199
Petersham	200
St. Leonard	205
St. Matthew	201
St. Mawgan	206
St. Nicholas	207
St. Ursula	208
C.M.D. and Chorus.	
Galilee	210
Pentavy	212
Shining Way	211
8.6.8.8.6.	
Rest	213
8.7.8.7.	
Arundel	216
Children's Prayer	219
Courage, Brother	223
Evening Prayer	217
Faber	233
Langdale	214

	TUNE
Newton Ferns	220
St. Oswald	218
Sharon	224
Slingsby	215
Stutgard	222
Tenderness	221
8.7.8.7. and Chorus.	
Bethlehem	225
8.7.8.7.4.7.	
Kelveden	226
8.7.8.7.7.7.	
Irby	227
Stepney	228
8.7.8.7.8.7.	
Crondall	230
Praise, my Soul	229
8.7. (8 lines).	
Advent	234
Bethany (Bullinger)	241
Bethany (Smart)	236
Chamouni	232
Chichester	238
Deerhurst	239
Deus Omnipotens	231
Gather them in	240
Golden Sheaves	242
Lux Eoi	235
St. Asaph	237
Succoth	243
8.7. (8 lines) and Chorus.	
Blatchford	246
Morgenlied	244
Work for Jesus	245
8.7.8.8.7.	
Seraphim	247
8.8.7.8.8.7.	
Abendlied	248
Evening Hymn	249
8.8.8.3.	
St. Aelred	250
8.8.8.4.	
Shiloh	251
Southport	252
8.8.8.6.	
Innocents	253
Intercessor	254
St. Barnabas	255
St. Crispin	256
Trust	257
L.M.	
Angelus	259
Assisi	261
Fulda	263
Goodmanham	265
Hesperus	276
Holly	267
Hope	268
Hursley	260
Mainzer	258
Melanesia	271
Melcombe	269
Morning Hymn	272
Newburgh	266
Old Hundredth	273
Pentecost	275
St. Gregory	278
St. Lawrence	279
St. Luke	270
St. Sepulchre	264
Samson	262
Selborne	280
Sun of my Soul	281
Tallis' Canon	274
Truro	277
Winchester New	282

	TUNE
L.M. and Chorus.	
He Careth	284
Our Father's Care	285
Stand up for Jesus	283
8.8.8.8.8.8.	
Hapsford	286
Magdalen	287
Portslade	288
St. Catherine	289
Stella	290
L.M.D.	
Hayes	291
Sunset	292
9.8.8.9. and Chorus.	
Mizpah	293
9.8.9.8.	
St. Clement	294
9.9.9.9.	
Springfield	295
9.9.10.9. and Chorus.	
Go Forth	296
9.10.9.6. and Chorus.	
Come to the Saviour	297
10.4.10.4.10.10.	
Sandon	298
10.8. (8 lines).	
March of Life	299
10.10.10.10.	
Bromham	300
Dalkeith	303
Ellers	304
St. Agnes	305
Singing for Jesus	301
Toulon	302
10.10.10.10. and Chorus.	
Jesus loves me	306
Victory	307
11.8.12.9.11.9.12.9.	
Athens	309
Rivershill	308
10.10.10.11.	
Hosnana we sing	310
11.10.11.10.	
Clare Market	312
Faithful and Loyal	314
Lanherne	311
Sunnyside	313
11.11.11.5.	
Integer Vitæ	315
11.11.11.11. and Chorus.	
March Onward	318
Song of Triumph	316
Yield not to Temptation	317
11.12.12.10.	
Trinity	319
12.9.12.9.	
Birmingham	320
Soldiers of Christ	321
12.11.12.11.	
Anastasis	322
St. Asaph	323
The Master's Call	324
P.M.	
Anniversary Song	332
Battle Cry	333
Epenetus	330
Glory to God	331
God save the People	329
March on! March on	327
Rejoice and be Glad	325
Salem	334
The Valleys and the Mountains	328
Woodchester	326



21

1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

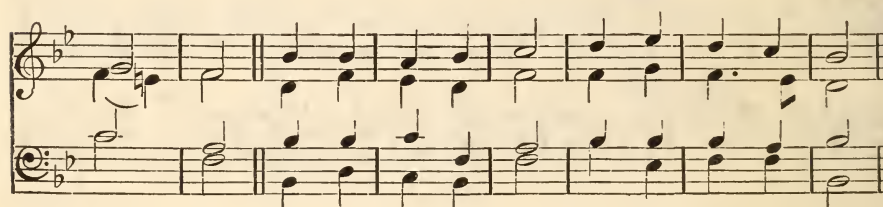
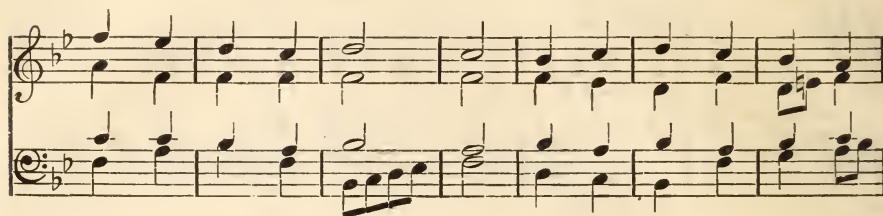
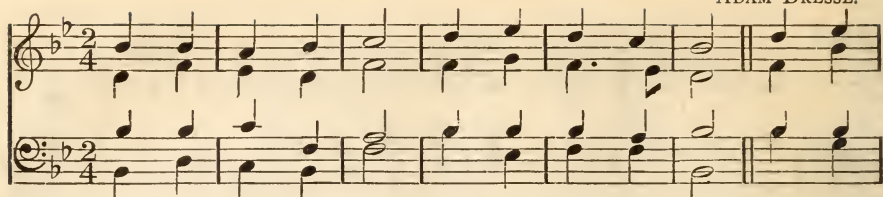
2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space ;
 Whose chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;
 Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail ;
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir R. Grant.



458

1 JESUS, still lead on, till our rest be won :
 And, although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless ;
 Guide us by Thy hand to our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear, if the foe be near ;
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not love and hope forsake us,
 For, through many a foe, to our home we go.

3 When we seek relief from a long-felt grief,
 When oppressed by new temptations—
 Lord, increase and perfect patience :
 Show us that bright shore where we weep no more.

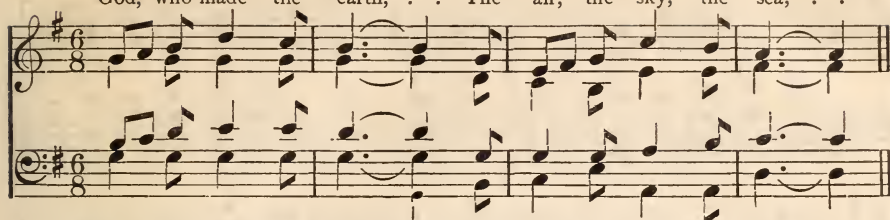
4 Jesus, still lead on, till our rest be won ;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand in our Fatherland.

From Hymns from the Land of Luther.

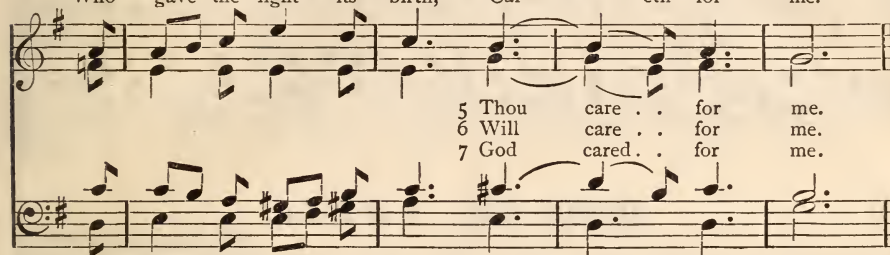
Protection. 5.6.6.4.

J. F. WHEELER.

God, who made the earth, . . The air, the sky, the sea, . .



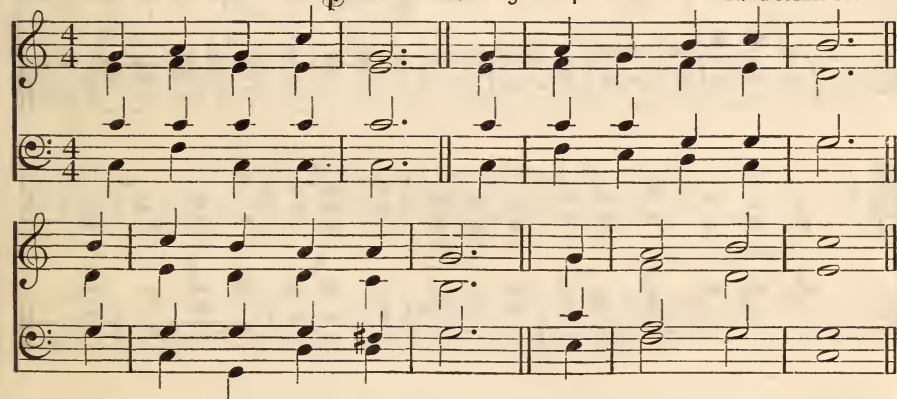
Who gave the light its birth, Car - - eth for me.



5 Thou care . . for me.
 6 Will care . . for me.
 7 God cared . . for me.

Providence. 5.6.6.4.

R. TOMLINSON.



401

1 GOD, who made the earth,
 The air, the sky, the sea,
 Who gave the light its birth,
 Careth for me.

2 God, who made the grass,
 The flower, the fruit, the tree,
 The day and night to pass,
 Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
 The moon, and stars, is He
 Who, when life's clouds come on,
 Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things
 On earth, in air, in sea,

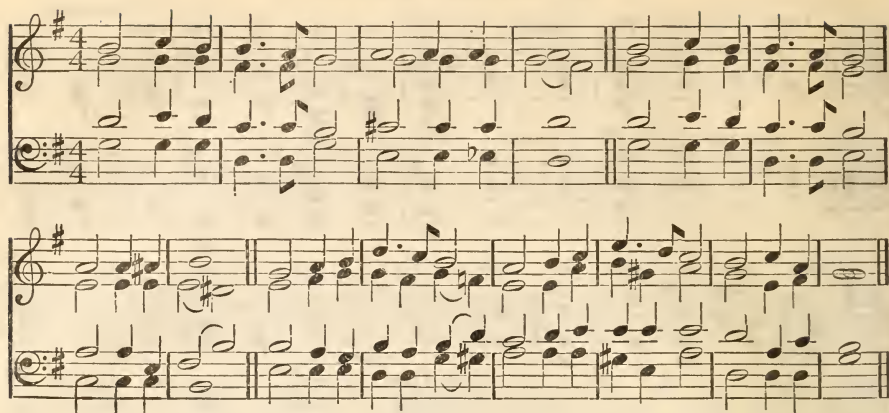
Who changing seasons brings,
 Careth for me.

5 God, who gave me breath,
 Be this my prayer to Thee,
 That, when I sink in death,
 Thou care for me.

6 God, who sent His Son
 To die on Calvary,
 He, if I lean on Him,
 Will care for me.

7 When in heaven's bright land
 I all His loved ones see,
 I'll sing with that bright band,
 "God cared for me."

Sarah B. Rhodes.



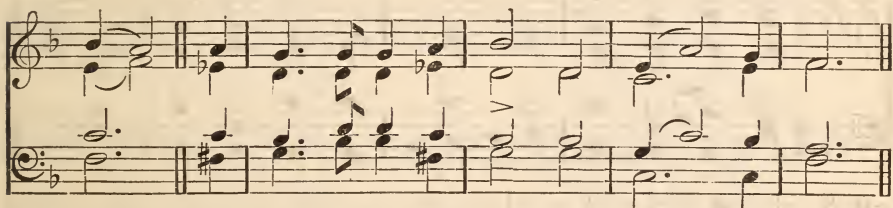
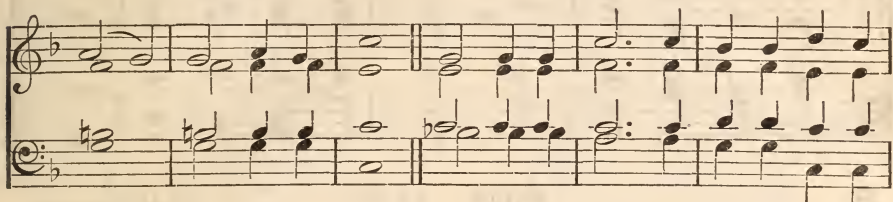
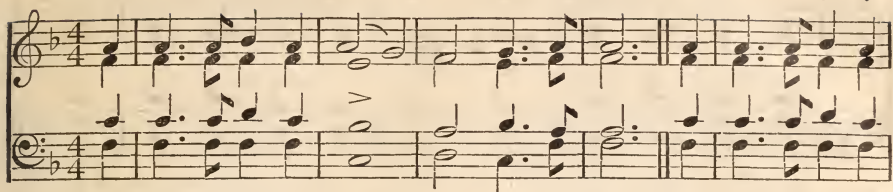
476

1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 Then let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 And when, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!



447

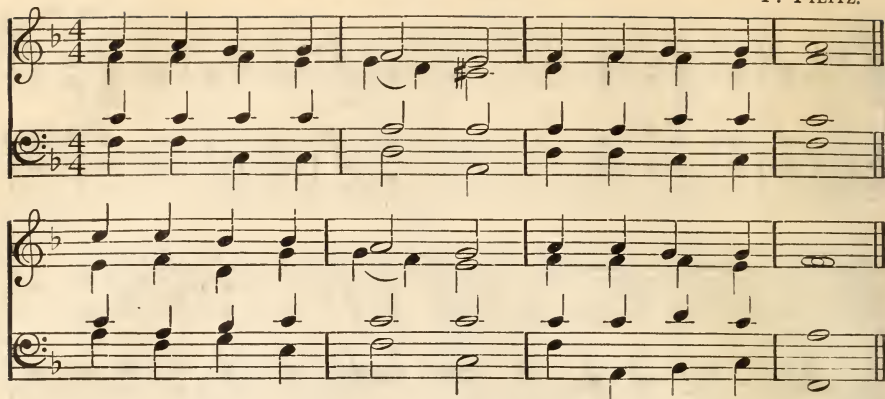
- 1 **I** LIFT my heart to Thee, Saviour Divine!
 For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine.
 Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
 That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His?"
- 2 Thine am I by all ties; but chiefly Thine,
 That through Thy sacrifice Thou, Lord, art mine.
 By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
 Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.
- 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;
 All that I have and am, and all I know.
 All that I have is now no longer mine,
 And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
- 4 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
 From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
 Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
 When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?
- 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
 Until death's hallowed sleep shall me remove
 To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
 Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie.

8

Bemerton. 6.5.6.5.

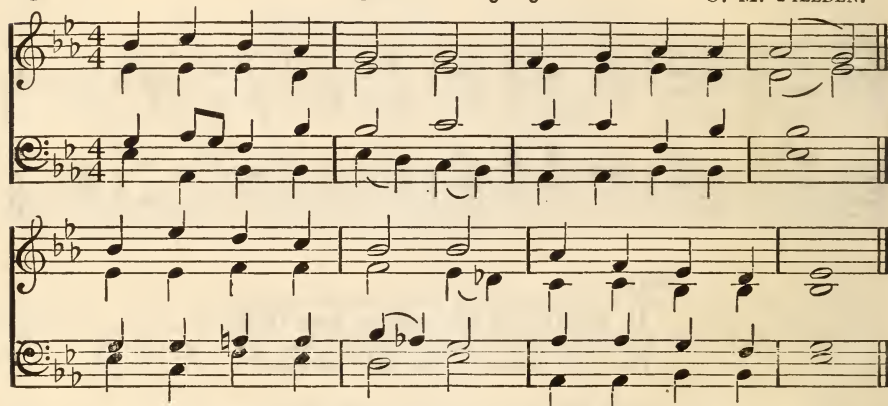
F. FILITZ.



9

Enon. 6.5.6.5.

O. M. FIELDEN.



10

"Now the day is over." 6.5.6.5. H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



87

1 JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful,
In my heart to Thee.

2 When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

3 Now I know Thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.

4 Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand,
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

114

1 HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

2 Holy Spirit! prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

3 Holy Spirit! shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit! give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit! brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our happy playtime
Let no anger spoil.

6 Holy Spirit! help us
Daily by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

W. H. Parker.

284

1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea;

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their bright wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. Baring Gould.

345

1 JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey;
Be Thyself the Way,
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne.

413

1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Go to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above,

Dr. Brewer.



261

1 FATHER, Holy Father, now the sun
has come, [home,
Bringing light and glory from Thy heavenly
We, Thy little children, to Thy throne above,
Now would hymn Thy praises, and would
sing Thy love.

2 Thou art wise and loving, Thou art great
and strong, [do wrong.
Glad when we do rightly, grieved when we
Hear us, Holy Father, as to Thee we pray,
Asking Thee to keep us safe from harm to-
day.

3 As our Saviour Jesus, when a little child,
Gentle was, and holy, pure and meek and
mild.
He shall be our copy, we will try to be,
Patient and obedient, loving, kind as He.

4 Father, God our Father, guide us every hour,
Keep us safe and shield us from temptation's
power.
So when night returneth, holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow, all the nearer
Thee.

Mark Evans.

300

1 CHRIST, who once among us as a child
did dwell, [well ;
Is the children's Saviour, and He loves us
If we trust His promise, He will let us rest
In His arms for ever, leaning on His breast.

2 Jesus, our good Shepherd, laying down Thy
life, [strife ;
Lest Thy sheep should perish in the cruel
Help us to remember all Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee, always,
everywhere.

3 Though we may not see Him, for a little
while, [smile ;
We shall know He holds us, often feel His
Death will be to slumber in that sweet
embrace,
And we shall awaken to behold His face.

W. St. Hill Bourne.

340

1 JESUS high in glory, lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee, children's
praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy, heaven's Al-
mighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen when Thy praise
we sing.

2 We are little children, weak and apt to
stray ; [way.
Saviour, guide and keep us in Thy heavenly
Save us, Lord, from sinning ; watch us day
by day ; [away.
Help us now to love Thee ; take our sins

3 Strengthen us for duty, while on earth we
live ;
May we to Thy service our best talents give.
Then when Jesus calls us to our heavenly
home,
We would gladly answer, "Saviour, Lord,
we come."

F. W. Harris.

344

1 JESUS, loving Saviour, hear us when we
pray, [day ;
For we need Thy guidance every passing
Thou art high and holy, throned in light
above,
Yet to little children Thou art full of love.



2 Holy, blessed Saviour, Thou art kind and true,
[pleasures too,
Thou wouldst share our sorrows and our
Shall we e'er forget Thee, ever turn away,
From the Friend who watches o'er us night
and day?

3 If our hearts should wander, from a love so kind,
And in things unholy seek their joy to find,
Teach us, e'en by sorrow if it needs must be,
That true peace and gladness come alone
from Thee.

4 Should we live forgetful of Thy mighty love,
Heedless of the glory waiting us above,
Call us in Thy mercy from the sin away,
Turn our hearts from darkness to the light
of day.

5 But we hope to follow what is good and right,
Ever drawing nearer to our guiding light,
Till at last we see Thee shining as the sun,
In the land of glory where Thy will is done.
H. P. H.

3 Children have no riches but the toys they prize;
[and skies?
What have we to give Thee, whose are earth
Could we bring the treasures of the crowded
mart,
[heart.
Still the Lord would value more each loving

4 Little prayers we offer, little hymns we sing,
Little tasks of labour, little gifts we bring;
All will please the Master, if they only prove
Offerings of our childhood's simple, earnest
love.

W. H. Parker.

508

1 **O**N our way rejoicing as we homeward
move
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love.
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be;
If our sky be clouded, clouds are not from
Thee.

2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing all we can;
Thou, who givest seed-time, wilt give large
increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart
with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go,
Victor is the leader, vanquished is the foe.
Christ without, our safety; Christ within, our
joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hopes
destroy?

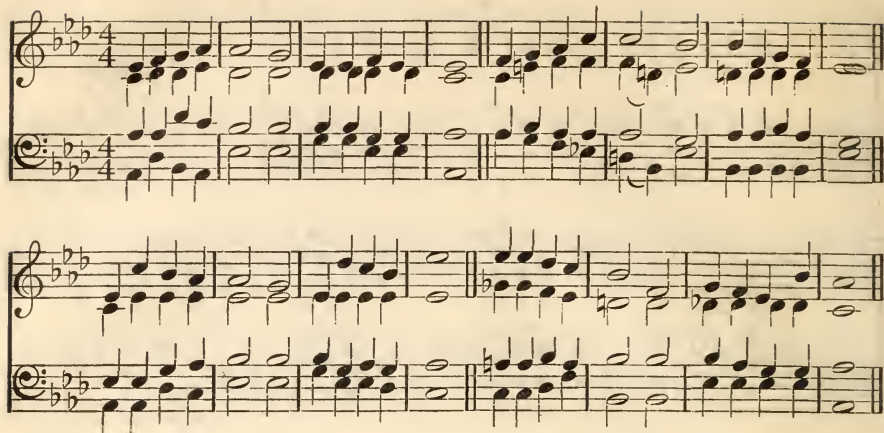
4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing,
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we
bring;
Unto God the Spirit pray we and adore,
On our way rejoicing, ever, evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

396

1 **C**HILDREN know but little of the
mighty King; [sing?
How can lips unlearned of His greatness
Yes, we know but little, and our tongues
may fail;
But He loves to hear us tell our simple tale.

2 Children's hands are feeble, and unskilful
too;
In the Master's service what can children do?
Works of might and wisdom—these we
cannot boast, [most.
Little deeds of kindness please the Master



63

1 CHILDREN in the temple, in the days
gone by, [High ;
Chanted loud hosannas to the Lord most
Priest and scribe, offended, murmured at
their lay,
Saying to the Master, "Hear'st Thou what
these say?"

2 Did the Lord rebuke them? Did He check
their song ;
Children's temple-chanting, did He count a
wrong?
No, their youthful voices music brought to
Him,
Sweet as anthems holy sung by seraphim.

3 Holy, loving Saviour, evermore the same,
We, within Thy temple, magnify Thy name.
Shed Thy blessing o'er us, write Thy law
within,
Give us strength in battle victory to win.

4 Then our high hosannas, in a loftier sphere,
Midst the heavenly anthems Thou shalt love
to hear.
With the blessed blending, there our joy
shall be,
Endless praise to render, Holy One, to Thee.
Julius Brigg.

240

1 HARK, the joyful tidings, coming from
afar,
Bring the sound of conflict from the holy war.
God is with our armies ; He the word has
given ;
He is watching o'er them, messengers of
heaven.

2 Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy
way ;
Night upon the mountains changes into day.
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall ;
Soon the world shall own thee, victor over
all.

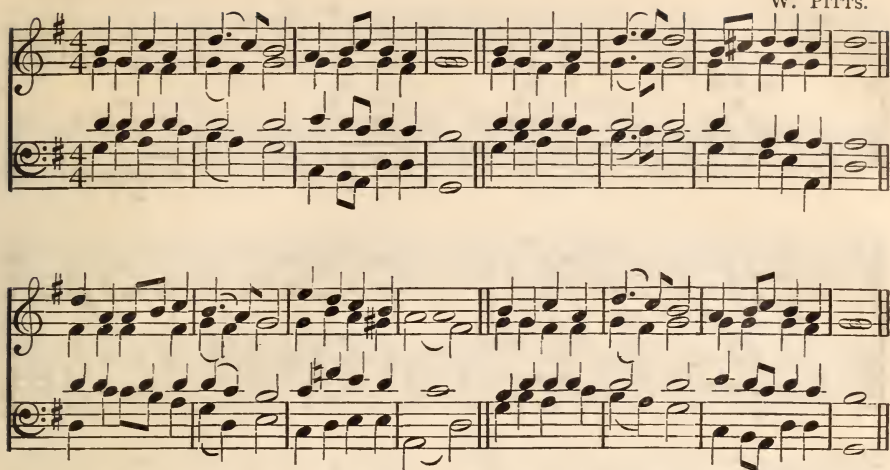
3 O Thou blessed Saviour, reigning now on
high,
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh.
Bid their glorious mission spread from sea
to sea,
Till the whole creation worship only Thee.
H. B.

299

1 CHRIST, the Teacher, cometh to our
school to-day ;
And the Lord has many blessed things to
say :
Who will gladly listen, looking in His face,
Losing not a sentence while He fills the
place?

2 Christ, the Teacher, cometh in sweet gentle-
ness,
Touching all His children with a friend's
caress ;
Who will come the nearest to the Saviour
King?
Who will be most earnest? who most love
will bring?

3 Christ, the Teacher, cometh, listen to His
call ;
We have little knowledge, He will teach us
all,—



Tell us of our Father, and our home in
heaven,
Where the sweet harp music and the crowns
are given.

- 4 Christ, the Teacher, cometh, do not turn
away
From the Friend who lingers in our school
to-day;
Listen to Him gladly, love and trust Him
well,
He will be your Guardian till with Him you
dwell.

- 352
1 LOVING Shepherd, feed me in the
pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me where Thy steps
are seen.
Hold me fast, and guide me in the narrow
way;
So, with Thee beside me, I shall never stray.

- 2 Daily bring me nearer to the heavenly
shore;
May my faith grow clearer, may I love Thee
more.
Hallow every pleasure, every gift and pain;
Be Thyself my treasure, though none else
I gain.

- 3 Give me joy or sadness, this be all my care,
That eternal gladness I with Thee may
share.

Day by day prepare me as Thou seest best,
Then, my Saviour, bear me to Thy promised
rest.

- 397
1 DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

- 2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true;
And His little children
Must be holy too.

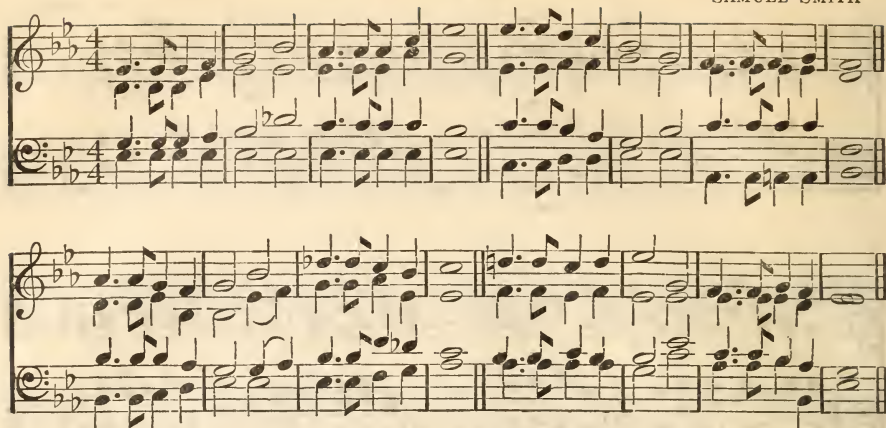
- 3 There's a wicked spirit
Watching near you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

- 4 But you must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

- 5 You are Christ's own children,
And must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

- 6 Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

Mrs. Alexander.



210

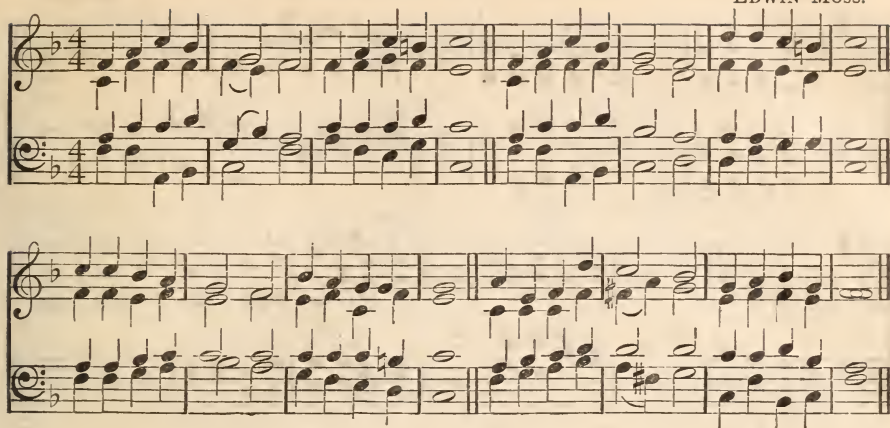
- 1 SUMMER suns are glowing over land
and sea,
Happy light is flowing bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices in the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm
of praise.
- 2 God's free mercy streameth over all the
world,
And His banner gleameth everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious as the heaven
above,
Shines in might victorious His eternal love.
- 3 Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance
pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness make us love Thee
more.
And when clouds are drifting dark across
our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou
nigh.
- 4 We will never doubt Thee, though Thou
veil Thy light :
Life is dark without Thee ; death with Thee
is bright.
Light of Light ! shine o'er us on our pilgrim
way,
Go Thou still before us to the endless day.
W. W. How.
- 2 Home from every sorrow, home from every
care,
Home where praise and rapture are ex-
changed for prayer ;
Home where never gather storms of wintry
night,
Home where all are happy, home where all
is bright.
- 3 Thus the little children pass along their way,
From the night of sorrow to that cloudless
day ;
And the loving Saviour heads the little
band,
And will bring them safely to the Better
Land.

343

- 1 JESUS, Lord and Master, at Thy sacred
feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing, see Thy children
meet.
Often have we left Thee, often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow way.
- 2 Pattern of our childhood, once Thyself a
child,
Make our childhood holy, pure and meek
and mild.
In the hour of danger whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour, only unto Thee ?
- 3 All our days direct us in the way we go ;
Lead us on victorious over every foe.
Bid Thine angels shield us when the storm-
clouds lour ;
Pardon Thou and save us in the last dread
hour.

224

- 1 LITTLE feet are passing through the
homeward way,
With their merry singing, and their happy
play.
Though as little pilgrims they must longer
roam,
Still with eager footsteps do they hasten
home.



- 4 Then with saints and angels may we join
above,
Offering prayers and praises at Thy throne
of love.
When the march is over, then come rest and
peace,
Jesus in His beauty ! songs that never cease.

348

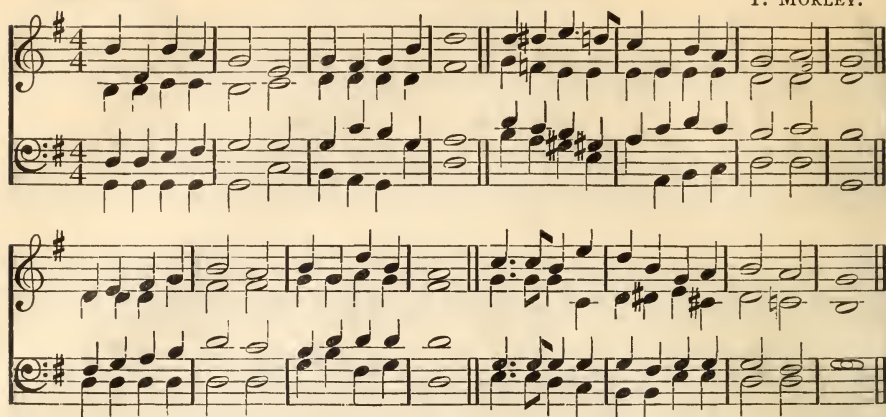
- 1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
Shepherd kind ;
We are only children, weak and young and
blind.
All the way before us, Thou alone dost
know ;
Lead us, heavenly Father, singing as we go.
- 2 Lead us, heavenly Father, in our opening
way ;
Lead us in the morning of our little day ;
While our hearts are happy, while our souls
are free,
May we give our childhood as a song to Thee.
- 3 Lead us, heavenly Father, as the way grows
long ;
Be our strong salvation, be our joyous song.
Gladdened by Thy mercies, chastened by
Thy rod,
Make us walk through all things humbly
with our God.
- 4 Lead us, heavenly Father, by Thy voice so
clear—
Through Thy teachings holy, by Thy Son so
dear,—
He who took the children in His arms of
love :
May we all be gathered in His home above.
B. Herford.

451

- 1 **I**N the hour of trial, Jesus ! plead for me,
Lest by base denial I depart from Thee ;
When Thou seest me waver, with a look
recall,
Nor, for fear or favour, suffer me to fall.
- 2 With forbidden pleasures should this vain
world charm,
Or its tempting treasures spread, to work me
harm ;
Bring to my remembrance sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance, cross-crowned
Calvary.
- 3 Should Thy mercy send me sorrow, toil, and
woe ;
Or should pain attend me on my path below ;
Grant that I may never fail Thy hand to see ;
Grant that I may ever cast my care on Thee.
J. Montgomery.

453

- 1 **J**ESUS, blessed Jesus, I would follow Thee ;
Meek and pure and holy, Thy disciple be.
Free from sin and folly, free from wordly
strife,
Trusting in Thy merit for eternal life.
- 2 Jesus, blessed Jesus, keep me near Thy side,
Lest the world's temptations cause my feet to
slide.
On the Rock of Ages, firmly let me stand,
Yielding strict obedience to my Lord's
command.
- 3 Purer yet and purer I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer every duty find ;
Hoping still, and trusting God without a fear ;
Patiently believing He will make all clear.



99

AT the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him King of
glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him
Lord,
Who from the beginning was the mighty
Word.

2 At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces, all the hosts of light.
He is God the Saviour, He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped, trusted, and adored.

3 In your hearts enthrone Him ; there let Him
subdue
All that is not holy, all that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's
hour :
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus shall return again,
With His Father's glory, with His angel
train.
For all wreaths of empire meet upon His
brow,
And our hearts confess Him King of glory
now.

Caroline M. Noel.

3 Say not that the morning is for work too soon,
We have many a warning, night may come
ere noon ;
There are vacant places in our ranks, which
say—
“Where the missing faces?—work while it
day.”

4 Work, but not in sadness, for our Lord above;
He will make it gladness with His smile of
love :
When that Lord returning knocketh at the
gate,
Let your lights be burning, be like men who
wait.

5 Happy then the meeting, when we see His
face ;
Welcome then the greeting from the throne
of grace :
“Good and faithful servants of My Father
blest,
Now your work is ended, enter into rest.”

T. A. Stowell.

149

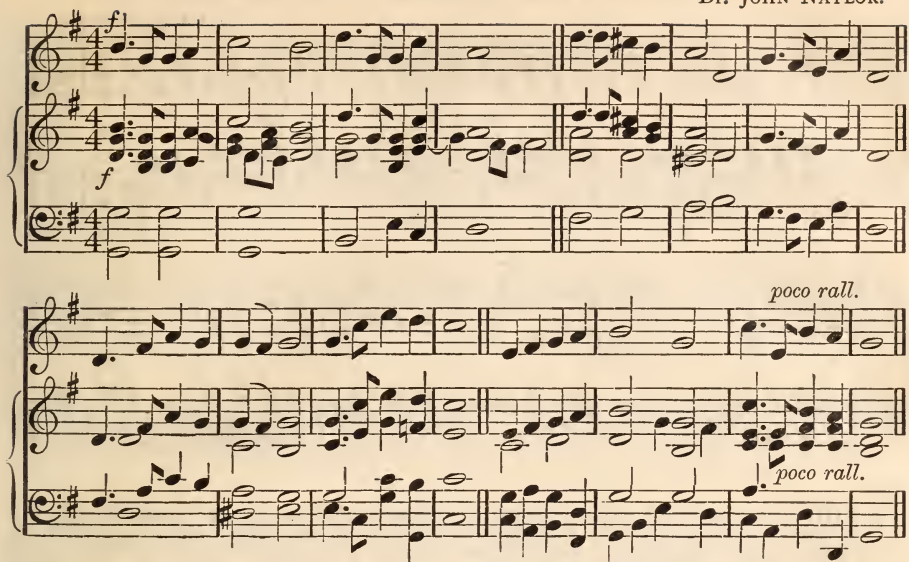
WHILE the sun is shining brightly in
the sky,
Ere his rays declining, tell that night is nigh ;
Ere the shadows falling lengthen on thy way,
Hark ! a voice is calling, “Work while it
is day.”

2 Work for God in heaven ; seek the Saviour's
face,
Plead to be forgiven, strive to grow in grace ;
Watch against temptation, watch and fight
and pray :
Each in his own station work while it is day.

173

IN God's holy dwelling, spared to meet
again,
Hark ! glad voices swelling, raise their joy-
ful strain ;
Children, bending lowly, join the angels' cry,
“Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord most high !”

2 All things tell His glory—earth and heaven
above ;
And the gospel story tells His wondrous love:
How the Father gave us His own Son to die ;
How the Son to save us, left His throne on
high.



3 O, how blest to know Him, and His love so true !

O, how sweet to show Him how we love Him too !

For to us is given, here to taste His grace,
And the hope in heaven to behold His face.

4 Then, within His dwelling, raise the happy song ;

Let glad voices swelling still the strain prolong ;

Children, bending lowly, join the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord most high ! "

T. A. Stowell.

308

1 **E**ARLY will we seek Thee when the morning light

Chases from the heavens all the shades of night ;

Asking Thee to keep us, by Thy mighty power,

Safe from sin and danger to the evening hour.

2 Early will we seek Thee on this holy day,
When Thy saints assemble in Thy house to pray :

Offering to Thy service, what Thy grace hath given,

Sabbath hours to train us for our rest in heaven.

3 Early will we seek Thee in the morn of life ;

Ere we taste its sorrows, ere we face its strife :
Praying that Thy presence may with us abide,

Brightening all its moments to its eventide.

4 Early will we seek Thee at Thy throne of grace,

While the word of welcome bids us " Seek My face. "

Knowing that the promise Thou wilt bear in mind :

" They that seek Me early, these shall surely find. "

T. A. Stowell.

369

1 **S**AVIOUR, blessed Saviour, listen while we sing ;

Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.

All we have we offer, all we hope to be,

Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration, bending low the knee.

Thou, for our redemption, cam'st on earth to die ;

Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater, are Thy mercies here ;

True and everlasting are the glories there—
Where no pain nor sorrow, toil nor care, is known ;

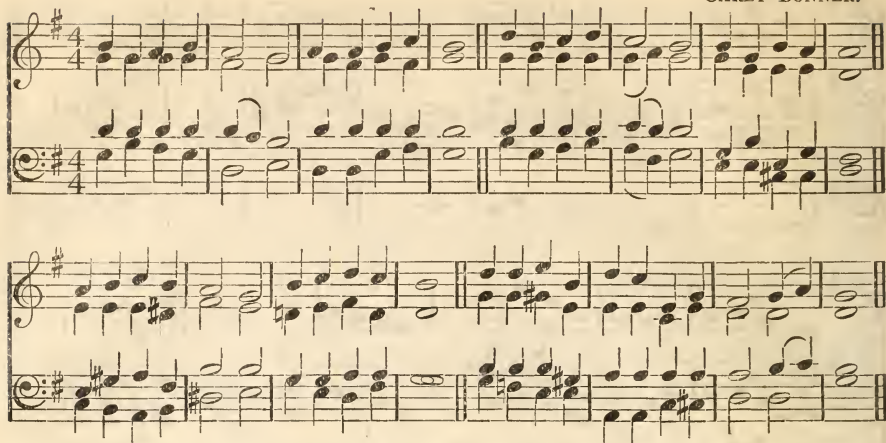
Where the angel legions circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road

Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God ;

Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

G. Thring.



• 315

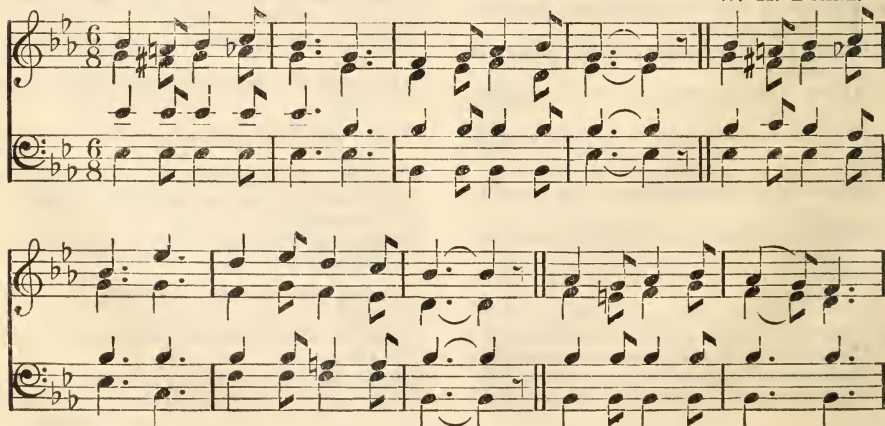
- 1 **G**OD of little children, bend a gracious ear,
 As with reverence lowly, we to Thee draw
 Thou art King of glory, throned in heaven
 on high,
 Yet, O Father, listen to Thy children's cry.
- 2 Lord, we always need Thee, be our strength
 and shield,
 For when evil tempts us, we too often yield;
 Wrong we find so easy, right so hard to do,
 Loving Father, help us, and our hearts renew.
- 3 Many voices call us from the narrow way,
 Oft our footsteps falter, oft we go astray;
 Lord, we would be guided by Thy voice
 divine,
 And in simple trust would place our hands
 in Thine.
- 4 Lead us, O our Father, be our constant guide,
 Through the lifelong journey, keep us by Thy
 side;
 In the paths of evil never let us roam,
 But in mercy bring us to Thy children's home.

Carey Bonner.

20

Strike for Victory. 6.5. (8 lines) with Chorus.

W. H. DOANE.





CHORUS.



164

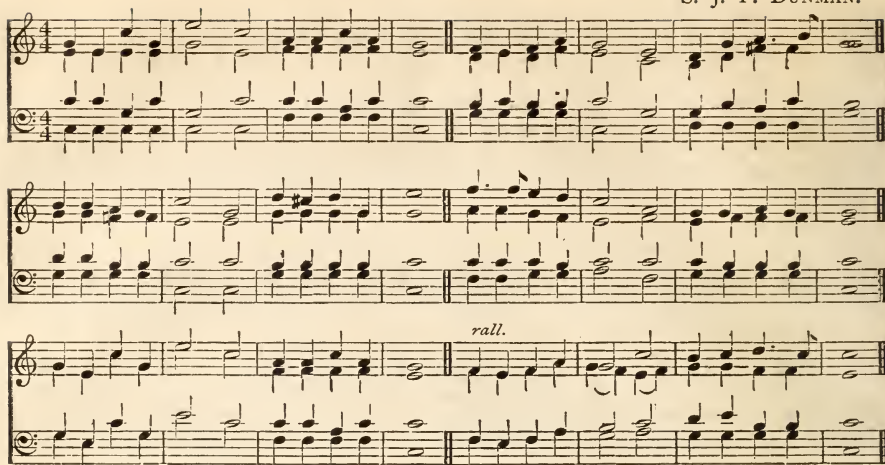
1 **S**TRIKE ! O strike for victory, Soldiers
of the Lord,
Hoping in His mercy, trusting in His word,
Lift the gospel banner high above the world,
Let its folds of beauty ever be unfurled.
(Chorus.) Strike ! strike for victory, heroes bold ;
Strike ! till the victory you behold ;
Strike ! strike for victory, ne'er give o'er ;
Rest then in glory evermore.

2 What though strong temptations meet us on
the way, [of day ;
Zionward we're marching, towards the gates
Ever pressing onward, onward to the light,
Till we reach the Jordan, with our home in
sight.

3 Strike ! O strike for victory, heroes of the
Cross !
Sacrificing pleasure, glorying in loss,
Bind the helmet stronger, tighter grasp the
sword ;
Conquering and to conquer, battle for the
Lord.

4 Hand to hand united, heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching till our journey's
done ;
Till we see the angels come in glory down,
With the shining garments, and the victor's
crown.

Mrs. Kidder.



202

- 1 JESUS, blessed Saviour, help us now to
raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving, songs of holy
praise. [been !
O, how kind and gracious Thou hast always
O, how many blessings every day has seen !
Jesus, blessed Saviour, now our
praises hear, [all the year.
For Thy grace and favour, crowning
- 2 Jesus, holy Saviour, only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled, how we often fell !
All our sins (so many !) Saviour, Thou dost
know ; [as snow.
In Thy blood most precious, wash us white
Jesus, blessed Saviour, keep us in
Thy fear, [all the year.
Let Thy grace and favour pardon
- 3 Jesus, loving Saviour, only Thou dost know
All that may befall us as we onward go ;
So, we humbly pray Thee, take us by the
hand,
Lead us ever upward to the Better Land.
Jesus, blessed Saviour, keep us ever
near,
Let Thy grace and favour shield us
all the year.
- 4 Jesus, precious Saviour, make us all Thine
own,
Make us Thine for ever, make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment, of this coming
year,
Be for Jesus only, Jesus, Saviour dear.
Then, O blessed Saviour, never need
we fear ;
For Thy grace and favour still shall
crown the year.

Frances R. Havergal.

342

- 1 JESUS, King of glory, throned above the
sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour, hear Thy children cry,
Pardon our transgressions, cleanse us from
our sin ;
By Thy Spirit help us heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of glory, throned above
the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour, hear Thy chil-
dren's cry.
- 2 On this day of gladness, bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple, Lord, we worship
Thee ;—
Celebrate Thy goodness, mercy, grace, and
truth :
All Thy loving guidance of our heedless
youth.
Jesus, King of glory, throned above
the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour, hear our grate-
ful cry.
- 3 For the little children who have come to Thee ;
For the glad, bright spirits who Thy glory
see ;
For the loved ones resting in Thy dear
embrace ;
For the pure and holy who behold Thy face ;
Jesus, King of glory, throned above
the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour, hear our grate-
ful cry.
- 4 For Thy faithful servants who have entered
in ;
For Thy fearless soldiers who have con-
quered sin ;

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers, oth-er lives to bring?

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? . . .

By Thy call of mer-cy, by Thy grace di-vine, . . . We are on the Lord's side; Sa-viour, we are Thine!

For the countless legions who have followed
Thee,

Heedless of the danger, on to victory;
Jesus, King of glory, throned above
the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour, hear our grate-
ful cry.

5 Help us ever steadfast in the faith to be:
In Thy Church's conflicts fighting valiantly.
When our course is finished, ended all the
strife,
Grant us with the faithful palms and crowns
of life.

Jesus, King of glory, throned above
the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour, hear Thy chil-
dren's cry.

W. Hope Davison.

548
1 **W**HO is on the Lord's side? Who will
serve the King?
Who will be His helpers, other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will
face the foe? [will go?
Who is on the Lord's side. Who for Him
By Thy call of mercy, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are
Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory, not for crown and
palm,
Enter we the army, raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth lives for whom
He died:
He who Jesus nameth must be on His side!

By Thy love constraining, by Thy grace
divine,
We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are
Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us, not with gold or
gem,
But with Thine own life blood, for Thy
diadem;
With Thy blessing filling each who comes
to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made
us free.
By Thy grand redemption, by Thy grace
divine,
We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are
Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the
foe; [throw;
But the King's own army, none can over-
Round His standard ranging, victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging makes the triumph
sure.
Joyfully enlisting, by Thy grace divine!
We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are
Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers in an alien land,
"Chosen, called faithful," for our Captain's
band,
In the service royal, let us not grow cold:
Let us be right loyal, noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us, by Thy grace
divine,
Always on the Lord's side; Saviour, always
Thine!

Frances R. Havergal.



58

1 SWEETLY sang the angels in the clear
 calm night, [light ;
 On their white wings resting in the heavenly
 Sent by God the Father, who our Love has
 sought,
 Unto men and children tidings glad they
 brought.

(Chorus.) Children, blend your voices, in sweet
 concord sing,
 Hail the Lord's Anointed, Christ,
 the children's King !

2 To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed—
 Watching 'mid the darkness in the open field,
 That in David's city, on that holy morn,
 In a lowly stable, Christ, our King, was born.

3 Gladdened by the tidings, hastily they sped
 To the crowded city and the manger bed ;
 There they found the Saviour, with His
 mother mild ;
 Him they loved and worshipped, though a
 lowly child.

4 In His simple childhood, and His sacred
 youth, [truth ;
 All His ways were holy, all His words were
 For our sins He suffered, and, through grief
 untold,
 All His lambs He purchased for His sacred
 fold.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee ;
 Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldst have
 us be, [tide,
 Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmas-
 Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and
 Guide !

J. Julian.

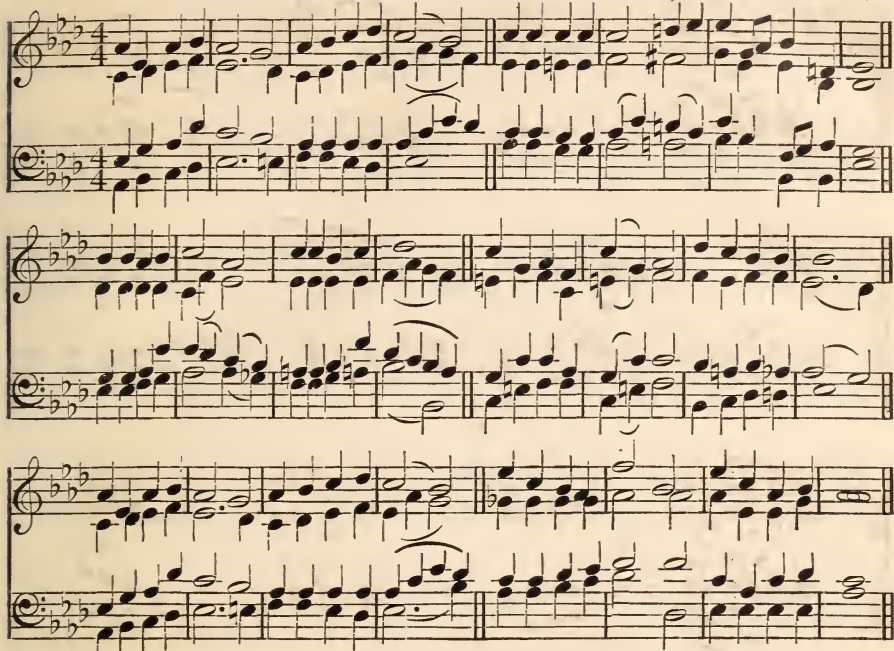
65

1 GENTLE, holy Jesus, Saviour, meek and
 mild,
 Thou, who once wast fashioned like a little
 child,
 And in grace and meekness up to manhood
 grew ;
 Sharing human weakness, human sorrow too :
 In Thy Word so holy, Saviour, we can see,
 That of us Thou sayest, " Let them come to
 Me."

2 Glad we come ! and render all we have to
 give :
 While our hearts are tender, help us, Lord,
 to live
 Like Thy young disciples, that the world
 may see
 We are taught by Jesus, and have learned of
 Thee.

May we copy closely Him we so much love,
 Till we bear His likeness, perfected above.

Mrs. Whitfield.



104

1 GOLDEN harps are sounding, angel voices ring, [King ;
Pearly gates are opened—opened for the
Christ, the King of Glory, Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph to His throne above.
(Chorus.) All His work is ended, joyfully we sing,
"Jesus hath ascended! Glory to our
King!"

2 He who came to save us, He who bled and died, [side.
Now is crowned with glory at His Father's
Never more to suffer, never more to die ;
Jesus, King of Glory, is gone up on high.

3 Praying for His children in that blessed place,
Calling them to glory, sending them His
grace ; [you ;
His bright home preparing, little ones, for
Jesus ever liveth, ever loveth too.

Frances R. Havergal.

237

1 FROM the eastern mountains pressing on they come, [home ;
Wise men in their wisdom to His humble
Stirred by deep devotion, hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward, guided by a Star.

(Chorus.) Light of Life that shineth ere the
worlds began,

Draw Thou near, and lighten every
heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Saviour meek and lowly lay, [their way,
Wondrous Light that led them onward on
Ever now to lighten nations from afar, [Star.
As they journey homeward by that guiding

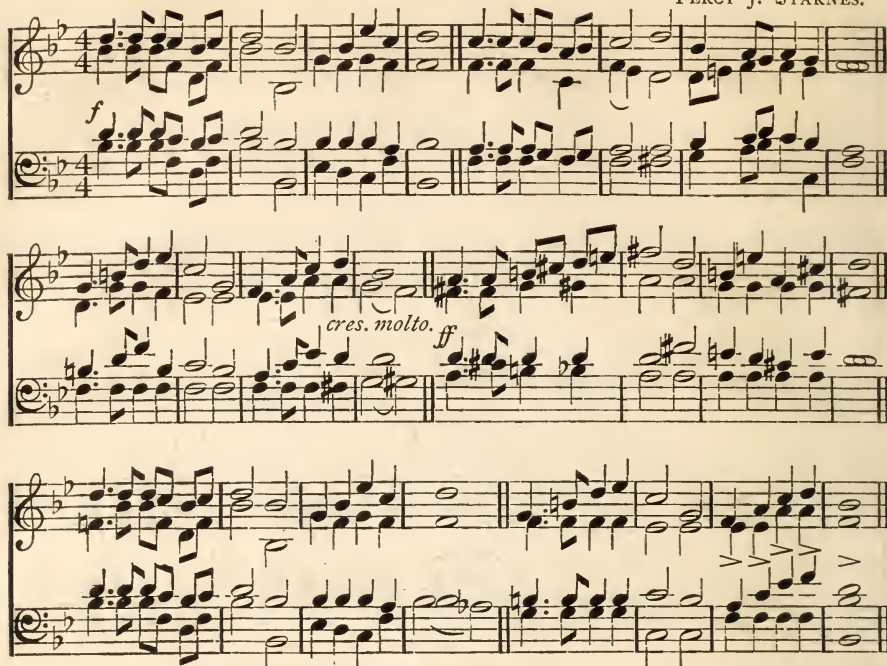
3 Thou who in a manger once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory o'er all kingdoms
reign,
Gather in the heathen, who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness of Thy guiding
Star.

4 Gather in the outcasts, who have gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them, guide them
on their way, [dered far,
Those who never knew Thee, who have wan-
Guide them by the brightness of Thy guiding
Star.

5 Onward through the darkness of the lonely
night, [light,
Shining still before them with Thy kindly
Guide them, Jew and Gentile, homeward
from afar, [Star.
Young and old together, by Thy guiding

6 Until every nation, whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner, Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains to that heavenly
home, [come.
Where no sin nor sorrow evermore shall

G. Thring.



153

1 FORWARD! be our watchword, steps
and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by our Cap-
tain led?

Forward through the desert, through
the toil and fight;
Canaan lies before us, Zion beams
with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood buds the infant
mind; [thought behind;
All through youth and manhood, not a
Speed through realms of nature, climb the
steps of grace; [face.
Faint not, till in glory gleams our Father's
Forward all the lifetime, climb from
height to height;
Till the head be hoary, till the eve be
light.

3 Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be
shared;
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never
heard;
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech
a word;

Forward, ever forward, clad in armour
bright;
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be
sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth, that fair home is
ours; [with gold:
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates
Flows the gladdening river shedding joys
untold.

Thither, onward thither, in the Spirit's
might;
Pilgrims to your country, forward
into light.

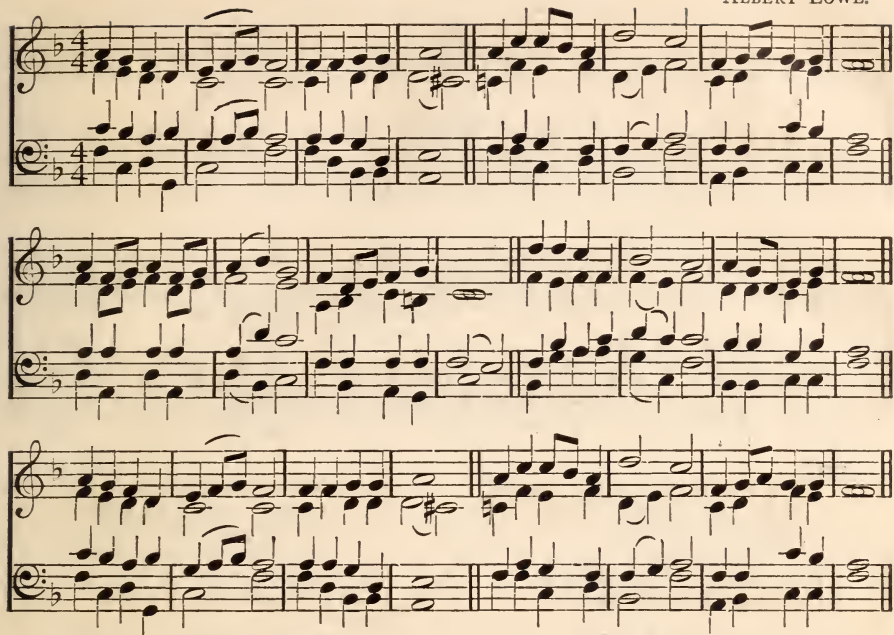
5 To the Eternal Father loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory, blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises, dull the
songs of night;

Forward into triumph, forward into
light.

H. Alford.

158

1 ONWARD, children! onward! leave the
paths of sin;
Hasten to the strait gate, strive to enter in:



None can knock unheeded, none can strive
in vain, [obtain.

For the Saviour's welcome, all that seek

(Chorus.) Onward, children! onward! is the
call to-day;

Come with ready footsteps, and that
call obey.

2 Onward, children! onward! in the narrow
way, [day,
Christ your Lord shall lead us safely day by
And with such a Leader what have we to fear?
Satan may oppose us, but our King is near.

3 Onward, children! onward! guardian angels
sing:
Hasten to the palace of our God and King;
Clad in heavenly armour, to the end endure;
We with Christ shall triumph, victory is sure.

4 Onward, ever onward! till we join the throng,
Who in dazzling raiment sing the triumph
song;
And to heavenly music cry with one accord,
"Holy! holy! holy! is our Sovereign Lord."
J. H. Brammall.

(Chorus.) Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as
to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory;
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems
raise.

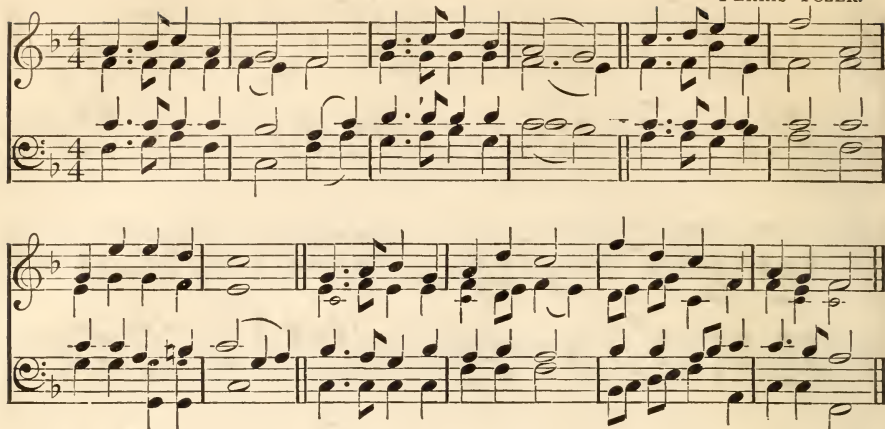
3 Like a mighty army moves the Church of
God,
Brothers, we are treading where the saints
have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms
rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church
prevail,
We have Christ's own promise, and that
cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy
throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph
song—
Glory, praise, and honour, unto Christ the
King,
This, through countless ages, men and angels
sing.
S. Baring Gould.

159

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching
as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ the Royal Master leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see, His banners go!



271

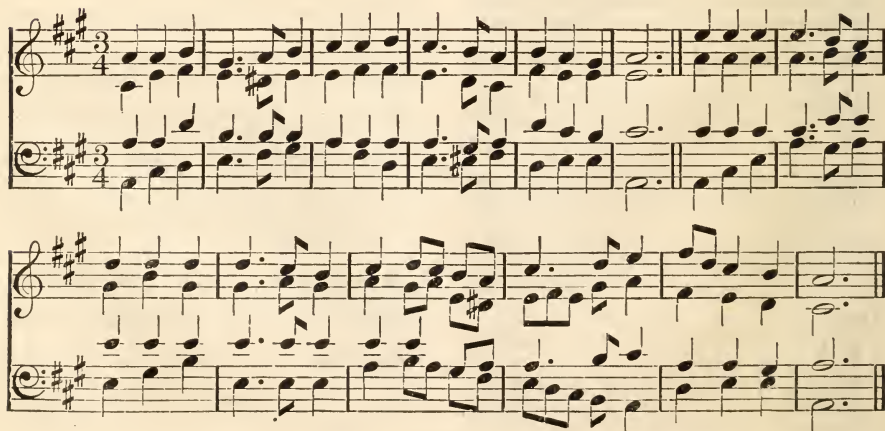
1 WHEN the morning breaketh,
And the dawn of day
All creation waketh
With its joyous ray,
Jesus, grant that Thou mayst be
Light and life again to me.

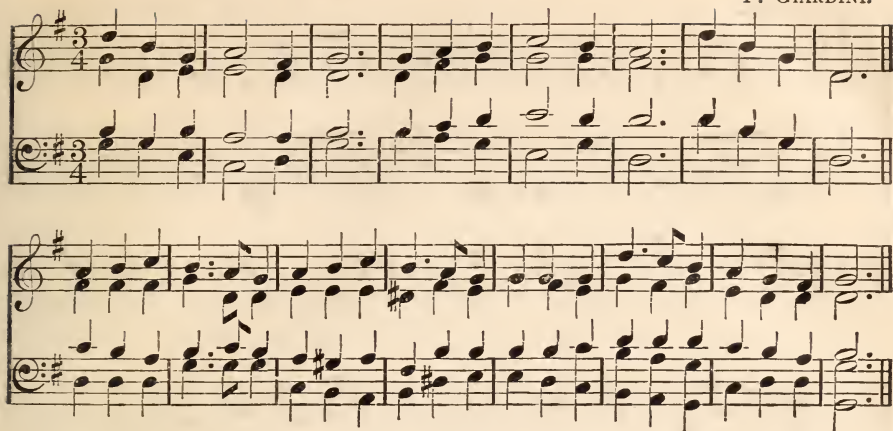
2 When the day, declining,
Fades in evening light,
And the stars' soft shining
Cheers the gloom of night,
Jesus, may Thy child be blest
With Thy gifts of sleep and rest.

3 While my life is flowing
Onward through the years,
And Thy hand bestowing
Joy, entwined with tears,
Jesus, guide me by Thy love
To my home prepared above.

4 When life's shadows lengthen,
And its day-dreams cease,
Then my spirit strengthen,
Give to me Thy peace.
Jesus, let Thy presence be,
Life for evermore to me.

A. H. Turner.





199

1 GOD bless our Sunday school,
Increase our Sunday school,
God bless our school.
On it in mercy shine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our school.

2 Our teachers likewise bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls.
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee,
God bless our school.

3 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our school.
And while Death's arrows fly,
And honoured teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our school.

A. Midlane.

253

1 GOD bless our native land !
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore !
May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
' And bless our Isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

3 And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

4 O, may the human race
God's message soon embrace,
" Good-will to man."
Hushed be the battle sound ;
And o'er the earth around,
May peace and love abound,
Through every land.

W. E. Hickson.

254

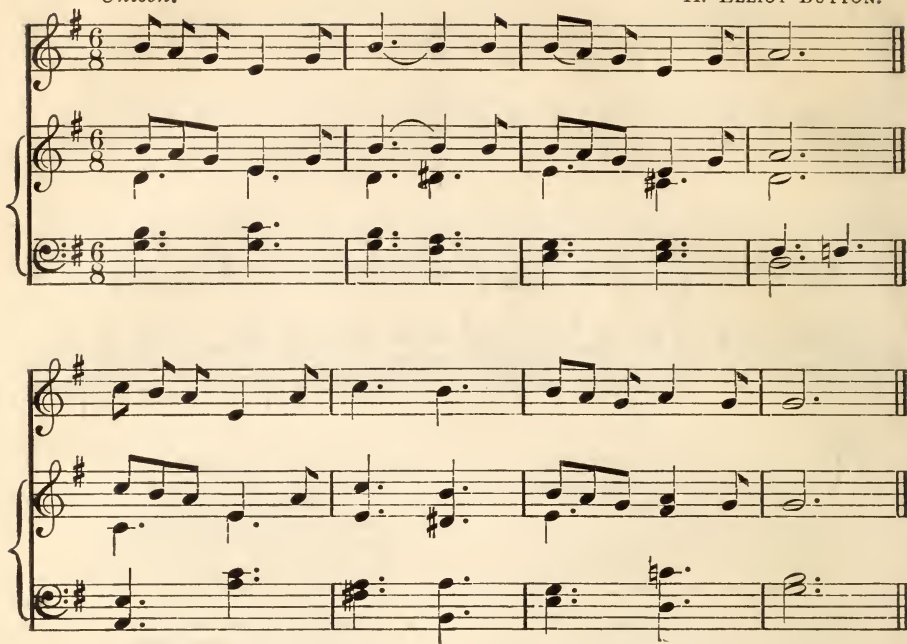
1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen :
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :
God save the Queen.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall :
Confound their politics ;
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix ;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour ;
Long may she reign :
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Unison.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



318

1 GOD sets a still small voice
Deep every soul within ;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.

2 If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us
Clear as noonday we see.

3 If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone ;
If still unheeded, it
Will leave us quite alone.

4 O grief ! to be allowed
To go our own wild way ;
Lord, hold Thy children back,
Lest we so sadly stray.

5 And help us to attend
To Thy sweet voice divine ;
Then in the judgment day,
Own us, good Lord, as Thine.

Esther Wiglesworth.

416

1 ONCE to our world there came
A little holy child ;
Gentle and good and mild,
And Jesus was His name.

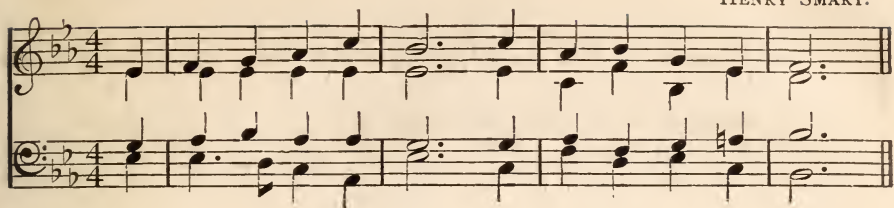
2 He suffered want and pain,
Was slighted, scorned, and poor ;
All this He did endure,
That we in heaven might reign.

3 He never disobeyed
His Father's sacred laws ;
We only were the cause
Why grief on Him was laid.

4 O ! that indeed we could
Our evil ways forsake,
And for our pattern take,
This Saviour kind and good.

5 The path that Jesus trod,
O may we also tread !
Jesus, our living Head,
Lead Thou us up to God.

Elizabeth Strafford.



187

1 AND now this holy day
Is drawing to its end,
Once more to Thee, O Lord,
Our thanks and prayers ascend.

2 We thank Thee for this rest
From earthly care and strife;
We thank Thee for this help
To higher, holier life.

3 We thank Thee for Thy house;
It is Thy palace gate,
Where Thou, upon Thy throne
Of mercy, still doth wait.

4 We thank Thee for Thy Word,
Thy gospel's joyful sound;
Oh, may its holy fruits
Within our hearts abound!

5 Yet ere we go to rest,
Father, to Thee we pray,
Forgive the sins which stain
E'en this, Thy holy day.

6 Through Jesus let the past
Be blotted from Thy sight;
And may we go to sleep
At peace with Thee this night.

7 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
From all in earth and heaven,
Through all eternity.

E. Harland.

282

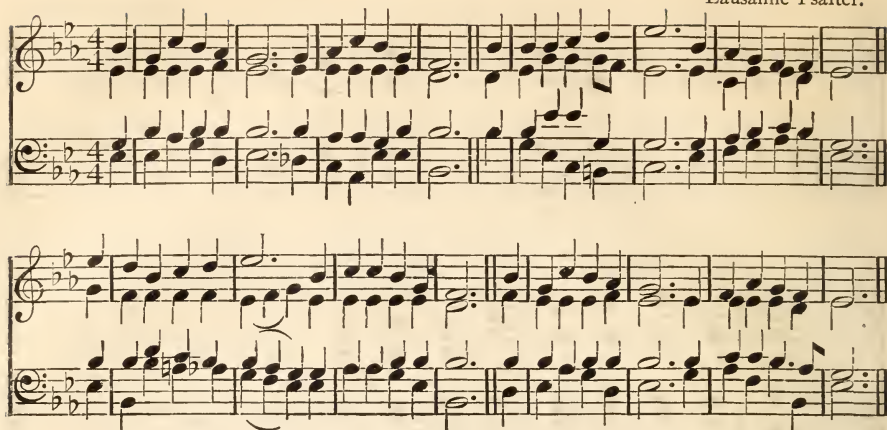
1 MY Father, hear my prayer
Before I go to rest:
It is Thy little child
That cometh to be blest.

2 Forgive me all my sin,
And let me sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

3 Lord, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
And try to do Thy will
Much better than before.

4 Now look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is Thy little child
That cometh to be blest.

E. C. W.



514

1 SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True light of men, to-day;
And through the written Word
Thy very self display;
That so from hearts that burn
With gazing on Thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy Word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

2 Breathe Thou, upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

J. Ellerton.

33

Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Unison.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The Tem - ple courts were dark;

Hushed was the Evening Hymn—continued.

The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark ;

When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.

Vocal Harmony.

326

- 1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.
- 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 O ! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear

- Each whisper of Thy word :
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.
- 4 O ! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
 - 5 O ! give me Samuel's mind ;
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death ;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Handwritten musical score for 'Gospel' by Handel. The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. A small asterisk (*) is placed above the treble staff in the third system, measure 10.

Handwritten musical score for 'St. Godric' by Dr. J. B. Dykes. The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

* The small notes, as well as the harmony of this tune, are Handel's.

1 **T**O Him who spread the skies,
Who formed the sea and earth,
Creating all so good,
To Him who gave us birth,
To Him be glory, honour given
From sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

2 To God on high be praise,
The everlasting One,
Glorious in power and love,
Who spake, and it was done ;
Who with His gifts our world did fill ;
Who giveth all things freely still.

3 Him praise and magnify,
Sun, moon, and every star ;
His name exalt on high,
Creation near and far !
To Him, the God of earth and heaven,
All blessing and all praise be given.

4 Unto the Father sing
The everlasting song ;
Unto the Son the praise
Eternally prolong ;
Unto the Holy Spirit sing :
The one Jehovah, Lord and King.

H. Bonar.

1 **O**N wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise, with one accord,
To bless and praise your risen Lord !

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, with one accord,
To bless and praise your risen Lord !

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky !
Your voices raise, with one accord,
To bless and praise your risen Lord !

4 O let your hearts be strong !
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies !
Your voices raise, with one accord,
To bless and praise your risen Lord !

W. W. How.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King :
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; He bids us all rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; He bids us all rejoice.

3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; He bids us all rejoice.

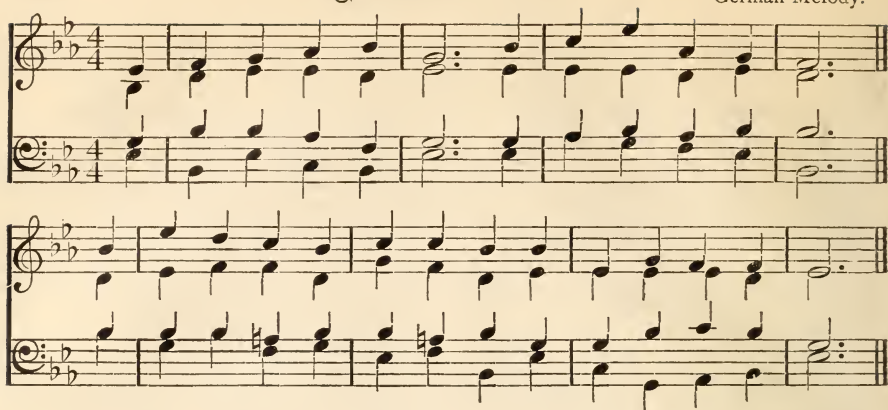
4 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

C. Wesley.

36

Franconia. S.M.

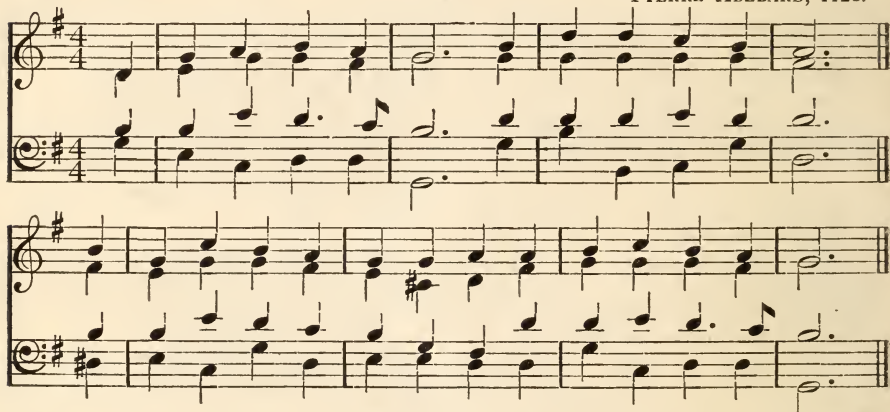
German Melody.



37

Gildas. S.M.

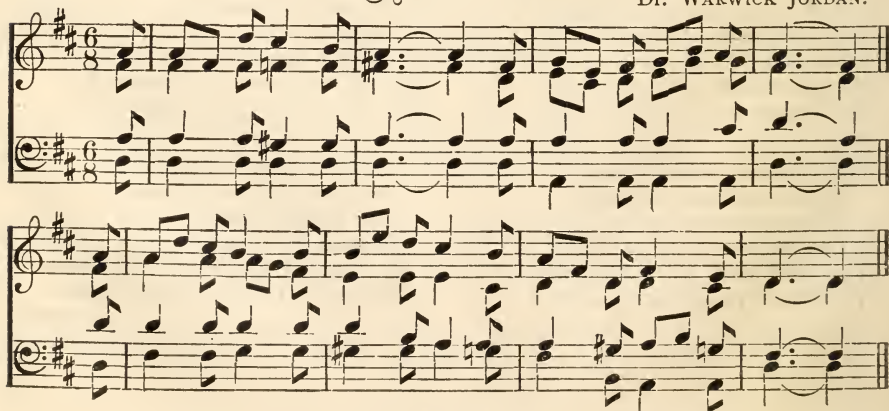
PIERRE ABELARD, 1120.



38

Rhodes. S.M.

Dr. WARWICK JORDAN.



36

1 GREAT Giver of all good,
To Thee our thanks we yield
For all the beauties of the wood,
Of hill, and dale, and field.

2 Ten thousand various flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear,
And joyous birds, in woodland bowers,
Sing forth Thy tender care.

3 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wonders still.

4 But trees, and fields, and skies
Still praise a God unknown,
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

5 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of a thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

S. C. Clarke.

393

1 A LITTLE child may know
Our Father's name of Love ;
'Tis written in the earth below,
And on the sky above.

2 Around me when I look,
His handiwork I see ;
This world is like a picture book
To teach His Name to me.

3 The thousand little flowers
Within our garden fount,
The rainbow and the soft spring showers,
And every pleasant sound ;

4 The birds that sweetly sing,
The moon that shines by night ;
With every tiny living thing
Rejoicing in the light ;

5 And every star above,
Set in the deep blue sky,
All tell me that our God is Love,
And tell me He is nigh.

Jane E. Leeson.

540

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be,
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee ;

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive ;
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 And hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold ;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christlike thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

7 To Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom we unseen adore,
The one true living God alone,
Be glory evermore.

W. W. How.

547

1 WHERE is thy God, my soul ?
Is He within thy heart ;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part ?

2 Where is thy God, my soul ?
Only in stars and sun ;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one ?

3 Where is thy God, my soul ?
Confined to Scripture's page ;
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age ?

4 O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart :
O, great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

5 Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had ;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

39

Bethlehem. S.M.

S. WESLEY.



40

Newland. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



41

St. Michael. S.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1563.



133

- 1 IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.
- 2 'Tis not enough to say—
We're sorry and repent,
If we go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.
- 3 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before ;
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.
- 4 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray ;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

Ann Gilbert.

242

- 1 HOW blest are they who strive
Their Lord's command to keep,
Who send abroad the Word of life
To feed His wandering sheep !
- 2 How blest the messengers
That Word of life who bear ;
And far away in heathen lands
The Saviour's love declare !
- 3 O Lord, we would unite
His glorious work to aid
From love to Thee, whose love to us
Is day by day displayed.
- 4 It needs not age or wealth
Thy power to possess ;
The prayers of children Thou wilt hear,
The work of children bless.
- 5 A life of active love,
Oh, teach us, Lord, to live !
That we who freely have received
May also freely give.

From the Children's Hymn-book.

439

- 1 HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day :
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true ;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of striving after holiness,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
Lord, I believe, O, hear me cry,
Help Thou my unbelief.

H. Bonar, v. 3, l. 3, altd.

442

- 1 HOW kind our Father's voice !
All may draw near in prayer ;
Cast down their burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.
- 2 His wisdom orders all,
His power not less controls,
His love makes all things work for good
To trusting, loving souls.
- 3 O bless His holy Name
On each returning day ;
And, strong to do and bear His will,
Go calmly on your way.
- 4 Sorrows, and fears, and cares,
But waste the heart and mind ;
While they who humbly rest in God
Both strength and comfort find.
- 5 He grants their spirits peace,
And so He gives them power ;
For still with peace comes mighty love,
Our greatest, holiest dower.
- 6 O hear then, all, His voice :
Draw near with praise and prayer ;
Cast down your burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.

T. Davis.

518

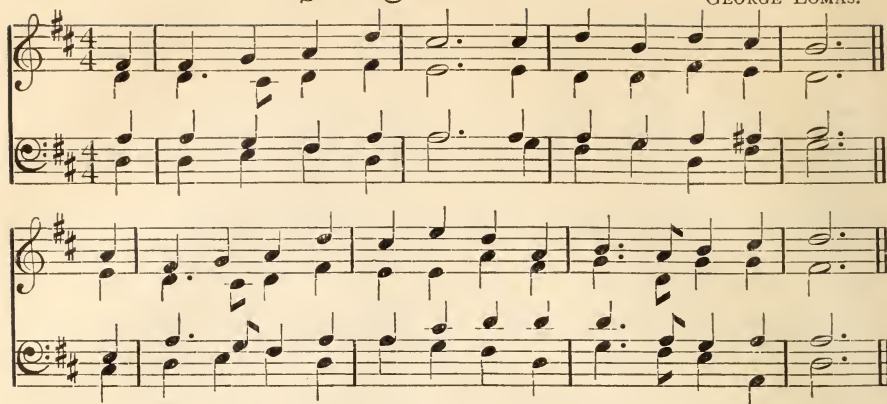
- 1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be :
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart ;
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

42

Kirk Braddan. S.M.

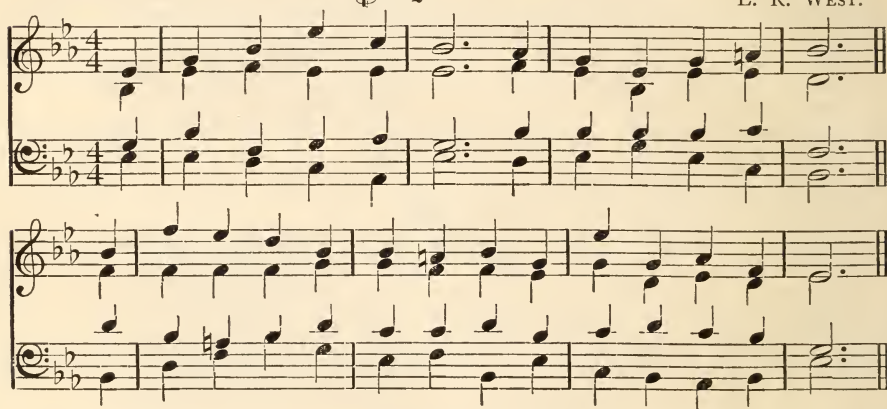
GEORGE LOMAS.



43

Prague. S.M.

L. R. WEST.

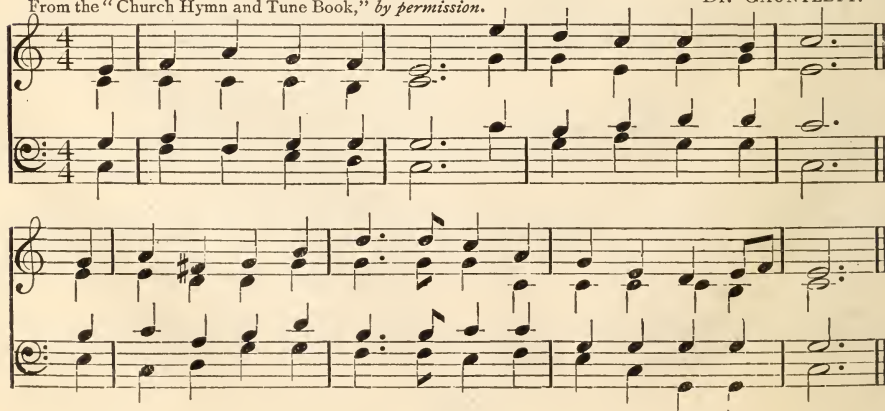


44

St. George. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

From the "Church Hymn and Tune Book," by permission.



- 1 **B**Y Jacob's ancient well
Sat Jesus long ago ;
The water-bearer heard Him tell
Where living waters flow.
- 2 The beggar day by day
Sat in a hopeless night,
Until the Master passed that way,
And said, "Receive thy sight."
- 3 The Gentile mother craved
A crumb of healing power ;
The child for whom she prayed was saved
And healed that selfsame hour.
- 4 Beside Bethesda's pool,
He to the palsied said,
Before he prayed to be made whole,
"Rise, and take up thy bed."
- 5 "O Lord, remember me,"
The dying robber cries ;
"This day," saith Jesus, "thou shalt be
With Me in Paradise."
- A. R. Thompson.*

203

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS, God and Man,
On this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy happy children pray.
- 2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As angels do above.
- 3 On friends around us here,
O, let Thy blessing fall ;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.
- 4 O joy to live for Thee !
O joy in Thee to die !
O ! greatest joy of all to see
Thy face eternally !
- 5 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

Sir H. W. Baker.

436

- 1 **G**OD chooseth out the place,
Where we can serve Him best ;
And bids us labour for Him here,
And win in heaven our rest.
- 2 Then, though our work be mean,
We must not it despise ;
Since we can offer it to God,
A daily sacrifice.
- 3 We might do some great work,
And yet win no reward,
If we should do it to ourselves,
And not unto the Lord.
- 4 While work, however poor
And humble it might be,
Would have a radiance in Thine eyes,
If done, dear Lord, to Thee.

- 5 Then help us every day,
To do with all our might,
With single eye and ready mind,
Our work as in Thy sight.
- 6 So may we hear at last
The Master's words, "Well done,
Faithful in small things ye have been,
A kingdom ye have won."

Esther Wigglesworth.

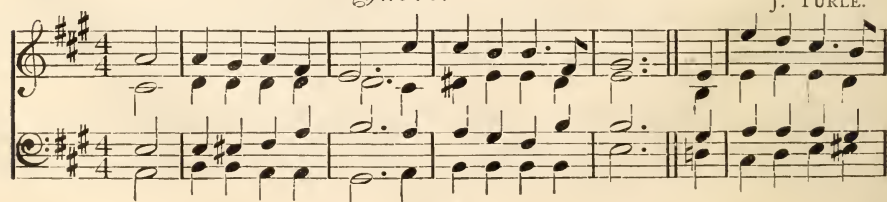
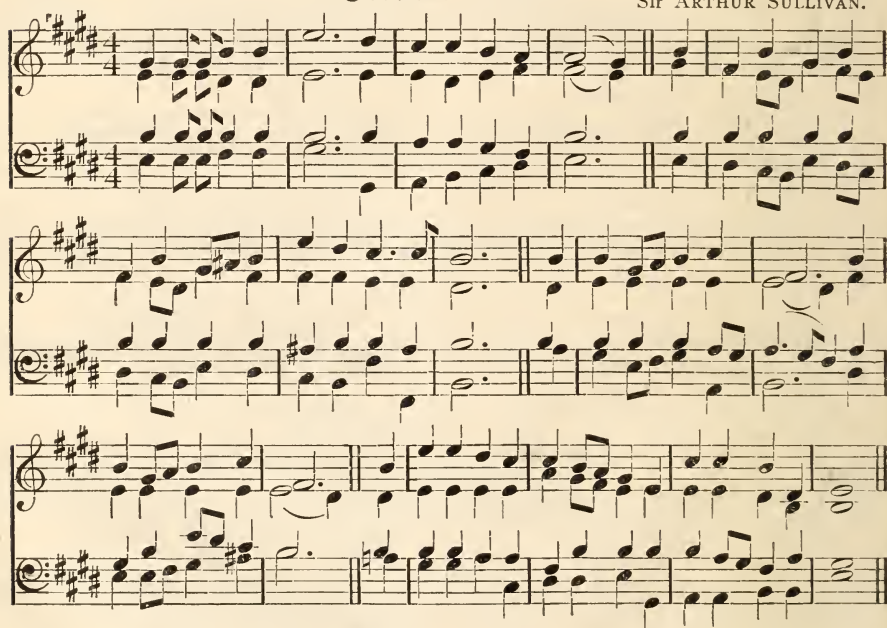
479

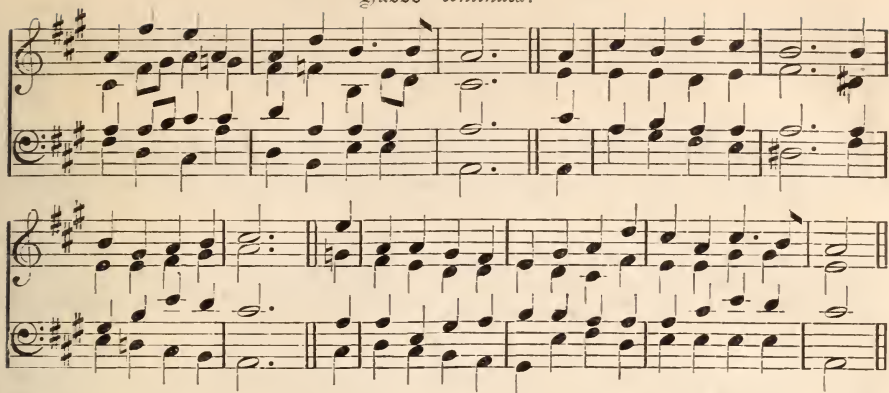
- 1 **O** EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within ;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come shine away my sin.
- 2 O Everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness.
- 3 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.
- 4 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.
- 5 O Everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
- 6 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou ;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

H. Bonar.

515

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
- 5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
- 6 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- C. Wesley.*





102

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save ;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

M. Bridges.

134

1 JESUS, we come to Thee,
That we may be forgiven !
O ! let us all Thy children be,
And make us fit for heaven.
O ! be our Guide, we pray,
While through this world we roam,
And lead us so that every day
May find us nearer home.

2 Though we are taught the road,
We cannot go alone ;
Unless Thou lead us, O our God,
We ne'er shall reach Thy throne.
O ! be our Guide, we pray, &c.

3 Give us from Thy rich store
Of wisdom from above ;
That we may love and serve Thee more,
And better learn Thy love.
O ! be our Guide, we pray, &c.

4 Then shall we walk aright,
While keeping close to Thee ;
When Satan tempts have strength to fight,
And make the tempter flee,
A little pilgrim band,
While through this world we roam,
O ! guide us with Thy loving hand,
Till Thou shall take us home.

445

1 GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired !
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired :
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine ;
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine ;
" Give Me thy heart, My son ;"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me.
O Jesus most desired !

3 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest
In Thee, the riven Rock :
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

Latin, tr. Ray Palmer.



6
1 **L**ET all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending :
On His most holy Word,
Redeemed from woe, depending.
He gracious is and just,
From childhood us doth lead ;
On Him we place our trust
And hope in time of need.

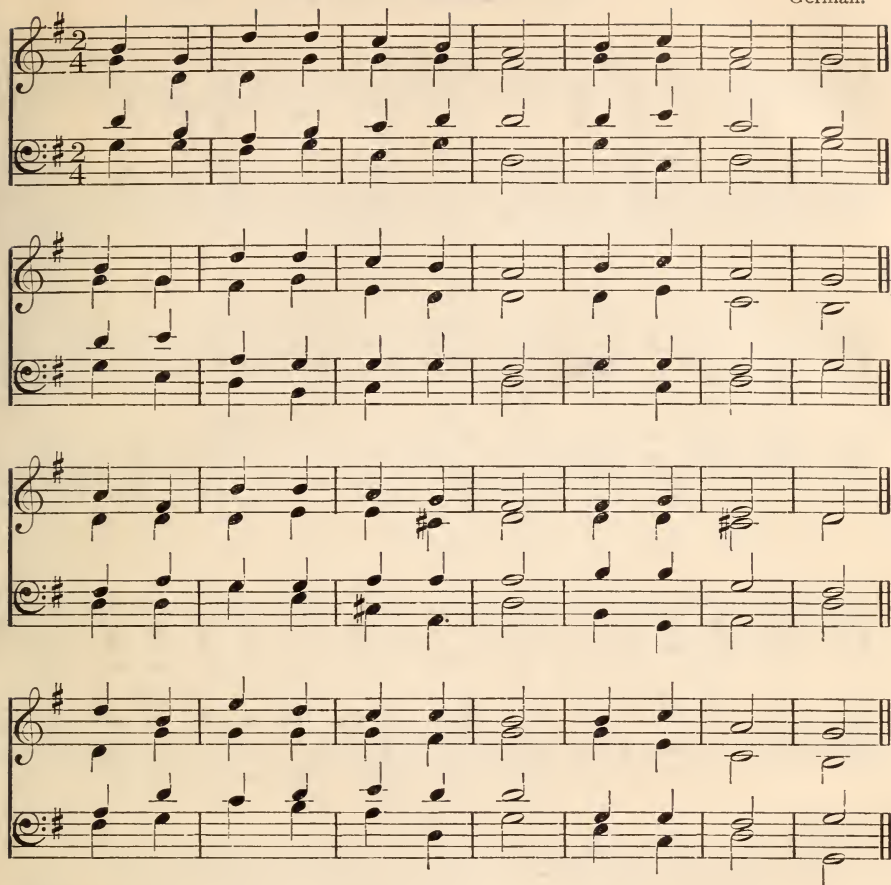
2 Glory and praise to God—
To Father, Son be given,
And to the Holy Ghost,
On high enthroned in heaven.
Praise to the Triune God ;
With powerful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day :
Praise Him with grateful song,
M. Rinckart, tr. W. Bartholomew.

2 That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly ;
To all who learn or teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round Thy throne,
And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
Our Joy, our Gladness own.

3 O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily task-work blessing !
Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
While wisdom, conquering fear,
With highest faith shall wed.

497
1 **O** PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet, Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling !
He guides us on to age
Through sunlit paths of youth ;
He glads our longing eyes
With full unveiled truth.

4 All praise and thanks to Thee,
Eternal Lord, be given,
For all Thy help on earth,
For all our hopes of heaven !
Thy name, the One, the Three,
Through ages yet to come,
All saints and angels sing,
Their Light, their Peace, their Home !
E. H. Plumptre.



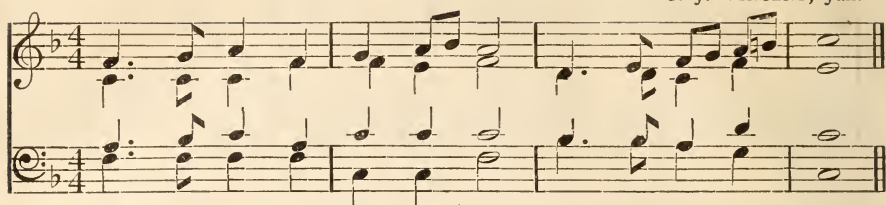
517

1 **S**TANDING forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them ;
 O ! we know not what of harm
 May betide them ;
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them ;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
 Thou wilt hear them ;
 From the stains of sin and shame
 Thou wilt clear them ;
 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
 Thou wilt steer them ;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up,
 Lord, receive them ;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them—
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them :
 Trustful, in Thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

W. ~~Cutler~~ Bryant.



310

1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
 Rises warm and bright ;
 But the evening cometh on,
 And the dark, cold night :
 There's a bright land far away,
 Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
 Open fresh and gay,
 Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away !
 There's a land we have not seen,
 Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long,
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song :
 There's a place where angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him !
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim :
 There is a most happy place,
 Where they always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land ?
 All who love the right :
 Holy children there shall stand,
 In their robes of white ;
 For that heaven, so bright and blest,
 Is our everlasting rest.

Mrs. Alexander.



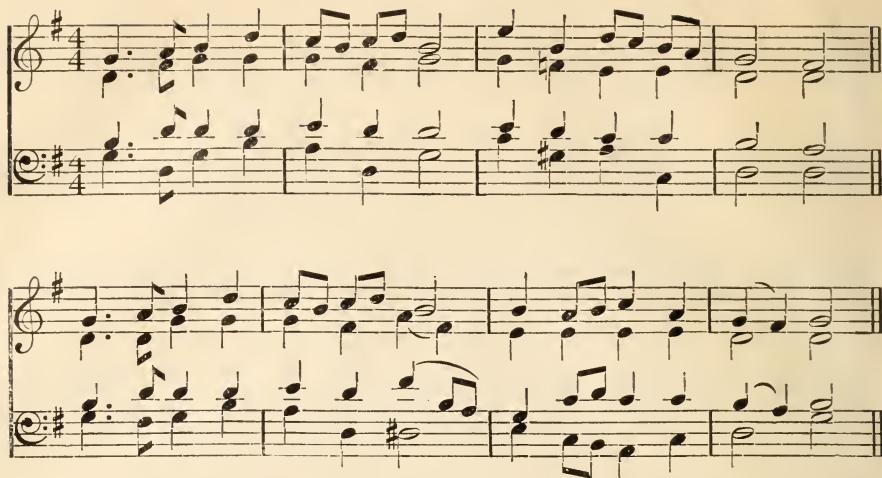
549

1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming !
 Work through the morning hours ;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store :
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more :
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.



349
 1 LOOKING upward every day,
 Sunshine on our faces ;
 Pressing onward every day,
 Toward the heavenly places.

2 Growing every day in awe,
 For Thy name is holy ;
 Learning every day to love,
 With a love more lowly.

3 Walking every day more close
 To our Elder Brother ;
 Growing every day more true
 Unto one another.

4 Leaving every day behind
 Something which might hinder ;
 Running swifter every day,
 Growing purer, kinder.

5 Lord, so pray we every day,
 Hear us in Thy pity,
 That we enter in at last
 To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Org.

551

1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings;
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brighten up the sky.

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play;
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

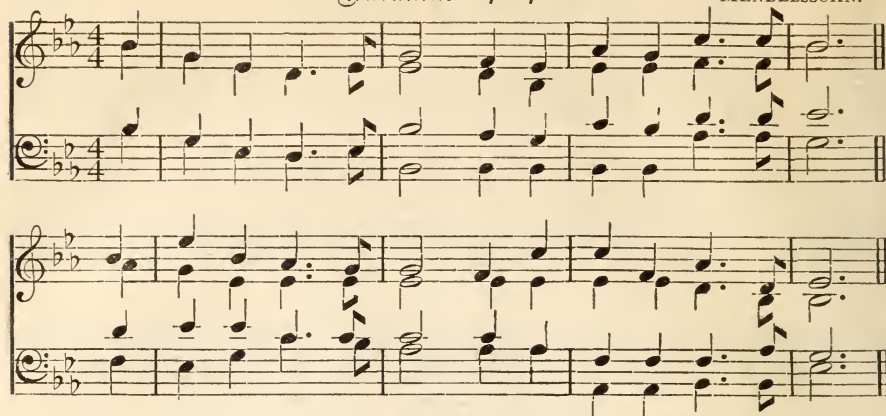
6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Mrs. Alexander.

54

Autumn. 7.6.7.6.

MENDELSSOHN.



55

Barton. 7.6.7.6.

J. H. KNECHT.

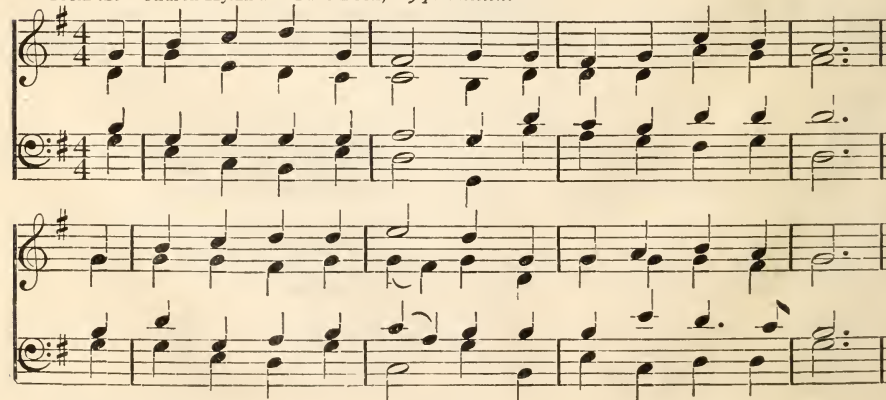


56

St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6.

From the "Church Hymn and Tune Book," by permission.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



- 1 I LOVE that Holy Scripture,
Where I am truly told
About the heavenly city,
With walls of precious gold ;
- 2 About the shining river
That goeth through the street—
The tree of life above it,
With fruit and blossoms sweet.
- 3 This world is sometimes happy,
With pleasant things I love :
But it must be far better
To dwell in heaven above.
- 4 Not that the walls are golden,
The gates are always bright ;
Not that the river poureth
Through every street its light—
- 5 Not that a pleasant music
From golden harps is stirred,
And every sound is sweeter
Than ear hath ever heard—
- 6 But there shall never enter
The dark rude thoughts of sin,
That here are always watching
To come the heart within.
- 7 And there we shall not find it
So very hard to be
Gentle and true and patient,
For we the Lord shall see.

Helen Taylor.

268

- 1 THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright ;
Praise be to Christ, who keepeth
His children safe at night !
- 2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way.
- 3 But this we know most surely,
That through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.
- 4 Then, Jesus, loving Saviour,
Who watchest through the night,
Be Thou all day beside us,
To guide our steps aright ;
- 5 And help us to remember,
In thought, and deed, and word,
That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.
- 6 Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.

From the Children's Hymn-book.

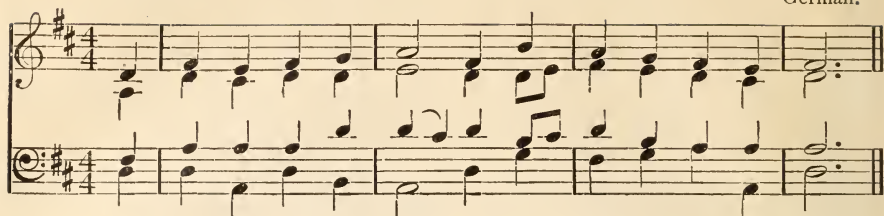
- 1 O LAMB of God most lowly !
All free from spot and stain,
O, help us now to seek Thee,
And sing Thy praise again.
- 2 O Lamb of God most holy !
So great and yet so meek,
May we when pride allures us,
Thy lowly spirit seek.
- 3 O Lamb of God most gentle !
And yet so good and true,
May we when passion tempts us,
Thy gentleness pursue.
- 4 O Lamb of God most lovely !
To Thee our faith would flee ;
Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee.

W. P. Balfour.

486

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
With Jesus as your Head !
- 2 O happy if ye labour,
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger,
As Jesus hungered then !
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn.
- 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure ;—
- 6 What are they, but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth !
What are they, but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth !
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium, tr. Dr. Neale.



192

1 **A** NOTHER year is dawning,
 Dear Master, let it be
 In working or in waiting,
 Another year with Thee.

2 Another year of leaning
 Upon Thy loving breast,
 Of ever-deepening trusting,
 Of quiet, happy rest.

3 Another year of mercies,
 Of faithfulness and grace ;
 Another year of gladness
 In the shining of Thy face.

4 Another year of progress,
 Another year of praise,
 Another year of proving
 Thy presence "all the days."

5 Another year of service,
 Of witness for Thy love ;
 Another year of training
 For holier work above.

6 Another year is dawning,
 Dear Master, let it be,
 On earth or else in heaven
 Another year for Thee !

Frances R. Havergal.

403

1 **I** AM a little soldier,
 Just learning how to fight ;
 Then help me, God Almighty,
 To battle for the right.

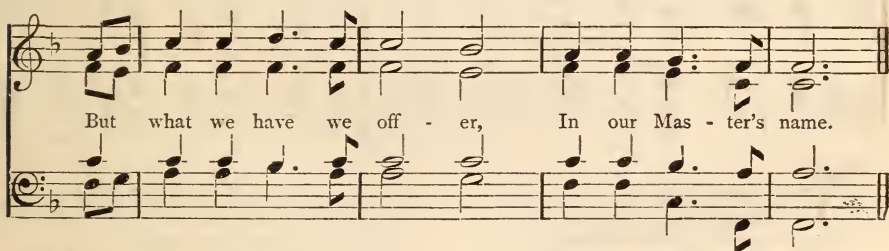
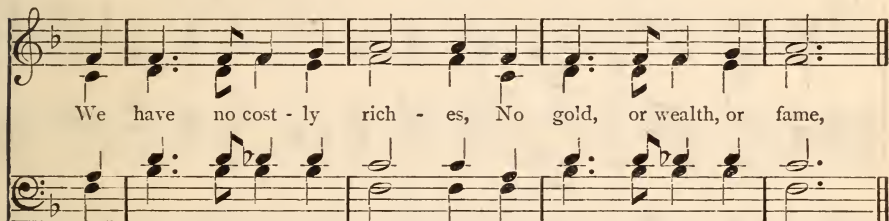
2 I am a little pilgrim,
 Just starting on my way ;
 Then lead me, gracious Father,
 To Thine eternal day.

3 I am a little Christian,
 In Jesus I believe ;
 Then grant me, holy Saviour,
 Thy blessing to receive.

4 My hands are very feeble,
 Yet, Jesus, look on me ;
 And give them in Thy mercy
 Some work to do for Thee.

5 And when the task is ended,
 And all the fight is o'er,
 Then take me to the country
 Where I shall sin no more.

Countess of Jersey.



212

1 FROM meadows bright with blossom,
From gardens rich with bloom,
We bring, dear Lord, our offerings,
To cheer the sick one's room.

(Chorus.) We have no costly riches,
No gold, or wealth, or fame,
But what we have we offer
In our Master's name.

2 Dear Father, take these offerings,
Accept our simple flowers:
Thou makest all things serve Thee,
Give these Thy healing powers.

3 In heaven there are gardens
Fairer than all things here;

These flowers are but the shadows
Of what awaits us there.

4 We know that every infant
Is dear to Thee, O Lord,
And Thou dost love all children
Who meekly keep Thy word.

5 But most of all Thou lovest
The little ones laid low,
And so for them we gather,
The sweetest flowers that grow.

6 The fairest graves are children's,
Heaven's courts are all their own;
For they are ever nearest
To God the Father's throne.

A. G. W. Blunt.



289

THE hours of day are over,
 The evening calls us home ;
 Once more to Thee, O Father,
 With thankful hearts we come ;
 For all Thy countless blessings
 We praise Thy holy Name,
 And own Thy love unchanging,
 Through days and years the same.

2 For life and health, and shelter
 From harm throughout the day,
 The kindness of our teachers,
 The gladness of our play ;
 For all the dear affection
 Of parents, brothers, friends,
 To Him our thanks we render
 Who these and all things sends.

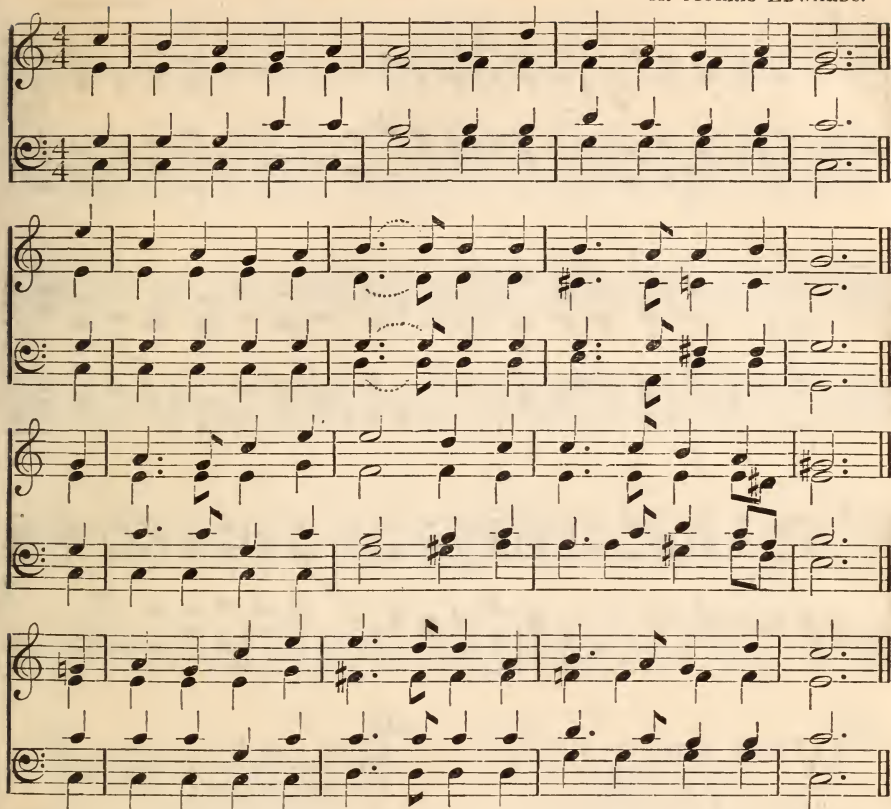
3 But these, O Lord, can show us
 Thy goodness but in part ;
 Thy love would lead us onward
 To know Thee as Thou art :

Thy Son came down from heaven
 To take away our sin,
 Thy Spirit dwells among us
 To make us clean within.

4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
 For this, we thank Thee most,—
 The cleansing of the sinful,
 The saving of the lost ;
 The Teacher ever present,
 The Friend for ever nigh,
 The Home prepared by Jesus
 For us above the sky.

5 Lord, gather all Thy children
 To meet Thee there at last,
 When earthly tasks are ended,
 And earthly days are past ;
 With all our dear ones round us
 In that eternal home,
 Where death no more shall part us,
 And night shall never come !

J. Ellerton.



193

1 FROM glory unto glory! Be this our
joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely
march along [cheer,
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring
As dawns the solemn brightness of another
glad New Year.

2 From glory unto glory! What great things
He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what
triumphs He hath won;
From glory unto glory! what mighty blessings
crown
The lives for which the Lord hath laid His
own so freely down!

3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth
our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every
brightening day; [above,
The fulness of His glory is beaming from
While more and more we learn to know the
fulness of His love.

4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds
shall be, [cerity;
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sin-
And wider yet and wider shall the circling
glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that
mighty Love to know.

5 O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while
voice and life are one: [true;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and
O, even now our hearts shall bow, and joy-
ful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward, from strength
to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from
His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste
here,
Until his very presence crown our happiest
New Year.

Francis R. Havergal.



80

1 **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing,
 "Hosanna" to His name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 Well pleased to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna!
 To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But should we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No: while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Joshua King.

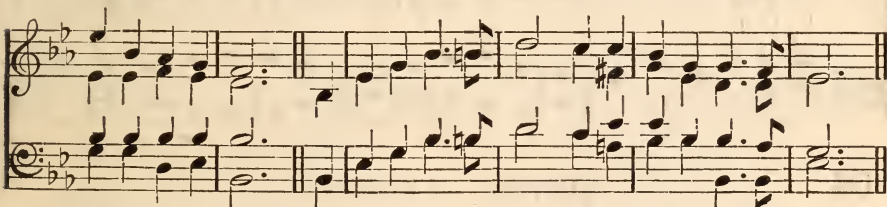
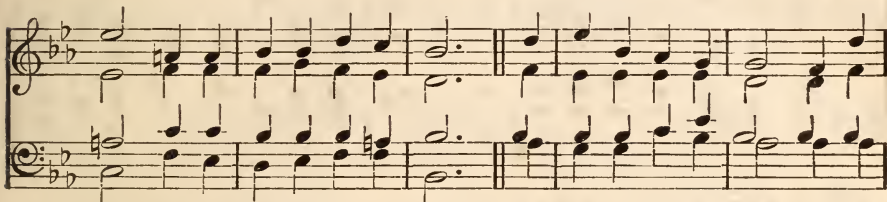
215

1 **S**ING to the Lord of harvest,
 Sings songs of love and praise;
 With joyful hearts and voices
 Your hallelujahs raise:
 He filleth with His fulness
 All things with large increase,
 He crowns the year with goodness,
 With plenty and with peace.

2 Heap on His sacred altar
 The gifts His goodness gave,
 The golden sheaves of harvest,
 The souls He died to save:
 Your hearts lay down before Him,
 When at His feet ye fall,
 And with your lives adore Him,
 Who gave His life for all.

3 To God the gracious Father,
 Who made us "very good;"
 To Christ, who, when we wandered,
 Restored us with His blood;
 And to the Holy Spirit,
 Who doth upon us pour
 His blessed dew and sunshine,
 Be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.



235

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

359

1 O HAPPY Christian children,
Who seek a home above,
And read in all creation
A heavenly Father's love.
What earthly foes can harm us,
What power can make us fear,
If God is watching o'er us
With succour ever near?

2 His ear in all our dangers
Is listening when we call;
His hand in all temptations
Will hold us lest we fall.
In joy we now approach Him,
In hope we kneel and pray;
For He whose blood redeemed us
Will wash our sins away.

3 When earth no help can find us,
And all its light is gone,
He sends His blessed Spirit
To lead us safely on.
And when at last our bodies
Must lay them down to rest,
With Him we'll trust our spirits
To be for ever blest.

L. Tuttielt.

63

Cartmel. 7.6. (8 lines).

Dr. JOHN NAYLOR, *by permission.*

Musical score for 'Cartmel' in 4/4 time, key of D major. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

64

Pearsall. 7.6. (8 lines).

German.

Musical score for 'Pearsall' in 4/4 time, key of D major. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1 **F**OR all Thy care we bless Thee,
 O Father, God of might !
 For golden hours of morning,
 And quiet hours of night :
 Thine is the arm that shields us
 When danger threatens nigh,
 And Thine the hand that yields us
 Rich gifts of earth and sky.

2 For all Thy love we bless Thee ;
 No mortal lips can speak
 Thy comfort to the weary,
 Thy pity for the weak :
 By Thee life's path is brightened
 With sunshine and with song ;
 The heavy loads are lightened,
 The feeble hearts made strong.

3 For all Thy truth we bless Thee ;
 Our human vows are frail,
 But through the strife of ages
 Thy word can never fail ;
 The kingdoms shall be broken,
 The mighty ones will fall,
 The promise Thou hast spoken
 Shall triumph over all.

4 O teach us how to praise Thee,
 And touch our lips with fire !
 Yea, let Thy Dove descending,
 Our hearts and minds inspire ;
 Thus toiling, watching, singing,
 We tread our onward way,
 And every hour is bringing
 Nearer the dawn of day.

Sarah Doudney.

367

1 **O** LORD, Thou art surrounded
 By angel choirs on high,
 Whose praise through heaven resounded
 When Thou didst frame the sky :
 When morning stars, in concert,
 Sang Thy divine employ,
 And sons of God, exultant,
 Shouted for very joy.

2 Yet Thou dost hush the music
 That vibrates round Thy throne,
 To catch the faltering accents
 Of hearts bereaved and lone :
 Songs without words Thou hearest ;
 Prayers that no utterance find ;
 To the shorn lamb art nearest,
 To temper the east wind.

3 Wilt Thou not hear the hosannas
 These little children raise ?
 From mouth of babes and sucklings
 Wilt Thou not perfect praise ?
 In Thy one hour of gladness,
 Their hallelujahs sweet,
 Took from Thy cross its sadness
 And made Thy joy complete.

4 "Hosanna in the highest !"
 They sang with one accord ;
 "Blessed is He that cometh
 In Thy dear name, O Lord !"
 They strewed Thy path with branches,
 Spread garments in the way,
 Proclaiming in the temple
 Messiah's glorious sway.

5 Their coronation anthem,
 Our songs to-day repeat ;
 The voices of our loved ones
 Prolong the chorus sweet :
 While those who here once worshipped
 In heaven take up our plea—
 "Suffer the little children
 To come, O Lord, to Thee !"
J. B. Greenwood.

490

1 **O** JESUS, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 Be Thou for ever near me,
 My Master and my Friend !
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

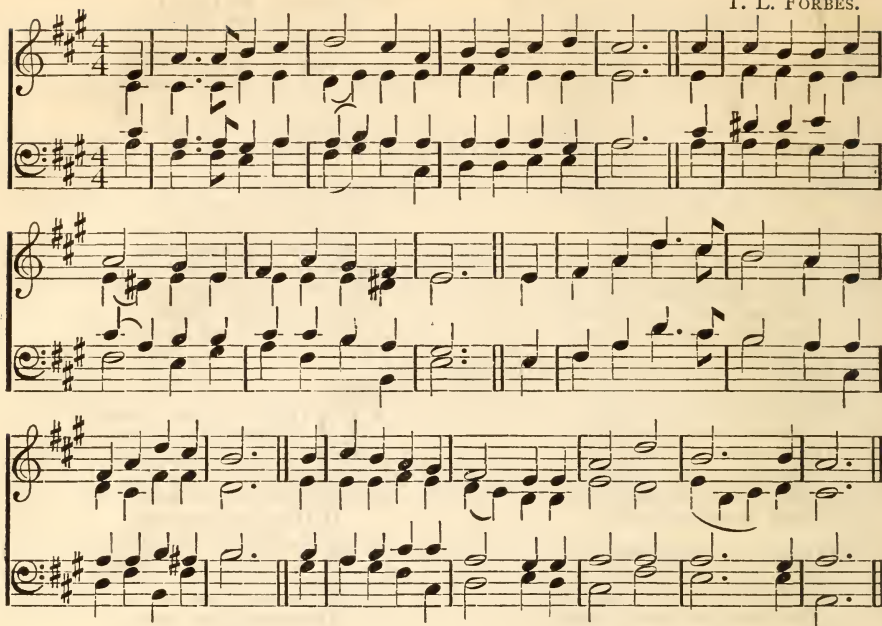
2 O let me feel Thee near me,
 The world is ever near ;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear :
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within ;
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will.
 O speak ! to reassure me,
 To hasten or control ;
 O speak ! to make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
 To all who follow Thee,
 That where Thou art in glory
 There shall Thy servant be ;
 And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 O give me grace to follow
 My Master and my Friend.

5 O ! let me see Thy footmarks,
 And in them plant my own,
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone ;
 O guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end ;
 And then in heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend.

E. Bode.



356

- 1 MY Lord, in glory reigning
 Upon the crystal sea,
 By angel hosts surrounded,
 Is thinking still of me.
 My heart for joy is dancing,
 And knows no thought of fear,
 For Christ will bid me enter
 If I but persevere.
- 2 My Lord a Land is ruling,
 The land of pure delight,
 Whence hate and night are banished,
 And all is love and light.
 What though my lot be lowly,
 What though my way be drear;
 'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that kingdom,
 If I but persevere.
- 3 My Lord a Home is building,
 A mansion passing fair,
 Of pearl and gold all burnished,
 Of jewels, costly, rare;
 A home where nothing lacketh,
 Away with doubt and fear!
 'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that mansion,
 If I but persevere.
- 4 My Lord a Song is teaching
 The angel choirs on high;
 They strike their harps and cymbals,
 And sound the psaltery.

A song to greet the wanderer,
 To heaven's gate drawing near;
 'Tis mine, 'tis mine, the welcome,
 If I but persevere.

S. Baring Gould, v. 1 alt.

500

- 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
 Whom yet unseen we love,
 O Name of might and favour,
 All other names above:
(Chorus.) We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
 Our holy Lord and King!
- 2 O Bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously has wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought.
- 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine;
 The glory that excellet,
 O Son of God, is Thine.
- 4 O grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration,
 And everlasting love;
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our King!

Frances R. Havergal.



97

1 ALL glory, praise, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King !
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring !

2 Thou art the King of Israel ;
Thou David's royal Son ;
Who in the Lord's name cometh,
The King and Blessed One.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With psalms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
To Thee we now present.

5 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

6 All glory, praise, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King !
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring !

Theodulph, tr. Dr. Neale.

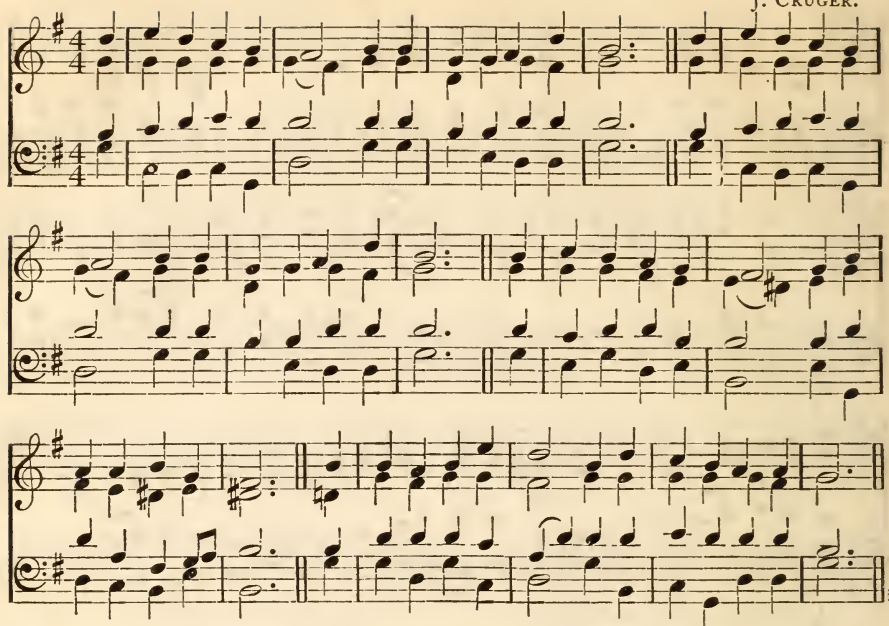
137
1 COME, Christian youths and maidens,
Come, brothers, old and young,
Uplift your hearts and voices,
Be praise on every tongue.
In God's own house we gather,
Our yearly feast to hold ;
Come, join our joyful anthem,
Ye brothers, young and old.

2 Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's preserving care,
Who safe from harm hast kept us
Throughout another year ;
And crowned our lives with mercies
Unnumbered as the sand,
Which day by day have reached us
From His all-gracious hand.

3 Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's redeeming love,
That song which never ceases
Around the throne above ;
The voice of many angels,
" Worthy the Lamb of God ;
For He was slain to save us
By His most precious blood."

4 Come, praise Him for glad tidings
Heard in this hallowed place—
Glad tidings of salvation,
By free and sovereign grace ;
For gifts of Holy Scripture,
Known from our childhood's days
For call from heaven to serve Him
In wisdom's happy ways.

5 Come, praise Him for the promise
Of strength in weakness given ;
For means of grace provided ;
For blessed hope of heaven.
O Christian youths and maidens !
O brothers, old and young !
Uplift your hearts and voices,
And let His praise be sung.



377

1 THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

502

1 O THOU before whose presence
Nought evil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin;

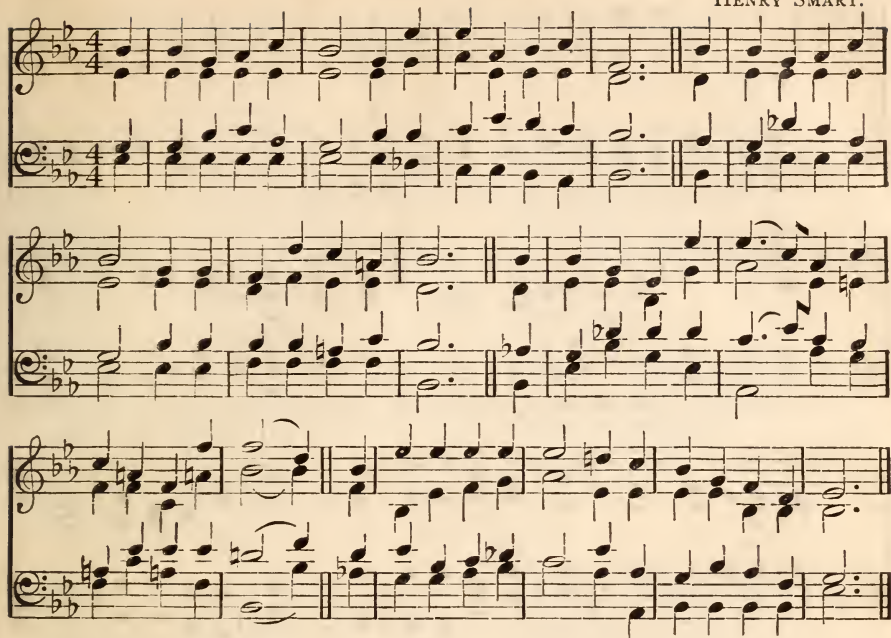
O give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is the subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number
Despoil this pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armour
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that *are* we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close the battle hour;
Till all who prayed or struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

S. J. Stone.



59

1 THE joyful morn is breaking,
The brightest morn of earth,
Through all creation waking
The joy of Jesus' birth.
His star above is glistening,
Where Jesus cradled lies,
And all the earth is listening
The carol of the skies.

2 High strains of praise are swelling
From angel hosts on high,
And one soft voice is telling
Glad tidings from the sky ;
Tidings of free salvation,
Of peace on earth below ;
Through every land and nation
The blessed word shall go !

3 His children's songs shall name Him
In many a tongue to-day ;
His Church shall yet proclaim Him
To people far away ;
Till idols fall before Him,
Till strife and wrong shall cease,
Till all the earth adore Him,
The eternal Prince of peace !

B. Gough.

We come in time of gladness,
We come in hours of grief,
With childhood's joys so fleeting,
With childhood's sorrow brief.

2 We have not seen the glory
Which Bethlehem's shepherds saw,
Nor heard the midnight anthem
They heard with wondering awe ;
In rapturous haste they sought Thee,
The Christ so lowly born ;
We too would seek Thee early
In life's rejoicing morn.

3 No gifts have we to bring Thee,
O Saviour, but our love !
Harp notes are ever ringing
To angel songs above ;
Yet wilt Thou deign to listen
To hymns which children raise,
Though all unskilled our music,
And faint our highest praise.

4 Lord, give us now Thy Spirit ;
Grant us Thy constant grace,
Till, having sought Thee early,
At length we see Thy face ;
See Thee in cloudless glory,
The Lamb who once was slain,
And join the host of ransomed
Who follow in Thy train.

Jeanette Threlfall.

383

1 THOU bidst us seek Thee early,
And we shall surely find ;
We come, O blessed Jesus,
Our Saviour true and kind !

69

Edengrove. 7.6. (8 lines).

SAMUEL SMITH.

70

Shiloh. 7.6. (8 lines).

S. SALVATORI.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die :
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a Rest for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to His Father cry ;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a Home for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a Crown for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by ;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who love the Saviour
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a Song for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary
Though sung continually :
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing ;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a Robe for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,
A Harp of sweetest music,
And Palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone ;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

A. Midlane.

1 I OUGHT to love my Saviour ;

No earthly friend can be
So loving, kind, and faithful
As He hath been to me.

Before my lips could utter
His sweet and precious name,
Until the present moment,
His love hath been the same.

2 He left His home in glory
To save my soul from death ;
And now in all life's dangers
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down to slumber
All through the hours of night,
And wake again in safety
To hail the morning light.

3 It is but very little
For Him that I can do ;
Then let me seek to serve Him
My earthly journey through ;
And without sigh or murmur,
To do His holy will,
And in my daily duties
His wise commands fulfil.

1 WE bring to Thee, dear Saviour,

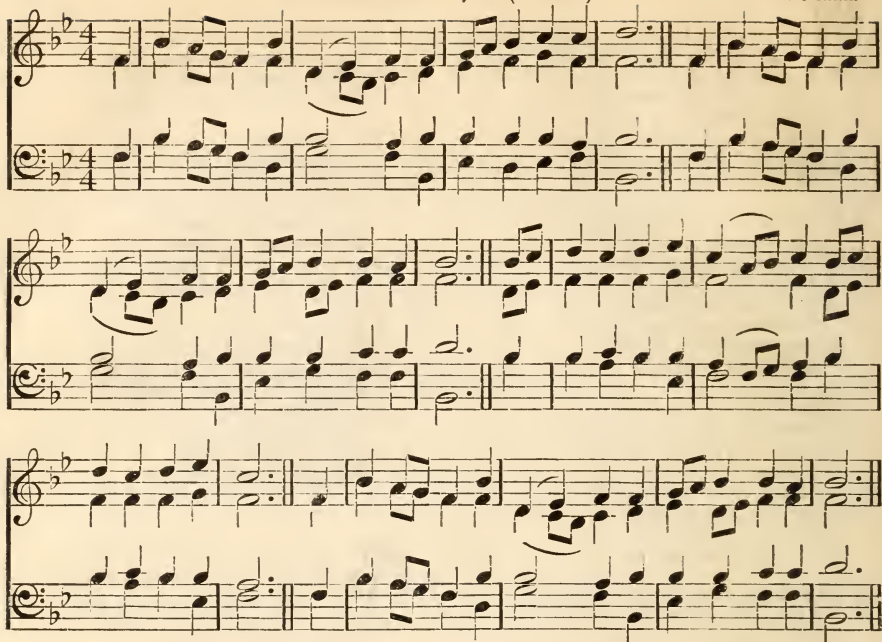
Our song of love and praise ;
Accept, we humbly pray Thee,
The melody we raise.
We know we cannot praise Thee
As angels do above ;
But still Thou wilt receive us
Into Thy heart of love.

2 We come to make confession,
Of sinful word and deed ;
To ask that in Thy mercy
From guilt we may be freed.
We come in all our weakness
To worship near Thy throne ;
And though Thou art so holy
Our service Thou wilt own.

3 We bring to Thee the sorrows,
That vex us day by day :
Though some may not regard them
Thou wilt not turn away.
We may have secret trials,
Thine eye alone can see ;
And longings after goodness
Known only unto Thee.

4 O Jesus, keep us near Thee,
And, that we may not stray
Into earth's sinful pathways,
Protect us all the way ;
Until—our journey ended—
We shall no longer roam,
But live with Thee for ever
In Love's most loving home.

W. G. Wills.



303

1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Sing long and loud hosannas,
To Jesus, Lord and King.

(Girls only.)

Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
Your hymn of praise to-day.

(Boys only.)

And, maidens, join in concert
With sweet, expressive lay.

(All.)

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens,
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King,
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden,
The one Redeemer blest.

(Girls only.)

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus;
To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane.

(Boys only.)

O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;

Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

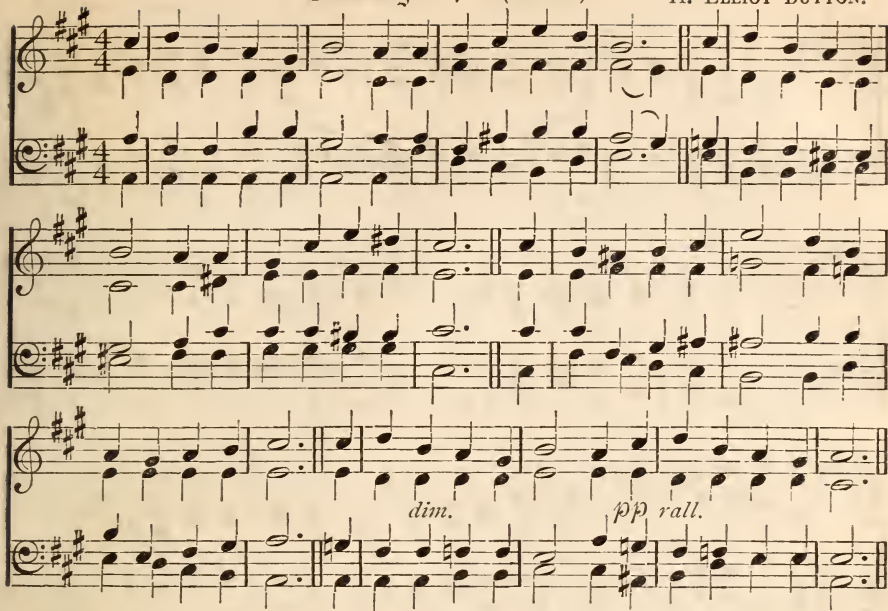
(All.)

4 For us, O grace exceeding,
O ecstasy of joy!
Jesus was born an infant,
And Jesus grew a boy.
For us, O priceless mercy,
Upon the cross He bled;
And on the children richly
The atoning sprinklings shed.

5 O England's sons and daughters,
Cross-bearers brave and true,
Sing of the love of Jesus,
Once a young child like you.
Hope of our Church and nation,
Combine in sweet accord
To live the life angelic,
And praise the children's Lord.

6 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the radiant mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O Christ, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.

John F. Daniell.



292

1 WHEN evening shadows gather,
And twilight gently fades ;
When all is still and silent
In midnight's darker shades ;
Then, O my God, be near me,
Do Thou protect my bed ;
From evil and from danger
Let angels guard my head.

2 We know not, when we slumber,
That we shall e'er awake,
To see another sunrise,
Another dawning break :
But Thou art ever watching,
Thou wilt Thy children keep,
And, trusting in Thy mercy,
We sink in peaceful sleep.

3 But, ere our eyelids closing,
We humbly seek Thy face,
And pray for Thy forgiveness,
And Thy sustaining grace ;
For we are weak and erring,
And need Thy mighty power ;
O Jesus, ever guard us
In dark temptation's hour.

4 We pray for those who languish
In sickness and distress,
That Thou wilt soothe their anguish,
And their affliction bless :
We pray for those in peril
Upon the mighty sea ;
We pray for friends and loved ones :
Do Thou their Guardian be.

5 And now to Thee we render
Our thanks for mercies past,
With grateful hearts imploring
Thy favour to the last.
And at the great awakening
May we be found above,—
With saints and angels praising
Thy providence and love.

J. F. Swift.

357

1 MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.
With Thee there is no darkness,
The light it shineth still ;
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill.

2 My Saviour, be Thou near me
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.
When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

3 And when for ever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises,
And saints behold Thy face ;
My joy shall be Thy presence,
Yes, this my heaven will be,
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity.

T. A. Stowell.

Musical score for 'Ewing' by Alexander Ewing, 7.6. (8 lines). The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs.

Musical score for 'Wellesley' by Sir G. J. Elvey, 7.6. (8 lines). The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you Rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you Light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you Life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt •
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !
W. Chatterton Dix.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright :
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
The Light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple Light was given.

3 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home ;
A day of sweet refection,
Thou art a day of love ;
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls ,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams ;
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 May we new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest :
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son :
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast :
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me.
O blessed Saviour mine.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies :
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me,
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness,
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou would'st impart :
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me !
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above ;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

J. S. B. Monsell.

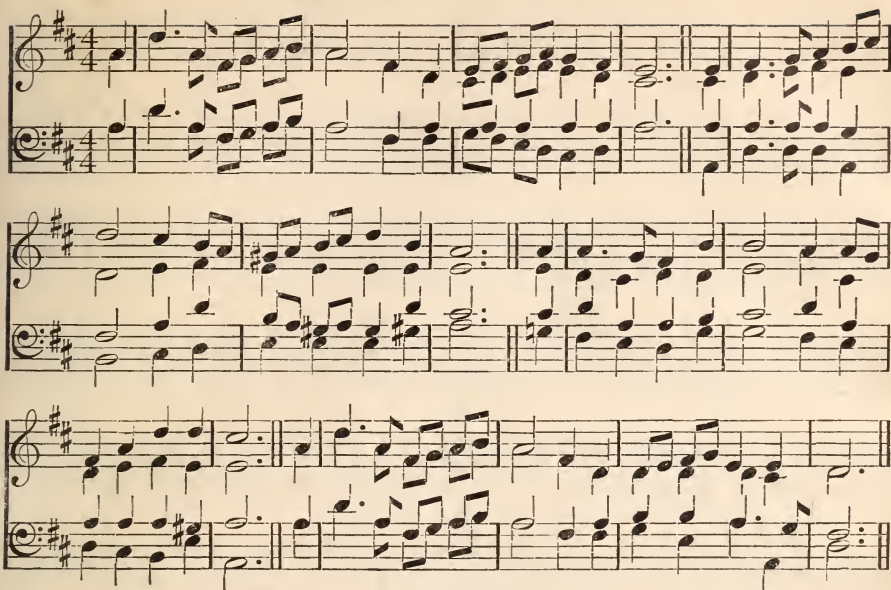
67

- 1 **H**OSANNA ! loud hosanna !
 The little children sang :
 Through pillared court and temple
 The glorious anthem rang ;
 o Jesus who had blessed them,
 Close folded to His breast,
 The children sang their praises,
 The simplest and the best.
- 2 From Olivet they followed,
 'Midst an exultant crowd,
 Waving the victor palm branch,
 And shouting clear and loud ;
 Bright angels joined the chorus
 Beyond the cloudless sky—
 " Hosanna in the highest :
 Glory to God on high ! "
- 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
 They strewed upon the ground,
 Whilst Salem's circling mountains
 Echoed the joyful sound ;
 The Lord of men and angels
 Rode on in lowly state,
 Nor scorned that little children
 Should on His bidding wait.
- 4 " Hosanna in the highest ! "
 That ancient song *we* sing :
 For Christ is our Redeemer,
 The Lord of heaven our King.
 O, may we ever praise Him
 With heart, and life, and voice,
 And in His blissful presence
 Eternally rejoice !

Jeannette Threlfall. (66)

68

- 1 **H**OSANNA ! they were crying
 When Jesus lived below,
 Those little Jewish children,
 Who loved the Saviour so,
 Hosanna, loud hosanna,
 With loving hearts we sing,
 For Jesus Christ is coming
 To be His children's King.
 Hosanna ! blessed Jesus !
 Come in our hearts to dwell,
 And let our lives and voices
 Thy praise and glory tell.
 For we who sing Hosanna,
 Must like our Saviour be,
 In gentleness and meekness,
 In love and purity.
- 3 Hosanna ! let this welcome
 Ring out from every heart ;
 Draw nigh to us, O Jesus,
 And never more depart.
 So when we see Thee coming
 With angels in the sky ;
 Hosanna ! loud hosanna !
 Shall be Thy children's cry.
- 211 *C. F. Hernaman.*
 1 **C**OME, children, bring your offerings
 Of blossoms sweet and fair,
 And lay them on His altar
 Who loves to see them there.
 Then send them where the shadows
 Of suffering deepest lie,
 To tell the love unfailling
 Of Him who reigns on high.



2 O ! lift your happy voices
To God in grateful praise,
Who crowns the earth with beauty
In these bright summer days.
With buttercup and sorrel
The meadows richly glow ;
In shady glen and woodland
The ferns and mosses grow.

3 Wild rose and honeysuckle
In every hedgerow twine ;
Where quiet streams are flowing
The water lilies shine.
The garden walks are fragrant
With roses white and red,
Sweet pinks and stately lilies
Around their perfume shed.

4 With golden furze and heather
The distant moorland glows,
And purple gentians garland
The verge of Alpine snows.
Soft grass and daisies cluster
On e'en the lowliest grave,
And green and crimson sea-weeds
In depths of ocean wave.

5 Thy hand, our loving Father,
Hath made the earth so fair ;
But richer joys and purer
Thou dost for us prepare.
Where flows the crystal river
By life's unfading tree,
For ever in Thy presence
Our home of rest shall be.

E. M. Ollerenshaw.

329

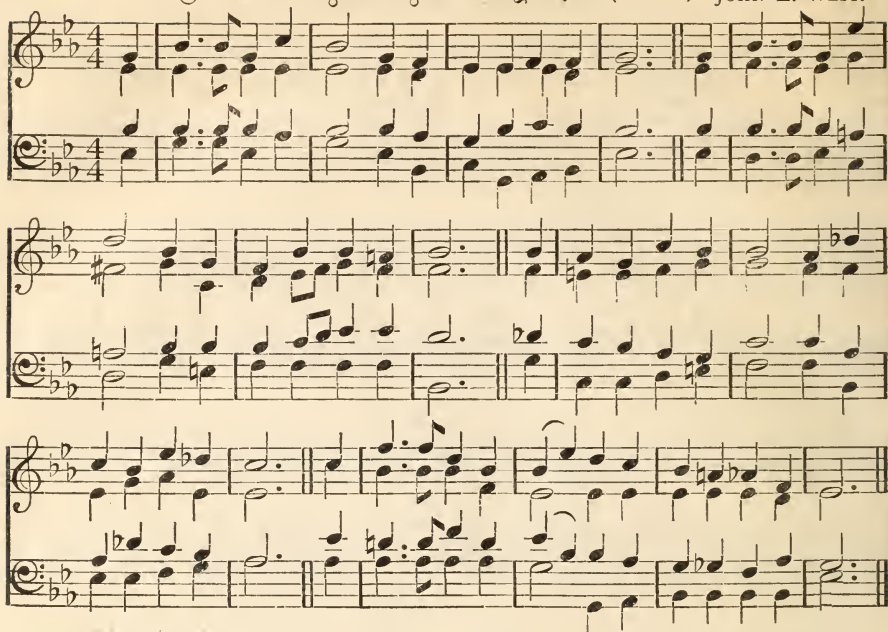
1 I KNOW who makes the daisies,
And paints them starry bright ;
I know who clothes the lilies,
So sweet, and soft, and white :
And surely needful raiment
He will for me provide,
Who know Him as my Jesus,
And in His love confide.

2 I know who feeds the sparrow,
And robin, red and gay ;
I know who makes the skylark
Soar up to greet the day :
And me much more He cares for,
And feeds with daily bread,
Whom He has taught to love Him,
And trust what He has said.

3 The daisy and the lily
Obey Him all they can ;
The robin and the skylark
Fulfil His perfect plan :
And I, to whom are given
A heart, and mind, and will,
Must try to serve Him better,
And all His laws fulfil.

4 The daisies, they must perish,
The lark and robin die ;
But I shall live for ever
Above the bright blue sky :
Dear Jesus, Thou wilt help me
To love Thee more and more,
Until in heaven I see Thee,
Am like Thee and adore.

Newman Hall.



54

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise :
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise ;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

60

Emily H. Miller.

1 WE sing a loving Jesus,
Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love :
It is an oft-told story,
And yet we love to tell
How Christ, the King of glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

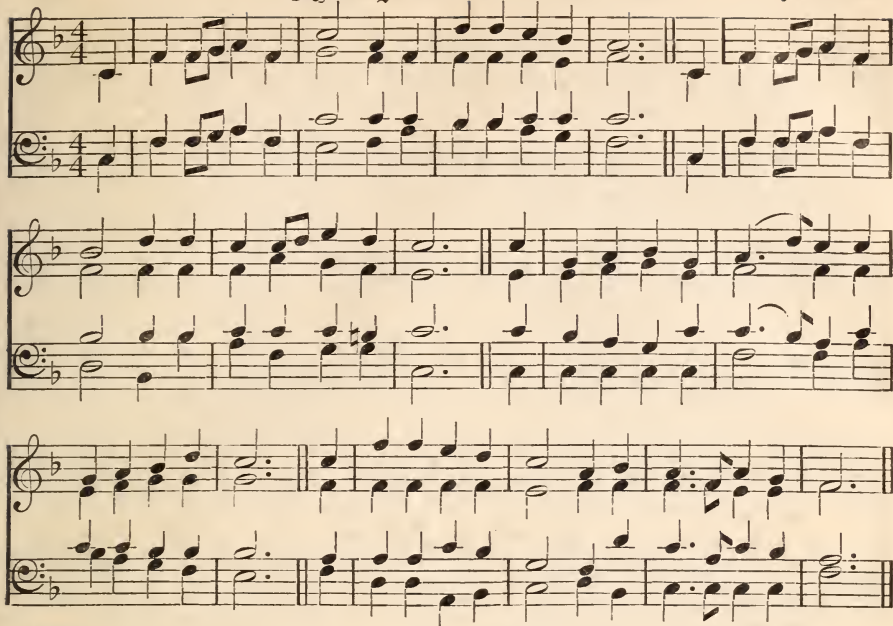
2 We sing a holy Jesus ;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child :
Oh, teach us, blessed Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek ;
And let our whole behaviour,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

3 We sing a lowly Jesus ;
No kingly crown He had,
His head was bowed with anguish,
His face was marred and sad :
In deep humiliation
He came, His work to do ;
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble too.

4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
Whose voice could raise the dead ;
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed ;
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame ;
Redeemer and Life-giver,
We praise Thy holy name !

5 We sing a coming Jesus ;
The time is drawing near,
When Christ with all His angels
In glory shall appear :
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee
And see Thy face to face.

Sarah Doudney.



172

1 WE love the good old Bible,
The glorious Word of God :
The lamp for those who travel
O'er all life's pilgrim road.
The watchword in life's battle,
The chart on life's deep sea . .
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

2 Who would not love the Bib
So beautiful and wise ?
Its teachings charm the simple,
And point us to the skies.
Its stories all so mighty
Of men so brave to see ;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

3 But most we love the Bible,
For there we children learn
How Jesus came from heaven
Our hearts to Him to turn :
And how He bowed to sorrow,
That we His face might see,
The Bible, O ! the Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

4 Then we will hold the Bible,
The glorious Book of God ;
We'll ne'er forsake the Bible
Through all life's future road.
And when we shall be dying,
Wherever that may be,
The beautiful, dear Bible
Shall still our solace be. *E. Paxton Hood.*

375

1 THE Saviour loves all children,
For He was once a child,
A joyous happy infant,
And gentle, meek, and mild ;
He loves the young in heaven,
He loves the young on earth .
For every child that liveth
Reminds Him of His birth.

2 O happy were those children—
We wish we had been there !—
Who gained the Saviour's blessing,
And heard His loving prayer.
We wish His hand had rested
Upon our heads as well,
And we had heard the lessons
Which from our Master fell.

3 And yet we know that Jesus
Is with us every day ;
He stands within our chamber
When we kneel down to pray ;
He speaks when we are reading,
Although no voice is heard,
And whispers many blessings
To children in His Word.

4 And if we seek Him early
He'll lead us by the hand,
Until some day in glory
We at His side shall stand ;
And then, with those same children,
Our harps of gold we'll bring,
And sit down at His footstool
And endless praises sing. *E. Hodder.*

Musical score for "Light of the World" by Henry R. Bird. The score is in 3/4 time, key of D major (two sharps), and consists of 8 lines of music. It features a treble and bass staff with various musical notations including eighth, quarter, and half notes, rests, and bar lines.

Musical score for "St. Catherine" by Dr. R. F. Dale. The score is in 4/4 time, key of D major (two sharps), and consists of 8 lines of music. It features a treble and bass staff with various musical notations including quarter, eighth, and half notes, rests, and bar lines.

131

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er ;
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred ;
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
" I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

W. W. How.

302

1 COME praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth ;
Give thanks to Him, ye children,
Who lived a child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

(Boys only.)

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee, in God's own temple,
In lowly home, like Thee.

(Girls only.)

3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son ;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one ;
O ! give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

(All.)

4 O Lord, with voices blended,
We sing our songs of praise :
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days ;
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

W. W. How.

363

1 O JESUS, blessed Jesus !
Who art the children's Friend,
Hear Thou our grateful praises,
While at Thy feet we bend ;
As Thou hast deigned to welcome—
As Thou hast deigned to bless
The little ones who love Thee,—
Around Thee now we press.

2 Bless even us, dear Jesus !
For O, we long to know
The peace, the joy and gladness,
Thou only canst bestow.
To know Thee, and to love Thee,
Be this our early choice,
That all along life's journey
In Thee we may rejoice.

3 We love Thy name, dear Jesus,
No other name is given
That is to us so precious,
That is so dear to heaven ;
It tells us of a Saviour,
It tells us of a Friend
Who will with loving favour
To all our wants attend.

4 O, guide us, blessed Jesus !
Amid the snares of youth,
For well we know our proneness
To leave the path of truth.
May Thy kind arms enfold us
So near Thy loving heart,
That, sheltered and defended,
We never more may part.

J. T. Roberts.

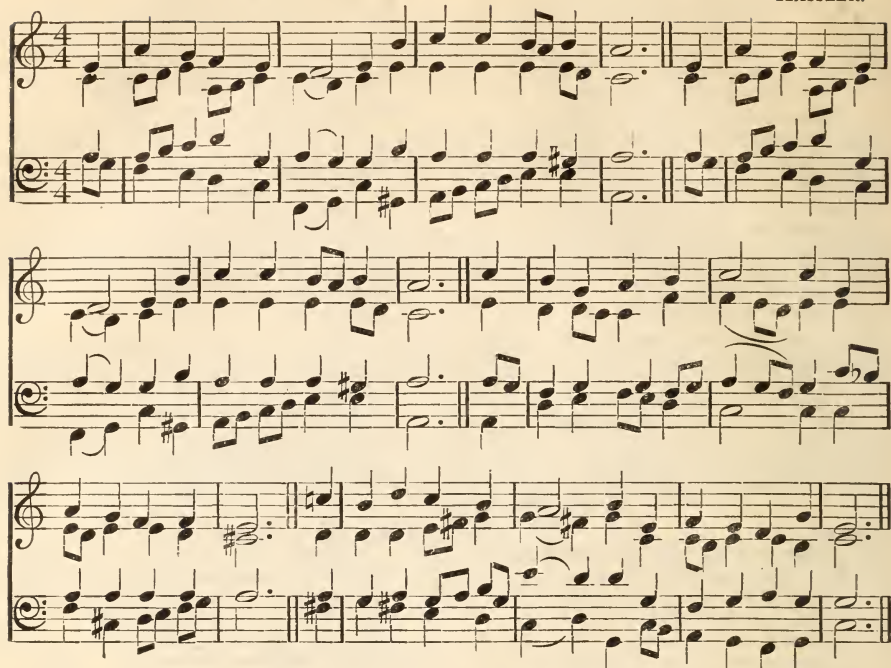
471

1 LORD ! when through sin I wander
So very far from Thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be ;
But when with heartfelt sorrow
I pray Thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect,
That in Thy heaven I live.

2 That heaven, Lord, so surrounds me,
That when I do the right,
That saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light :
I know not what its glories
Before Thy throne must be,
But here Thy smiling presence
Is heaven on earth to me.

3 To love the right and do it,
Is to my heart so sweet,
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street :
Give me Thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day,
Then heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.

Charles Smith.



85

1 "FORGIVE them, O my Father,
They know not what they do,"
The Saviour spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

2 No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

4 It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the tree;
Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

5 And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
Forgive me, too, Lord Jesus;
I knew not what I did.

6 O depth of sweet compassion!
O love Divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.

Mrs. Alexander.

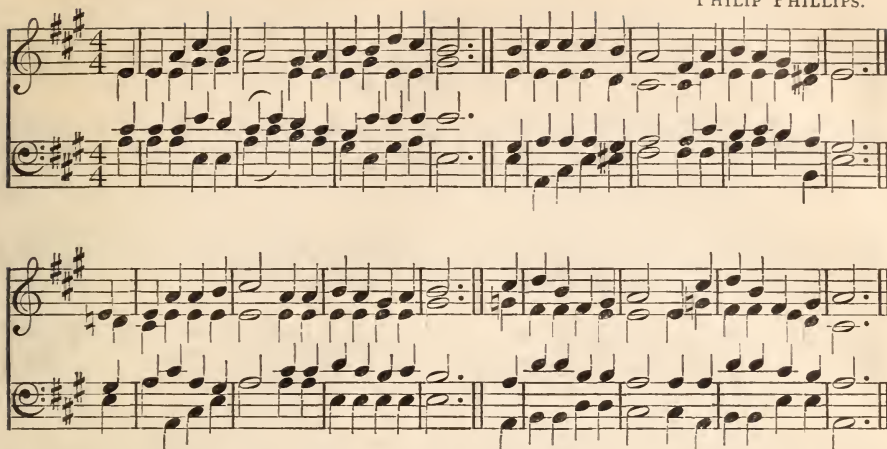
155

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself thy Leader
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foresees thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier;
Fear not the secret foe;
For more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

L. Tuttielt.



178

1 **A** GAIN we meet in gladness,
And raise the tuneful song,
Nor shade of care or sadness
Broods o'er our happy throng.
Within Thy house we gather
On this sweet day of rest,
And pray Thee, O our Father,
In blessing make us blest.

2 For mercies all so tender,
For goodness ever free,
We now devoutly render
Our praises, Lord, to Thee.
For truth so brightly beaming,—
For Christ, the sinner's Friend,
Whose love, a world redeeming,
Shall never, never end ;—

3 For Holy Spirit, seeking
Our wayward hearts to win,
For voice within us speaking
Whene'er we doubt or sin ;—
For bliss we may inherit
When this brief life is o'er,
Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit,
We gratefully adore.

Julius Brigg.

2 Dear Saviour, make me holy ;
Let me be gentle, mild,
Obedient, loving, lowly,
A truly Christ-like child.
Yes ! still though Satan tempt me,
And make me sad, I'll say,
"I long to be like Jesus,—
The Bible says I may."

3 Though I can do but little,
Yet I will always try
To tell some little children
How Jesus came to die.
God help me to be useful
In all I do or say !
I mean to work for Jesus,—
The Bible says I may.

4 And while I'm loving Jesus,
I feel so glad to know
That making others happy
Will make me happy too.
When others hear me singing,
I'll not forget to say :
"You, too, can be as happy,—
The Bible says you may."

330

1 **I** LOVE my precious Saviour,
Because He died for me ;
And if I did not serve Him
How sinful I should be !
I know He makes me happy,
And hears me when I pray ;
I'll keep fast hold on Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

5 And since I've found my Saviour,
The first link in the chain,
I'll trust in Him for ever,
Till heaven at last I gain.
I love that blessed country,
Where tears are wiped away ;
I want to live with Jesus,—
The Bible says I may.

W. P. Rix.

Musical score for Pierson, 7.6. (8 lines). The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

84 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus. 7.6. (8 lines).

J. G. WEBB.

Musical score for Stand up! Stand up for Jesus, 7.6. (8 lines). The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1 **S**TAND up ! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day !
Where'er you meet with evil—
Within you, or without—
Charge ! for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer :
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long :
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To Him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

G. Duffield.

239

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed
Great David's greater Son !
Hail in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee :
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him, shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
His great, best name of Love.

J. Montgomery.

270

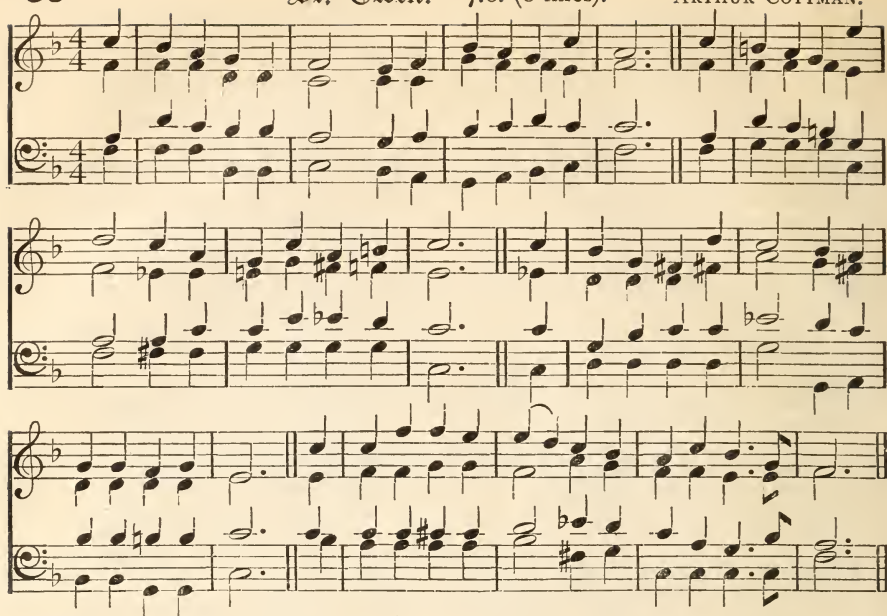
1 **T**HY love for all Thy creatures
What tongue, O God, may tell ;
The morning, noon, and evening,
Alike our praise compel ;
The morning, noon, and evening,
Whene'er they rise or fall,
Unite to hymn Thy praises,
Great Maker of them all.

2 Behold ! the sun in splendour
Hath lit his fires on high,
The farther on his journey,
The higher in the sky ;
And when again he sinketh
Beneath the western wave,
A radiant crown of glory
Shall kindle o'er his grave.

3 May we to whom in mercy
A brighter light is given,
The farther on our journey
The nearer be to heaven ;
And when the shades of evening
Shall lengthen o'er our heads,
May rays of heavenly glory
Illume our dying beds.

4 Shine ! shine ! Thou Sun Eternal,
And cast a ray divine
On those who hymn Thy praises,
Both now and ever Thine ;
For then no cloud of evening
Shall gather round the past,
But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us
Safe Home,—safe Home at last.

G. Thring.



320

1 GOD who hath made the daisies,

And every lovely thing,

He will accept our praises,

And hearken while we sing.

He says, though we are sinful,

Though ignorant we be,

"Suffer the little children,

And let them come to Me."

2 Though we are young and simple,

In praise we may be bold ;

The children in the temple

He heard in days of old.

And if our hearts are humble,

He says to you and me,

"Suffer the little children,

And let them come to Me."

3 He sees the bird that wingeth

Its way o'er earth and sky ;

He hears the lark that singeth

Up in the heaven so high ;

He knows the hearts that love Him,

And says,—well pleased to see,—

"Suffer the little children,

And let them come to Me."

4 Therefore we will come near Him,

And joyfully we'll sing ;

No cause to shrink or fear Him,

We'll make our voices ring ;

For in our temple speaking,

He says to you and me,

"Suffer the little children,

And let them come to Me."

E. Paxton Hood.

378

1 THE world looks very beautiful,

And full of joy to me ;

The sun shines out in splendour

On everything I see ;

I know I shall be happy

While in the world I stay,

For I will follow Jesus,

And follow all the way.

2 I'm but a little pilgrim,

My journey's just begun ;

They say I shall meet sorrow

Before my journey's done.

The world is full of sorrow

And suffering, they say,

But I will follow Jesus,

And follow all the way.

3 So, like a little pilgrim,

Whatever I may meet,

I'll take it, joy or sorrow,

And lay at Jesus' feet ;

He'll comfort me in trouble,

He'll wipe my tears away :

With joy I'll follow Jesus,

And follow all the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,

And pain I need not fear ;

For when I'm close by Jesus

Grief cannot come too near :

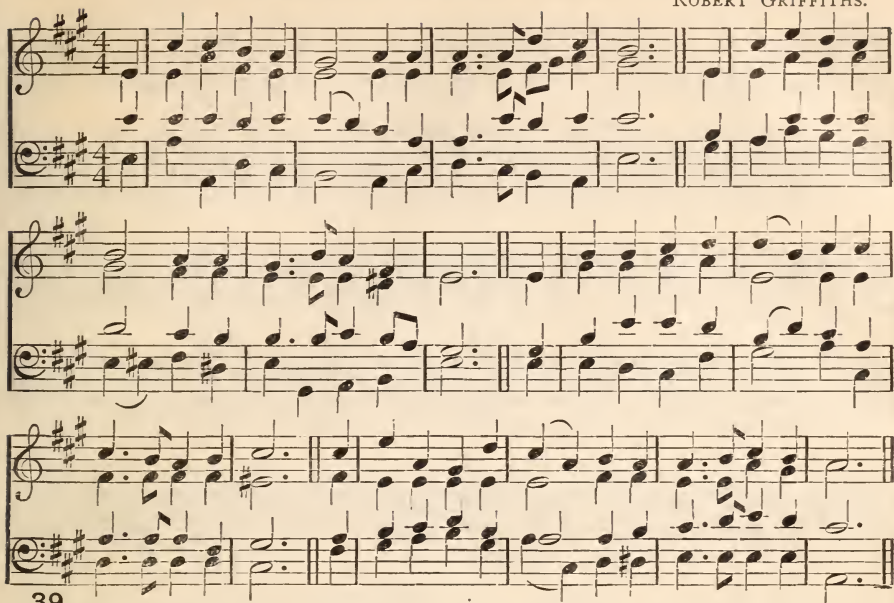
Not even death can harm me,

When death I meet one day ;

To heaven I'll follow Jesus,

And follow all the way.

Anna B. Warner.



39
1 **H**OW dearly God must love us,
And this bright world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers.
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread ;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed.
He gives us needful clothing,
And sends our daily food ;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us,
From guilt and sin and shame.
Oh, may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers ;
For oh, how He must love us,
And this bright world of ours !

388 *S. W. Partridge.*

1 **W**E join our hearts and voices,
A grateful song to raise,
To Jesus Christ the Saviour,
Who loves to hear our praise :
For, though He reigns in glory,
Where angels round Him sing,
He will not scorn the praises
That little children bring.

2 When on this earth He sojourned,
And children to Him came,
He looked with love upon them,
And blessed them in His name ;
He will, if we but ask Him,
That love to us extend,
For, though in heaven He dwelleth,
He's still the children's Friend.

3 He promises to guide us,
To be our strength and stay,
And if He goes beside us,
How blest will be the way ;
In every trial and sorrow
That may our path attend,
We'll look for help to Jesus,
Who is the children's Friend.

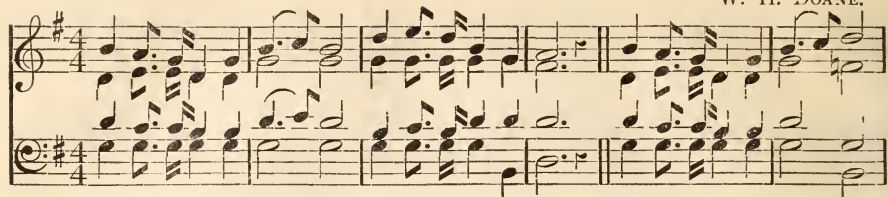
4 And if from Him we wander,
He will not roughly chide,
But in persuasive accents
Will call us to His side.
O, may we always trust Him,
And on His love depend,
For there is none so tender
As Christ the children's Friend.

5 Then let us strive to serve Him,
Though fierce may be the fray ;
And all through life's long journey
To follow in His way,
And when we've fought the battle,
And reached the journey's end,
We'll dwell for aye with Jesus,
The loving children's Friend.

Carey Bonner.

87 Safe in the Arms of Jesus. 7.6. (8 lines) with Chorus.

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.



226

1 **S**AFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

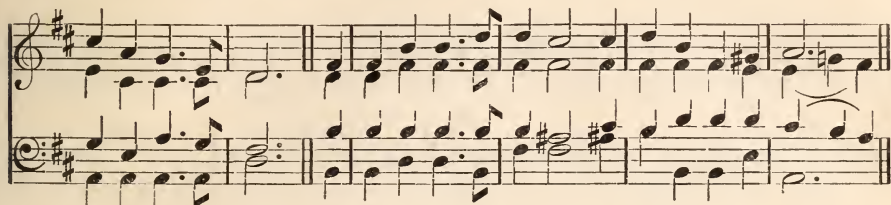
(Chorus.) Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from disturbing care,

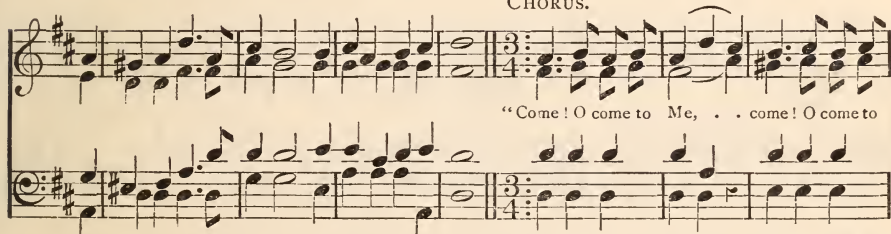
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

F. J. Van Alstyne.



CHORUS.



"Come! O come to Me, . . . come! O come to

"Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



come, come,

Me, O

132

O WORD of words, the sweetest,

O word, in which there lie

All promise, all fulfilment,

And end of mystery!

Lamenting, or rejoicing,

With doubt or terror nigh,

I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,

And to His cross I fly.

(Chorus.) "Come! O come to Me, come!

O come to Me!

Weary, heavy laden, come! O

come to Me!"

2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?

Cling closer, closer to Him,

Stay with Him to the end;

Alas! I am so helpless,

So very full of sin,

For I am ever wandering,

And coming back again.

3 Oh, each time draw me nearer,

That soon the "Come" may be

Nought but a gentle whisper,

To one close, close to Thee;

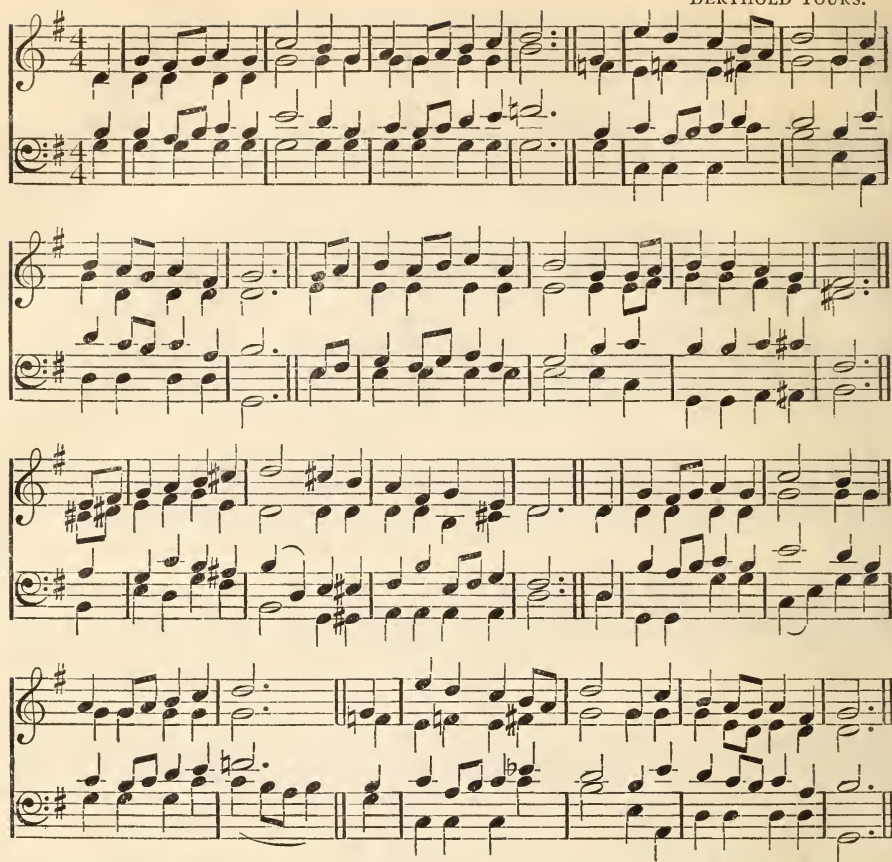
Then, over sea and mountain,

Far from, or near my home,

I'll take Thy hand and follow,

At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

Wm. Jas. Gibson & A. Johnston.



201

It is a day of gladness,
 When all our friendly band,
 Christ's members, thus together
 In Him united stand ;
 Together lift our voices
 To praise Him for His love,
 And pray that we may worthy
 Of all His mercies prove.
 (Chorus.) Press forward then, dear comrades,
 Reach to the glorious prize,
 The mark of our high calling,
 The crown above the skies.

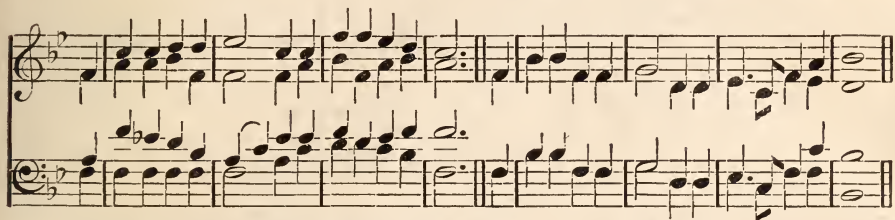
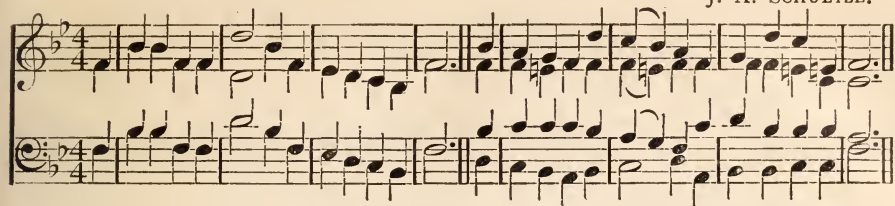
2 In lowliness and meekness
 May we from day to day
 Still in our Master's footsteps
 Press on our heavenward way ;
 O make us, blessed Master,
 Pure, ev'n as Thou art pure,

That we as faithful servants
 May to the end endure !

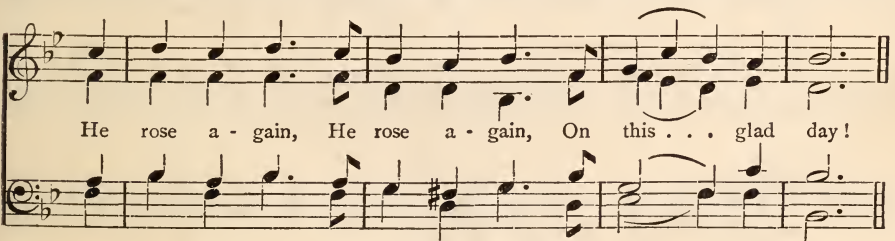
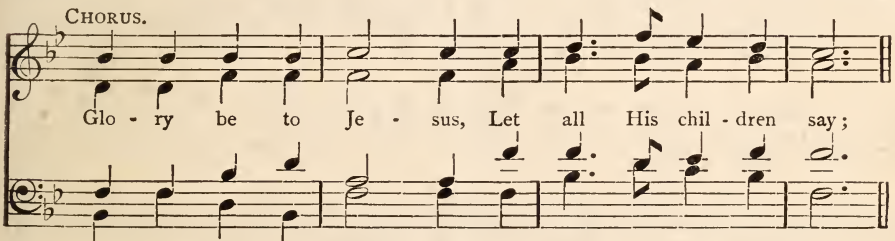
3 O joy within the vineyard
 To labour for the Lord,
 Joy on this happy feast-day
 To praise with one accord ;
 Joy of all joys the greatest
 To hear Him say, " Well done ;
 Rest, good and faithful servant,
 Thy heavenly crown is won ! "

4 Come, Holy Ghost, possess us
 With Thy indwelling might !
 Come, Jesus, reign within us,
 Our King, our Life, our Light !
 So through the endless ages
 Our triumph song shall be,
 " Praise Father, Son, and Spirit,
 One God in Persons Three ! "

C. F. Hernaman.



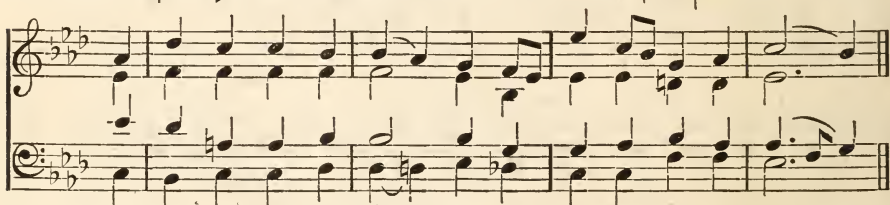
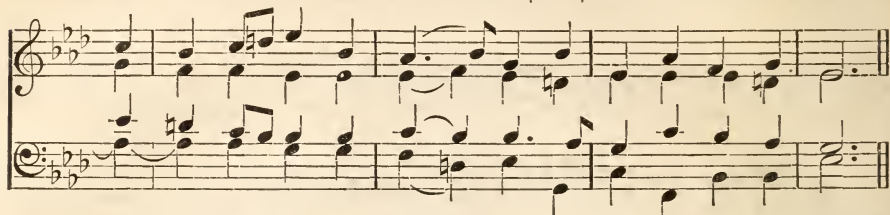
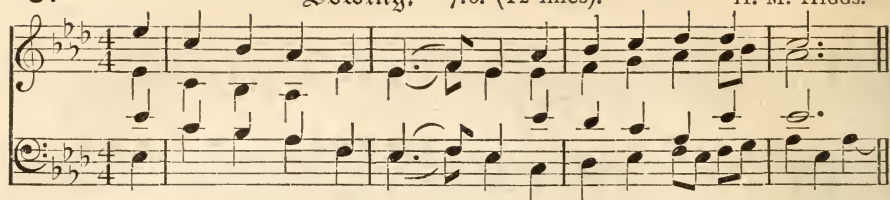
CHORUS.



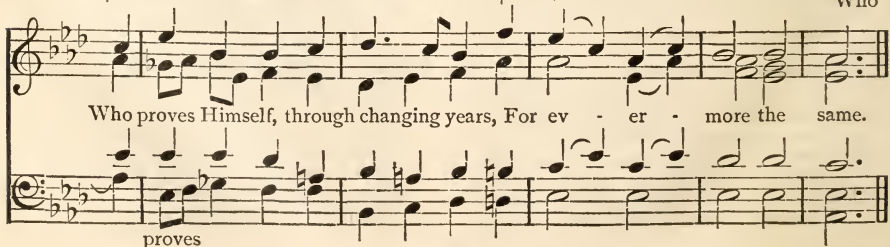
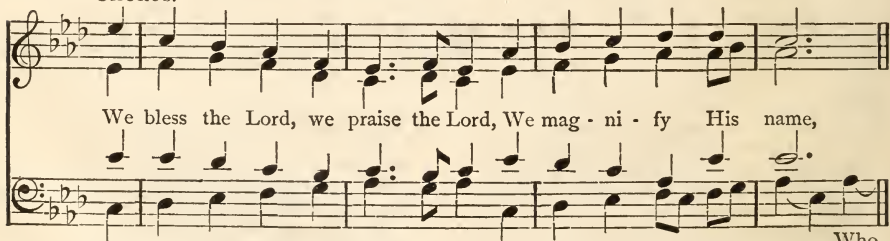
- 177
A GAIN the morn of gladness,
 The morn of light, is here ;
 And earth itself looks fairer,
 And heaven itself more near.
 Again, O loving Saviour,
 The children of Thy grace
 Prepare themselves to seek Thee
 Within Thy chosen place.
- 2 The shining choir of angels
 That rest not day nor night,
 The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
 The saints arrayed in white,
 The happy lambs of Jesus
 In pastures fair above,
 These all adore and praise Him
 Whom we too praise and love.
- 3 The Church on earth rejoices
 To join with these to-day ;
 In every tongue and nation
 She calls her sons to pray :
 Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise ;
 If Thou our lips wilt open,
 Our mouths shall show Thy praise.
- 4 Sing, children, sing His praises !
 Sing, children, sing His Name !
 Still louder and still further
 His mighty deeds proclaim !
 Till all whom He redeemed
 Shall own Him Lord and King ;
 Till every knee shall worship,
 And every tongue shall sing.

J. Ellerton.

G



CHORUS.



1 **A** GAIN the joy of harvest
The hearts of men doth cheer ;
The reaper's task is finished,
In corn-fields far and near :
And now to God our Maker
We joyfully will raise,
For His abundant mercy,
A song of grateful praise.

2 The snow that came in winter,
The frosts that bound the earth,
The rain, the summer sunshine,
To harvest-time gave birth.
We bless our great Provider,
Our bounteous Father still,
Who thus His ancient promise
To man doth now fulfil.

3 Dear Saviour, make us faithful ;
And, by Thy power divine,
Help us in youth and manhood
By holy deeds to shine.
Let all around take knowledge
That we have been with Thee,
And by Thy grace are growing
In love and purity.

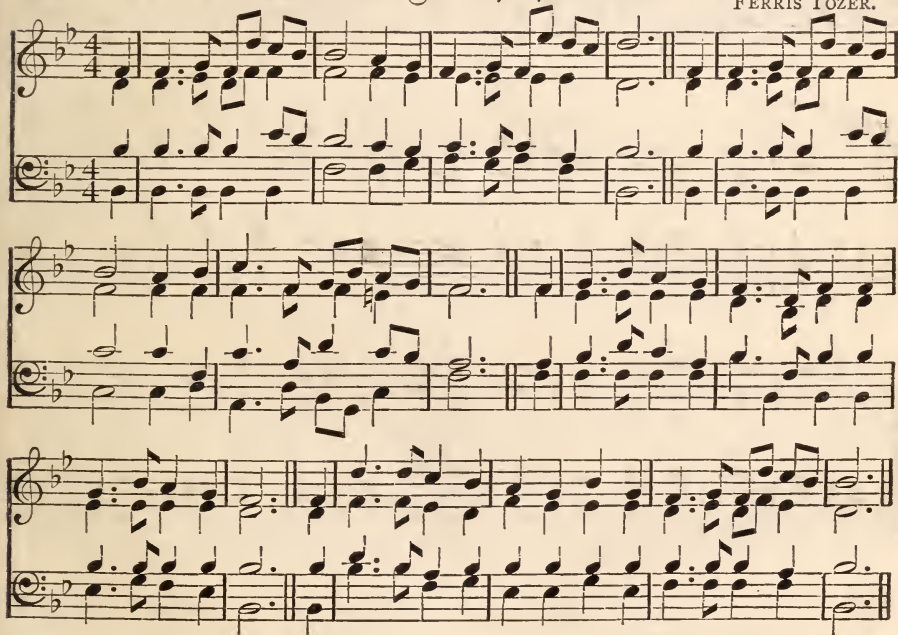
4 Then, when the angel reapers
Shall come to gather in
The great and glorious Harvest,
Of souls redeemed from sin ;
We, in the heavenly garner,
Safe gathered home shall be,
With Father, Son, and Spirit,
To reign eternally.

Dr. Owen.

92

Work for All. 7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.

FERRIS TOZER.



248

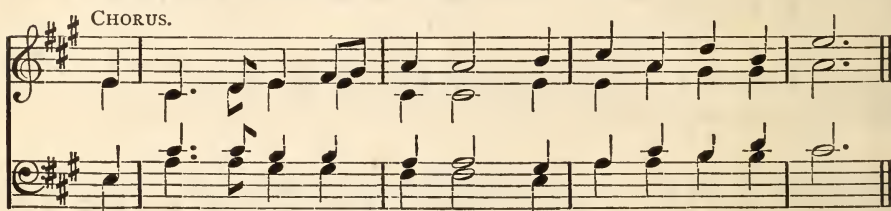
1 **C**OME, friends, the world wants mend-
Let none sit down and rest, [ing,
But seek to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best.
Do what you can for fellow-man,
With honest heart and true,
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

2 Though you can do but little,
That little's something still :
You'll find a way for something,
If you but have the will.

Now bravely fight for what is right,
And God will help you through ;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

3 Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast ;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always unto you ;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

T. F. Seward.



249

O ROUSE ye, Christian workers ! come
help us, one and all ;

Why longer do you tarry ; O, hear ye not
the call ?

Then sound it loud and louder, swell high
the clarion notes,

Till from each Christian household an answer-
ing echo floats,

(Chorus.) O, rouse ye, Christian workers ! a
mighty ransomed band ;

We'll work and pray, and sweep away
intemperance from the land.

2 This wave the Lord uprolleth ; seek not to
stay the tide ;

The work that He upholdeth for ever shall
abide.

It is the Lord who calleth ; the victory shall
be won

By faith and prayer, the armour He bids you
now gird on.

3 O will you longer tarry, just at the outer gate,
While sorrowing hearts in silence, for their
deliverance wait ?

Come, sisters, to the rescue ; come, brothers,
close the ranks ;

In God's own time we'll conquer, and at
His feet give thanks.

Mrs. Hawkes.

1 THE boys and girls of England,
 O, happy may they be!
 The hope of home and country,
 The noble, good, and free!
 With warm affections richly blest,
 In virtue trained, and truth:
 May grace and mercy ever rest
 On all our cherished youth!
(Chorus.) The boys and girls of England,
 O, happy may they be!
 The hope of home and country,
 The noble, good, and free!

2 The boys and girls of England,
 Around the fireside bright,
 At home, away, at school, at play,
 Our treasure and delight!
 To God each true heart sends a cry,
 And each the "Amen" adds,

As Jacob, when about to die,
 Exclaimed—"God bless the lads!"

3 The boys and girls of England,
 O, what will they become,
 What to their country and the world,
 And what to those at home?
 God save them all from drinking ways,
 And from each hurtful snare,
 Nor let them end their youthful days
 In ruin and despair!

4 The boys and girls of England,
 O, who shall guide their feet?
 Say, who shall train and lead them up
 Their country's needs to meet?
 O blessed work, O sweet reward,
 To save these precious pearls;
 Our Band of Hope shall guide and guard
 Old England's boys and girls.

J. Compston.

94

St. Anatolius. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.



288

1 THE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee;
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 For Thou alone dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 O loving Jesus, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.
Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.



148

1 **W**HAT can I give to Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me?
How can I show my love for Him
Who died on Calvary?

- 2 I'll give my *heart* to Jesus
In childhood's tender spring :
I know that He will not despise
So mean an offering.
- 3 I'll give my *soul* to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires,
Upon His loving breast.
- 4 I'll give my *strength* to Jesus
Of foot and hand and will,
Run where He sends, and ever strive,
His pleasure to fulfil.

5 I'll give my *time* to Jesus :
O that each hour may be
Filled up with holy work for Him
Who spent His life for me!

6 I'll give my *all* to Jesus :
'Tis little I possess,
But all I am and all I have,
Saviour, accept and bless.

J. Jacob.

333

1 **I** WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus :
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
" Let little children come to Me : "
I would obey the call.
- 5 But O, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see ;
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

W. M. Whittemore.



44

1 THE beautiful bright sunshine,
That smiles on all below,
The waving trees, the cool, soft breeze,
The rippling streams that flow,
The shadows on the hill-sides,
The many-tinted flowers,
O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this earth of ours.

2 The beautiful affections
That gather round our way,
The joys that rise from household ties,
And deepen day by day;
The tender love that guards us
Whenever danger lowers,
O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this earth of ours.

3 But brighter is the shining,
And tenderer is the love,
And purer still, the joys which fill
The unseen home above,—
The home where all His children
Shall sing with fuller powers,
“O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this heaven of ours.”

B. Paul Neuman.



84

1 **W**HEN they brought little children
 To Jesus to be blessed,
 He would not have them sent away,
 But took them to His breast,
 For Jesus loved the children,
 And said they were to come,
 And in His love find happiness,
 And in His arms a home.

2 Still Jesus loves the children,
 And kindly calls them still
 To Him, who suffered that He might
 Redeem them from all ill.
 And into His bright kingdom
 He would the children bring,
 To serve Him in the kingdom's work,
 The kingdom's joy to sing.

3 Then surely all the children
 Should bring their brightest songs,
 And warmest love, their Lord to praise,
 To whom all praise belongs.
 For, see, the hands He stretches
 To take the children in
 Were nailed upon the dreadful cross,
 The children's life to win.

4 Come, let us sing our praises
 To Him who loves us thus,
 And let us give our hearts to Him
 Who gave Himself for us;
 And then, if we are faithful,
 His love, when death is past,
 Will suffer us to come to Him,
 And share His heaven at last.

G. S. Rowe.

A. MORRIS EDWARDS.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff, aligned with the notes. The score is presented on a single page with a decorative border.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and a bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in common time and consists of a single line of music. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The accompaniment begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a quarter note C4. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

227

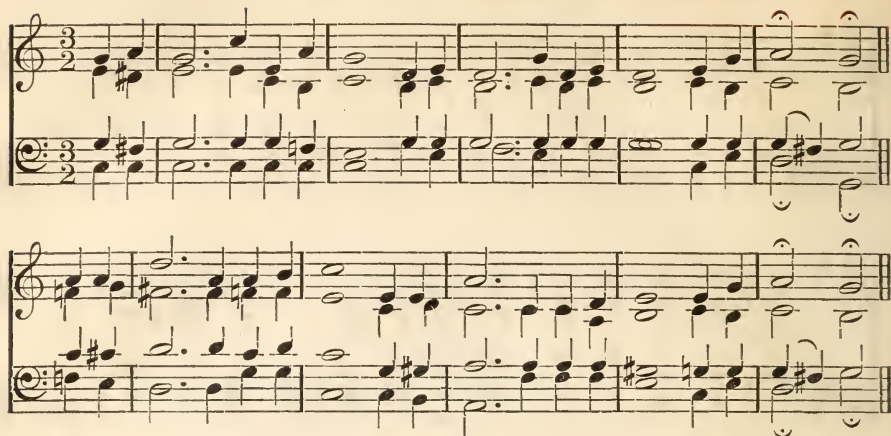
TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished ! all is finished,—
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid !

3 O, then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore !
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign :
Appear, Desire of nations !
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

H. Alford.



REFRAIN.



411

1 **L**ITTLE beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?

'Tis our Father!

Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?

'Tis our Father!

'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us, He is Love!

2 Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?

'Tis our Father!

Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?

'Tis our Father!

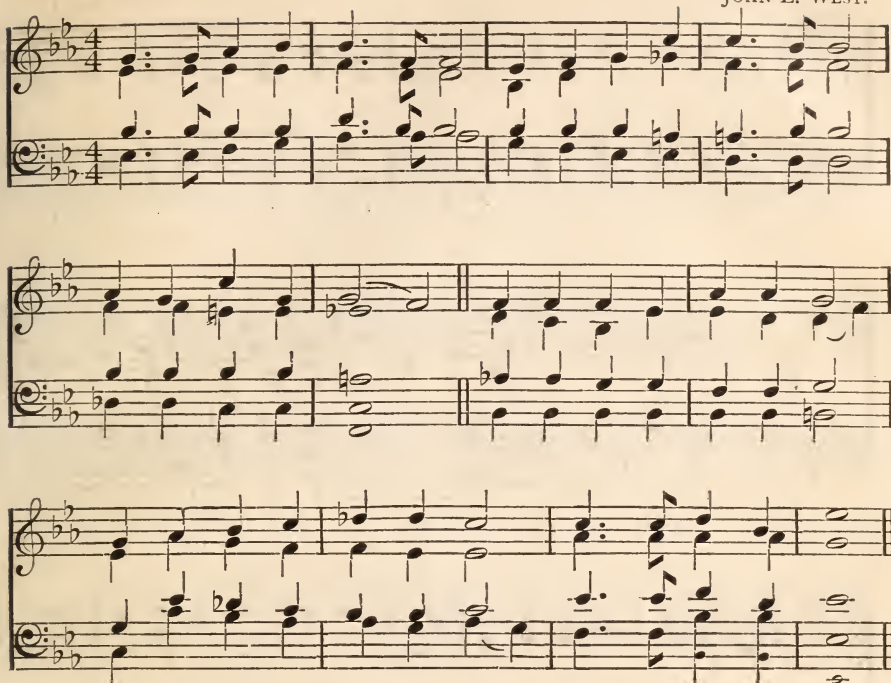
3 Little child with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?

'Tis our Father!

Who has taught you how to sing
Like the merry bird of spring?

'Tis our Father!

Fanny J. Van Alstyne.



545

1 **W**HEN the Lord of Love was here,
 Happy hearts to Him were dear,
 Though His heart was sad !
 Worn and lonely for our sake,
 Yet He turned aside to make
 All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
 From His loving grew His praise,
 From His giving, prayer :
 All the outcasts thronged to hear,
 All the sorrowful drew near
 To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields He drew
 From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
 Parables of God ;
 For within His heart of love
 All the soul of man did move,
 God had His abode.

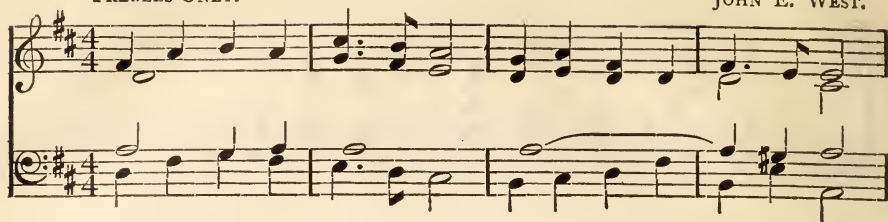
4 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
 In the very heart of grief,
 And in trial, love.
 In our meekness to be wise,
 And through sorrow to arise
 To our God above.

5 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
 All the sinful to inspire,
 With the Father's life ;
 Free us from the cares that press
 On the heart of worldliness,
 From the fret and strife.

S. A. Brooke.

TREBLES ONLY.

JOHN E. WEST.



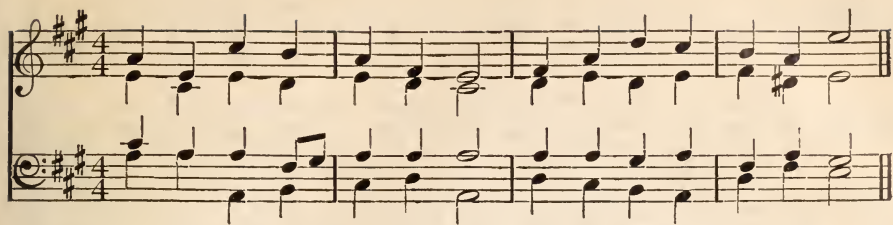
4
1 GREAT Creator, Lord of all,
Father, Friend, on Thee we call,
Hear Thy children's prayer.
Guard us, rule us, as is best,
With Thy loving favour blest,
Till we reach Thy home of rest,
And are with Thee there.

2 Jesus, who for man didst die,
Who dost plead for us on high,
And our place prepare,
From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
Till with joy Thy face we see,
And Thy likeness wear.

3 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Pureness, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore ;
Guide our spirits when we pray,
Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

4 Ever-blessed Three in One,
May Thy will in us be done,
Show in us Thy love ;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above.

T. B. Pollock.



150

1 "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"

Hear thy guardian Angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
" Watch and pray."

2 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
" Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
" Watch and pray."

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
" Watch and pray."

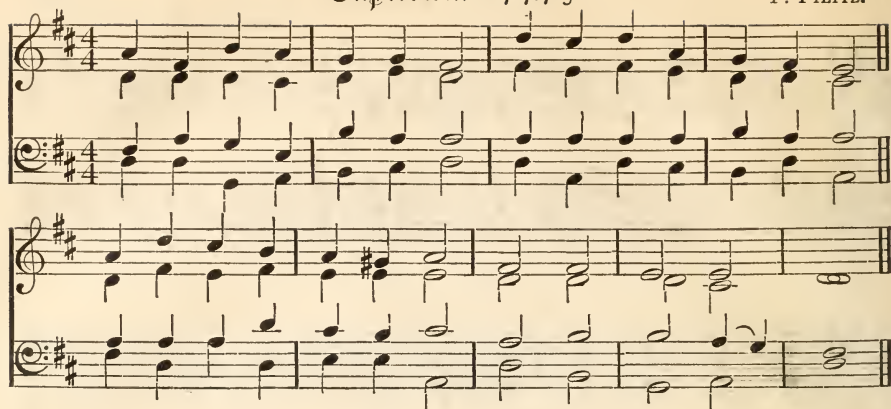
5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray that help may be sent down ;
" Watch and pray."

Charlotte Elliott.

103

Capetown. 7.7.7.5.

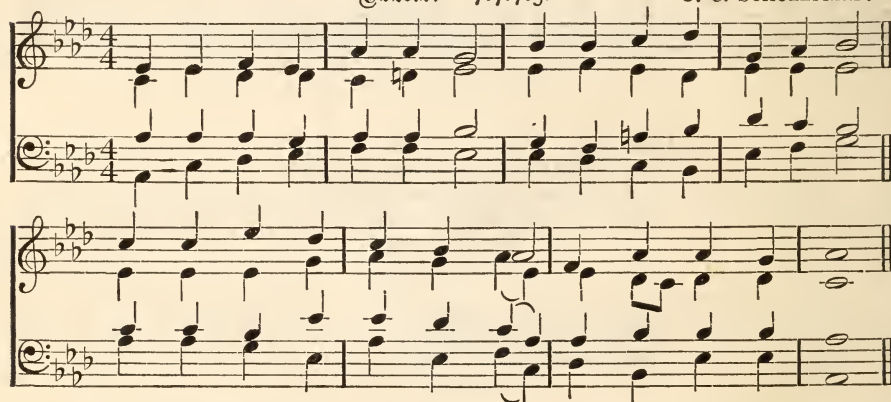
F. FILITZ.



104

Irene. 7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



105

Ledbury. 7.7.7.5.

A. KING.



113

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.
- 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain—if Love I need;
Therefore, give me Love.
- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 6 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

C. Wordsworth.

138

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Jesus, hear and save!
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

R. Heber.

317

1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive, and save!

- 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save!
- 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save!
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save!
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save!
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save!

Eliza F. Morris.

418

1 SWEET the lessons Jesus taught
When to Him fond parents brought
Babes for whom they blessing sought,
Little ones, like me.

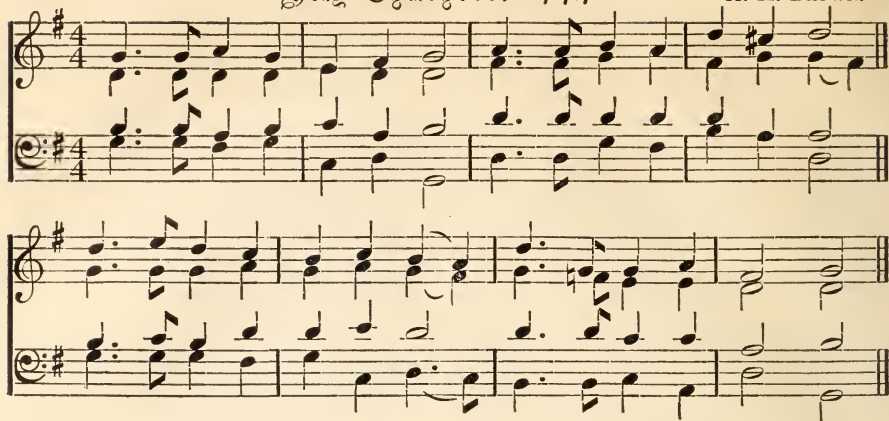
- 2 Jesus did not answer nay,
Bid them come another day;
Jesus did not turn away
Little ones, like me.
- 3 No, my Saviour's hand was laid
Softly on each infant head;
Jesus, when He blessed them, said,
"Let them come to Me."
- 4 Babes may still His blessing share;
Lambs are His peculiar care;
He will in His bosom bear
Little ones, like me.
- 5 Saviour, on my infant head
Let Thy gracious hand be laid,
While I do as Thou hast said,
Coming unto Thee.

Jane E. Leeson.

106

Holy Childhood. 7.7.7.6.

A. H. BROWN.



107

Litany. 7.7.7.6.

Dr. BUNNETT.



108

Litany. 7.7.7.6.

T. TALLIS.



118

1 FATHER, from Thy throne on high,
Deign to hear Thy children's cry,
Let them feel that Thou art nigh ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Father, Thou dost love us all,
And we come at Thy dear call,
Low before Thy feet we fall ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear ;
Bid Thy little ones draw near ;
Keep them in Thy love and fear ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Weak and helpless, Lord, are we,
Yet Thy love is all our plea,
Suffer us to come to Thee ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Holy Spirit, Guide Divine,
Let Thy Light for ever shine,
Leave us not, for we're Thine ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 'Neath Thy wings, O blessèd Dove,
May we feel Thy sheltering love,
Till we reach our home above ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Glory to the Father bring,
Jesus, unto Thee we sing,
Holy Ghost, Thy praises ring ;
Alleluia !

Mrs. Streetfeild.

120

1 JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Little lambs may come to Thee ;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell ;
Little hymns Thy praises swell.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Fold us to Thy loving breast,
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock.

121

1 JESUS, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Once a child, so good and fair,
Feeling want and toil and care,
All that we may have to bear :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 As we live from year to year,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Make us like Thee, Saviour dear :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
And for ever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock.

122

1 M AY we prize the Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching each beloved one,
Till our life on earth is done :
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock.



119
 1 **H** EAVENLY Father, let Thy light
 Break upon our blinded sight,
 Chase away the shades of night,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 To the nations gone astray,
 Thine eternal love display,
 Send Thy truth, direct their way,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Let Thy ministers proclaim
 Far and wide Thy saving Name,
 With Thy love all hearts inflame,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

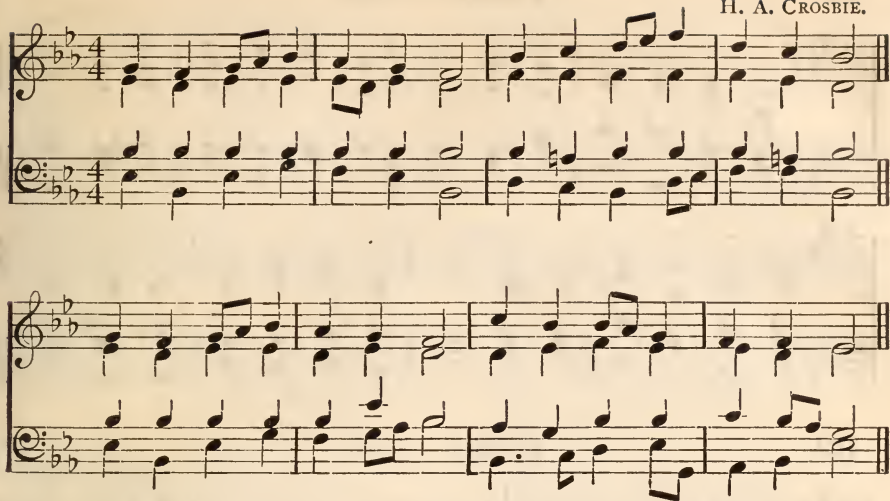
4 Seek for those who careless roam,
 Bring the wanderers safely home,
 May Thy glorious kingdom come,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

5 Blessèd Spirit, Heavenly Lord,
 Speak with power the saving word,
 How the lost may be restored,
 Blessèd Spirit, hear us.

6 Come and breathe new life within,
 Rescue souls from death and sin,
 Teach the careless heaven to win,
 Blessèd Spirit, hear us.

7 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Loving those who need Thee most,
 Raise the fallen, save the lost,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Children's Hymn Book.



370

1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
 Love's sweet lesson to obey :
 Sweeter lesson cannot be—
 Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me, I am not my own,
 I am Thine and Thine alone :
 May I serve and copy Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace,
 Learning how to love from Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love, in loving, finds employ,
 In obedience all her joy ;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe ;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

417

1 SAVIOUR, bless a little child,
 Teach my heart the way to Thee ;
 Make it gentle, good, and mild,
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said
 All who will may come to Thee ;
 Feed my soul with living bread,
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak,
 Let me put my trust in Thee ;
 Teach me how and what to speak,
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

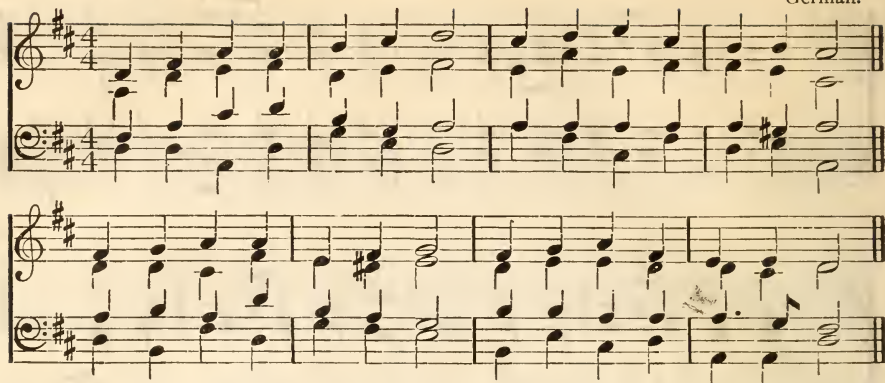
4 I would never go astray,
 Never turn aside from Thee ;
 Keep me in the heavenly way,
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

Fanny J. Van Alstyne.

111

Lubeck. 7.7.7.7.

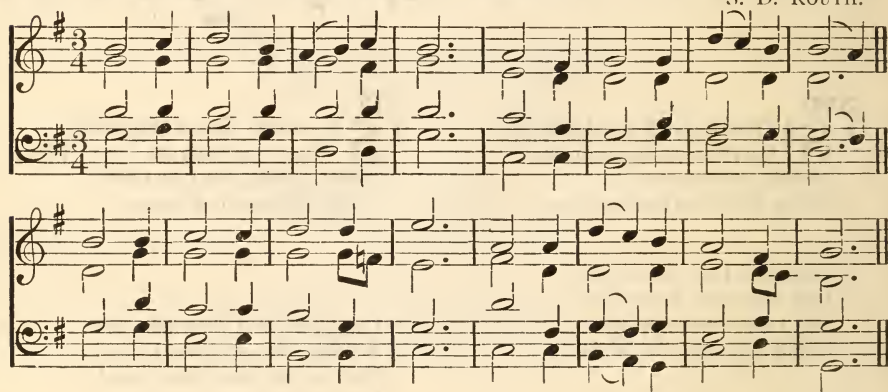
German.



112

Orillia. 7.7.7.7.

S. D. ROUTH.



113

St. Bees. 7.7.7.7.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.



1
1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live :
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost !
Be this day a Pentecost ;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the Blessed Trinity ;
For the gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.
J. Montgomery.

115
1 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth Divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire ;

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive !

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.
S. Longfellow.

438
1 **H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? "

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love Thee and adore ;
O ! for grace to love Thee more.

W. Cowper.

470
1 **L**ORD, we meet to pray and praise,
Teach us now our hearts to raise ;
We have much to ask of Thee,
May we earnest pleaders be.

2 Lord, we meet, a working band,
One in purpose, hand in hand ;
Make us, as we tread life's way,
More like Jesus every day.

3 May we each, with loving heart,
Choose and teach the better part ;
Seek ourselves the heavenly prize,
Training others for the skies.

4 Teach us, O our Help and Stay,
We must work while lasts the day :
Toiling on in faith and love,
Looking for the rest above.
E. G.

520
1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

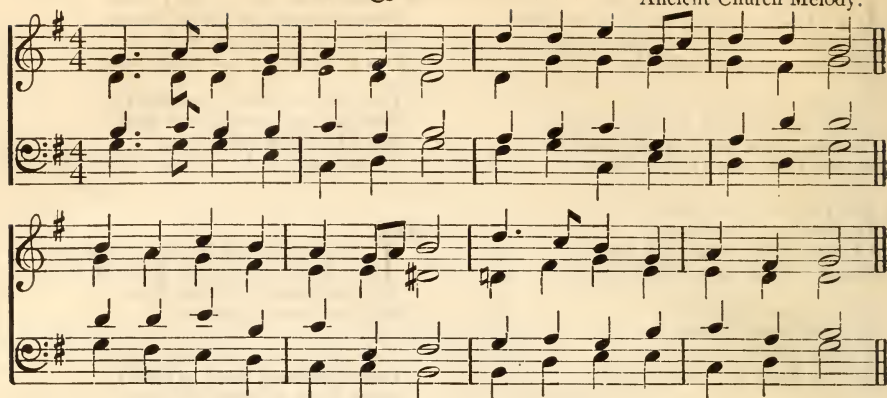
6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store :
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

114

St. Martin. 7.7.7.7.

Ancient Church Melody.



115

University College. 7.7.7.7.

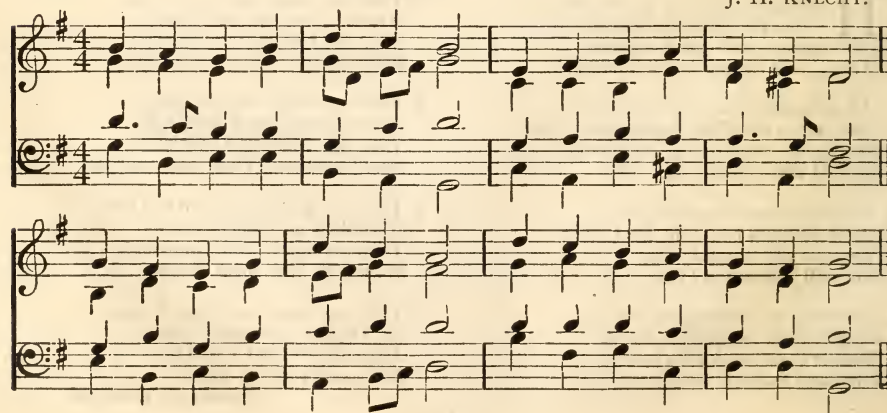
Dr. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



116

Vienna. 7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.



1 **G**OD is Love ! delightful truth !
In the sacred page revealed ;
May it from our earliest youth
On our minds and hearts be sealed.

2 God is Love ! He sent His Son
Us to save from awful woe ;
Oh, what more could God have done,
His amazing love to show ?

3 God is Love ! and when we read
How He loved us, in His Word,
Hard must be our hearts indeed
If we do not love the Lord.

4 Who so worthy of our love ?
None on earth and none in heaven ;
Oh, then, to the Lord above
Let our hearts be early given !

5 Take, O Lord, these hearts of ours,
Fill them with Thy love divine ;
Take our souls with all their powers,
Let them be for ever Thine.

J. Burton.

174

1 **L**ORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet :
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest ;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day ;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow :
Little children Thou dost love ;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine ;
Then, through all eternity,
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

W. W. How.

247

1 **S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky ;
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where the crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.

347

1 **K**ING of glory ! Saviour dear !
Grant us grace to persevere ;
Leader of the hosts of God,
May we tread where Thou hast trod !

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died,
How can we, Thy children, show
All our love for all Thy woe ?

3 They for Thee bore axe and wheel,
Fire and beasts and piercing steel ;
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name.

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or spiteful word ;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere.

5 Persevere, Thy yoke is light ;
Persevere, Thy crown is bright ;
Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King !

Mrs. Mitchell.

473

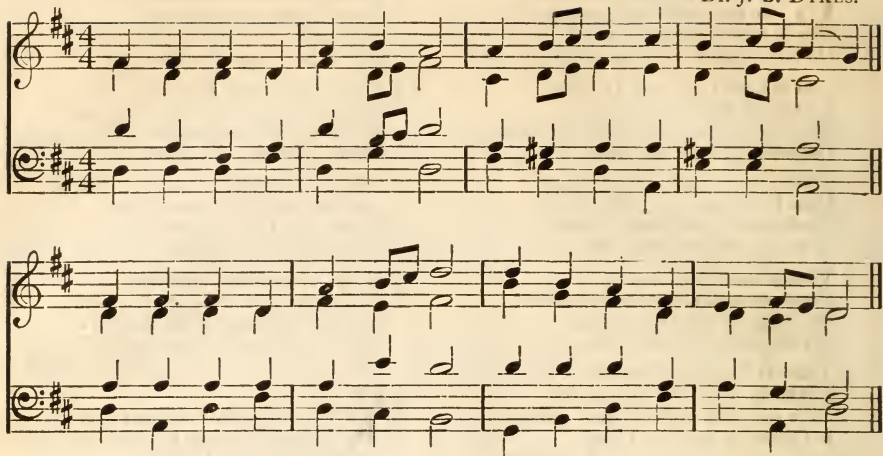
1 **M**ET again in Jesus' name,
At His throne we humbly bow ;
He is evermore the same ;
Lo ! He waits to meet us now.

2 In His name, if two or three
Meet, and for His mercy call,
"There," the Saviour saith, "I'll be
In the midst to bless you all.

3 "You shall never ask in vain,
Though your number be but few ;
Firm the promise doth remain,
'Lo ! I always am with you.'"

4 Saviour, we believe the word,
Calmly wait the promised grace ;
Spirit of our risen Lord,
Holy Spirit, fill this place !

J. Pyer.



29

1 ALL that's good, and great, and true,
 All that is, and is to be,
 Be it old, or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

2 Mercies dawn with every day,
 Newer, brighter, than before,
 And the sun's declining ray
 Layeth others up in store.

3 Not a bird that does not sing
 Sweetest praises to Thy Name,
 Not an insect on the wing
 But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

4 Every blade and every tree,
 All in happy concert ring,
 And in wondrous harmony
 Join in praises to their King.

5 Fill us then with love divine,
 Grant that we, though toiling here,
 May in spirit, being Thine,
 See and hear Thee everywhere.

6 May we all with songs of praise,
 Whilst on earth, Thy name adore,
 Till with angel-choirs we raise
 Songs of praise for evermore.

G. Thring.

311

1 FATHER, lead me day by day,
 Ever in Thine own sweet way;
 Teach me to be pure and true,
 Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger, make me brave;
 Make me know that Thou canst save;
 Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
 Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
 Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
 And when all alone I stand
 Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
 Help me to remember Thee,—
 Happy most of all to know
 That my Father loves me so.

5 When my work seems hard and dry,
 May I press on cheerily;
 Help me patiently to bear
 Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright,
 When they pass before my sight;
 May I hear the heavenly voice
 When the pure and wise rejoice.

7 May I do the good I know,
 Be Thy loving child below,
 Then at last go home to Thee,
 Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. Hooper.



353

1 **L**OVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep ;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live ;
May I love Thee day by day ;
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near, *
Teach me still Thy voice to hear ;
Suffer not my foot to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

4 Where Thou ledest may I go ;
Walking in Thy steps below ;
Then, before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

Jane E. Leeson.

3 Now our Saviour reigns on high,
Rules the armies of the sky ;
Holy angels praise His name,
But His love is still the same.

4 Let us, then, while we are young,
Praise the Lord with heart and tongue,
Sure of this—world without end,
Jesus is the children's Friend.

424

1 **"A**LWAYS with thee !" Ever near,
Surely 'tis enough to cheer
Heavy laden souls oppress ;
"Always with thee !"—That is rest.

2 "Always with thee !" Ever near !
Murmur not if life be drear ;
Thou shalt every storm outride,
With the Saviour at thy side.

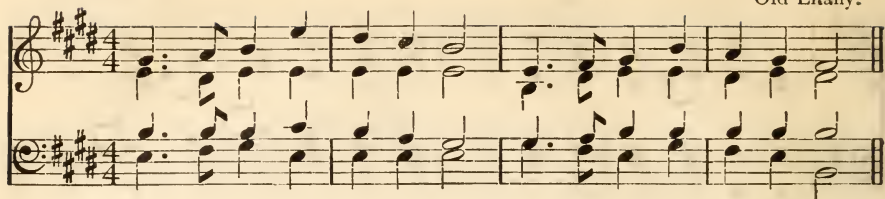
3 "Always with thee !" Ever near !
Blessèd promise—even here !
And hereafter He will stand
With thee in the Fatherland.

L. H. W.

412

1 **L**ITTLE children, love the Lord ;
Listen to His gracious word ;
Come, and you shall surely find
Christ a Saviour, good and kind.

2 Little ones the Saviour took
In His arms with kindest look,
While He said, most tenderly,
"Suffer them to come to Me."



18

LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God.

3 He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light.

4 He the golden-tress'd sun
Caused all day his course to run.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

6 All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need.

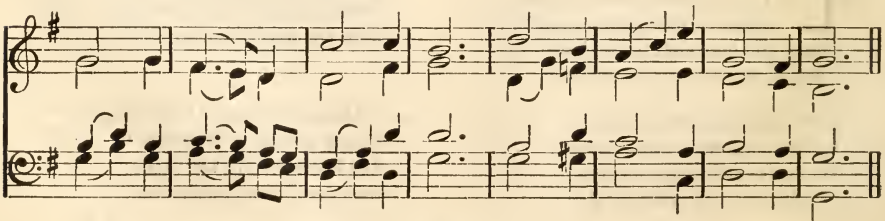
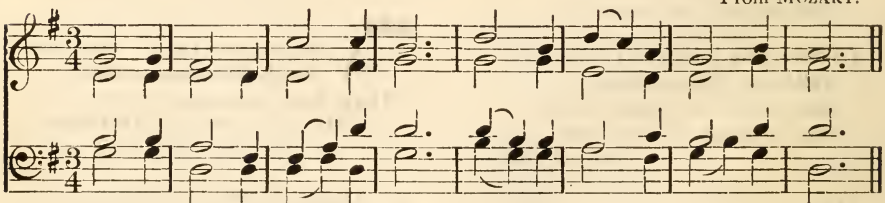
7 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

J. Milton.

120

Nottingham. 7.7.7.7.

From MOZART.



1 **H**IGHER, higher to the Cross,
May I daily, humbly climb,
Like the friend whom Jesus loved,
There to view that sight sublime.

2 Nearer, nearer by the Cross,
May I venture though with fears :
As the three sad Marys stood,
Faith, and Hope, and Love in tears.

3 Lower, lower at the Cross,
May I in contrition fall,
Meekly plead, "Remember me,"
Ask to serve the Lord of all.

4 Longer, longer on the Cross,
May I wonder all forgiven !
Live beneath its shadow now,
Bear it on my heart in heaven.

5 Never, never from the Cross,
May I in devotion move,
Watch and wait upon Him there,
Look and lose myself in love.

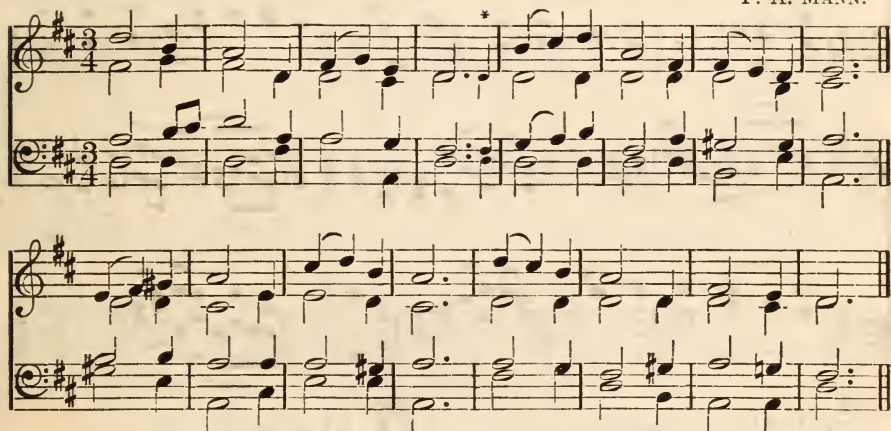
6 O ! the glory of the Cross,
When around His head will shine,
Crowns like stars about the sun,
Grant me, Lord, that sight divine.

H. M. Gunn.

121

Lowestoft. 7.7.7.7.

F. A. MANN.



462

1 **J**ESUS, unto whom we pray,
Christ the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Lord, the path of glory show,
And uphold us as we go.

2 All the past we would forget,
We have not attained yet,
E'en our best achievements be
Failures all compared to Thee.

3 Therefore aid us to aspire
Ever upward, ever higher,
Through the light, or through the dark,
Pressing onward to the mark.

4 Running the appointed race,
May we grow in every grace,
Ripening in Thy knowledge still,
As we do the Father's will.

5 Living, dying, we would be
In holy beauties liker Thee,
Liker Thee till efforts cease,
Life in God be perfect peace.

W. C. Smith.

* Small notes for last verse only.

Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.

92

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"

Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your songs and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,
 Christ has opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save;
 Where's thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
 Everlasting life is this:
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thee to sing, and Thee to love.

C. Wesley.

105

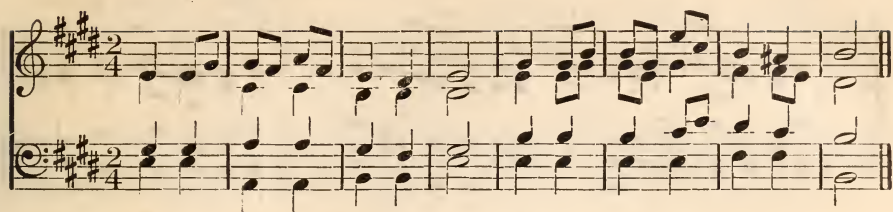
1 LET us sing with one accord,
 Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord;
 He is worthy whom we praise,
 Hearts and voices let us raise.

2 He hath made us by His power,
 He hath kept us to this hour,
 He redeems us from the grave,
 He who died now lives to save.

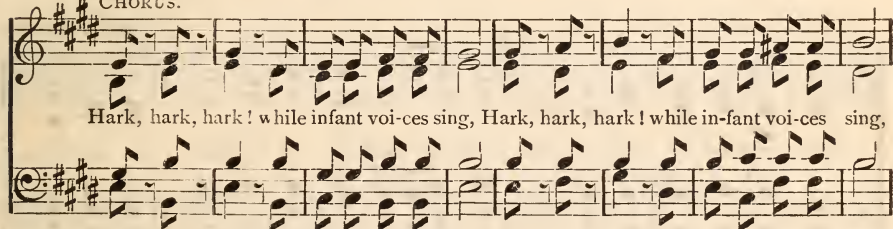
3 What He bids us, let us do;
 Where He leads us, let us go;
 As He loves us, let us love
 All below, and all above.

4 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer;
 Children's hearts to Him are dear:
 Hearts and voices let us raise,
 He is worthy whom we praise.

H. F. Lyte.



CHORUS.



298

1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
 Sang the praise of Jesus' name :
 Children, too, of later days,
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
 (Chorus.) Hark ! while children's voices sing,
 Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
 We are taught to love His Word,
 We are taught the way to heaven, —
 Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song ;
 Higher, and yet higher rise,
 Their hosannas to the skies.

J. Henley.

ORGAN. (Introduction to 1st verse.)

VOICES. CAREY BONNER.

CHORUS. *cres - cen - do.**Slightly slower.*

335

1 IN our work and in our play,
 Jesus, ever with us stay :
 May we always strive to be
 True and faithful unto Thee.

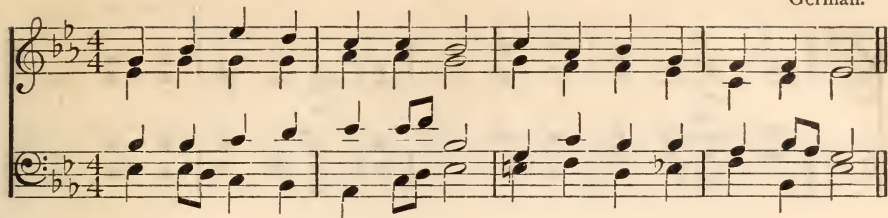
(Chorus.) Then we truthfully can sing
 We are children of the King.

2 May we in Thy strength subdue
 Evil tempers, words untrue,
 Thoughts impure, and deeds unkind,
 All things hateful to Thy mind.

3 Jesus, from Thy throne above
 Deign to fill us with Thy love,
 So that all around may see
 We belong, dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Children of the King are we !
 May we loyal to Him be :
 Try to please Him every day,
 In our work and in our play.

W. G. Wills.



REFRAIN.



406

I JESUS loves me, this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so :
 Little ones to Him belong,
 They are weak, but He is strong.

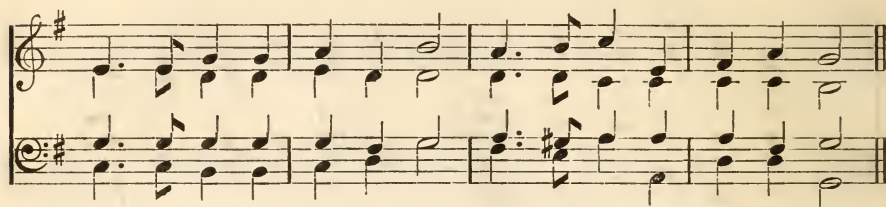
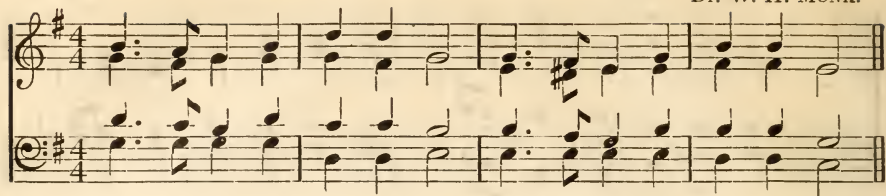
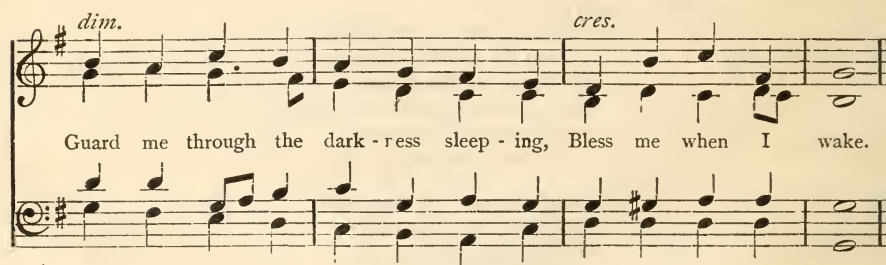
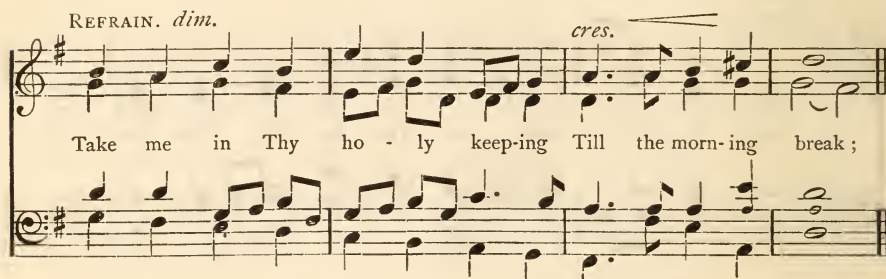
(Refrain.) Yes, Jesus loves me,
 The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me ! He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide ;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me ! loves me still,
 Though I may be weak and ill ;
 From His shining throne on high
 Comes to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me ! He will stay
 Close beside me all the way :
 If I love Him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.

Anna B. Warner.

REFRAIN. *dim.*

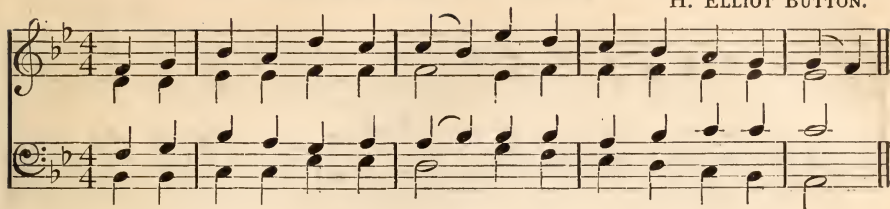
278

1 FATHER, while the shadows fall,
With the twilight over all,
Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Make a little child Thy care.

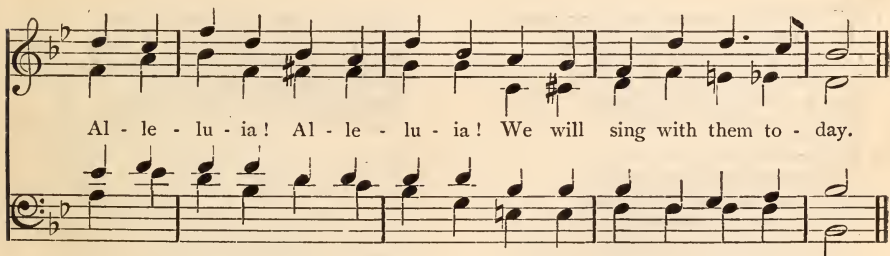
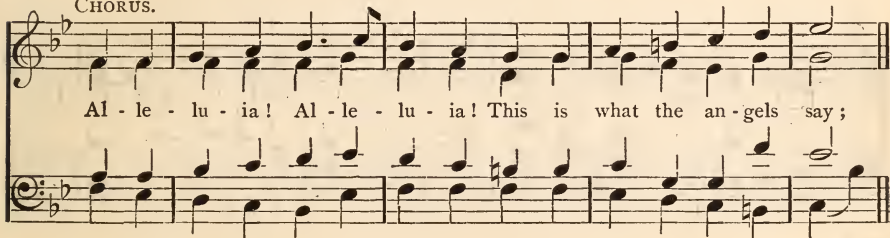
(Refrain.) Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break ;
Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

2 'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.

3 Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be ;
All the wrong that I have done,
Pardon, Lord, through Christ, Thy Son.
Emily H. Miller.



CHORUS.



93

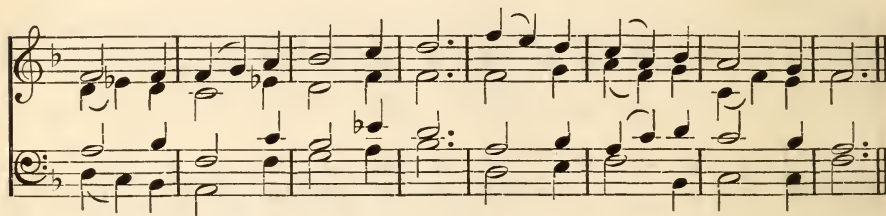
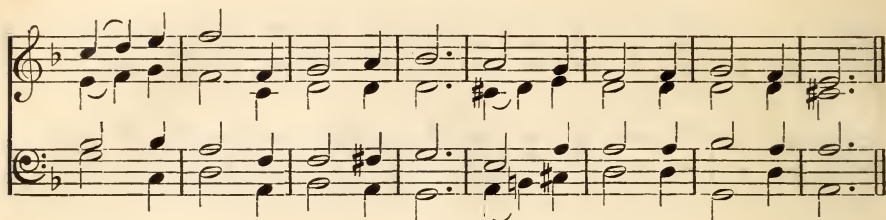
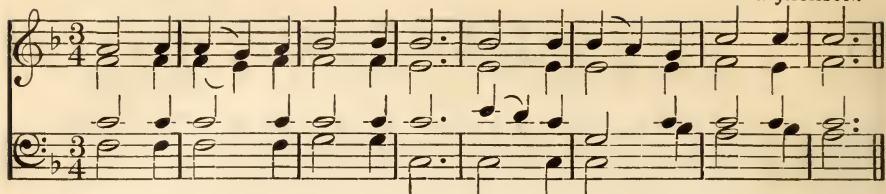
1 **H**ARK! the angels' joyful song,
 In the glorious Easter sky:
 Jesus from the grave has risen,
 Jesus now no more may die.
 (Chorus.) Alleluia! Alleluia! this is what the
 angels say,
 Alleluia! Alleluia! we will sing with
 them to-day.

2 Pilate's soldiers tried to keep
 Jesus fast within the grave;
 And they put a seal and stone
 On the entrance to the cave.

3 But when three days passed away,
 At the awful midnight hour,
 Jesus rose all gloriously
 By His own almighty power.

4 We must die as Jesus died,
 But we, too, from death shall rise;
 Then with Him, if we are His,
 We shall reign beyond the skies.
 Alleluia! Alleluia! this is what the
 angels say,
 Alleluia! Alleluia! we will sing with
 them to-day.

Mary F. Cusack.



151

1 FATHER, we are young and weak,
Yet we have a race to run ;
Glorious is the crown we seek,
Hard the fight that must be won ;
Lest we faint and lest we flee,
Keep us ever near to Thee.

2 Many are our foes and strong—
Foes without and fears within ;
Great temptations to go wrong,
And become the slaves of sin ;
We shall surely conquered be,
If we keep not near to Thee.

3 When the prize of victory's won,
And the hard-fought contest o'er,
We shall hear the glad "Well done !"
On the shining heavenly shore,
And through all eternity
Evermore be near to Thee.

T. A. Stowell.

2 Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food,
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

3 Working not alone for gold,
Nor for work that's bought and sold,
Not the work, that worketh strife,
But the working of a life,
Careless both of good or ill
If ye can but do His will.

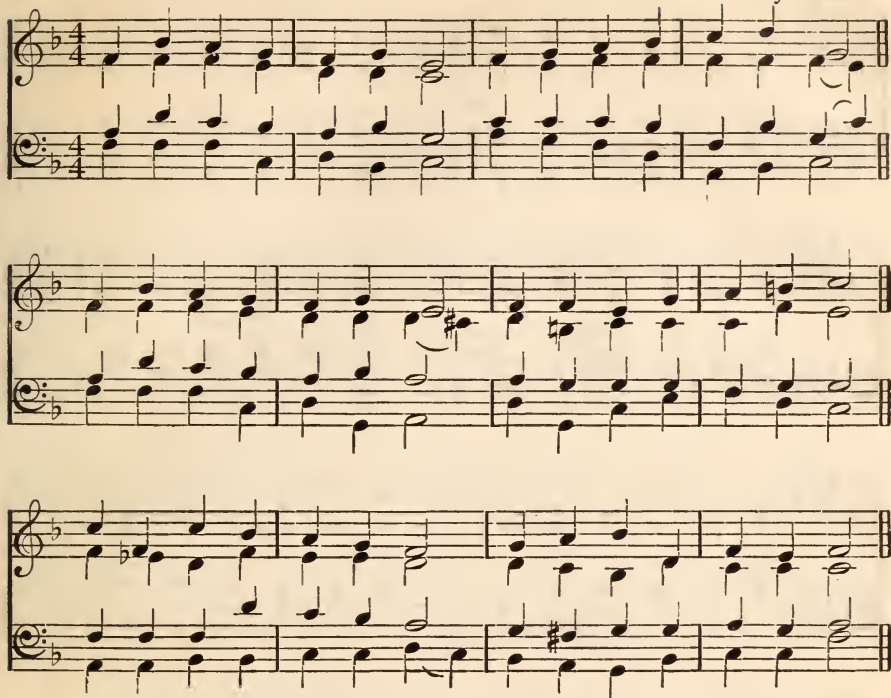
4 Working ere the day is gone,
Working till your work is done,
Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts ;
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

550

1 WORK is sweet, for God has blest
Honest work with quiet rest ;
Rest below, and rest above,
In the mansions of His love,
When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

5 Praise to God, the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Who to man beneath the heaven,
Happiness in work hath given,
And, when work on earth is o'er,
Rest with Him for evermore.

G. Thring.



12
1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,

Peace on earth and joy in heaven,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

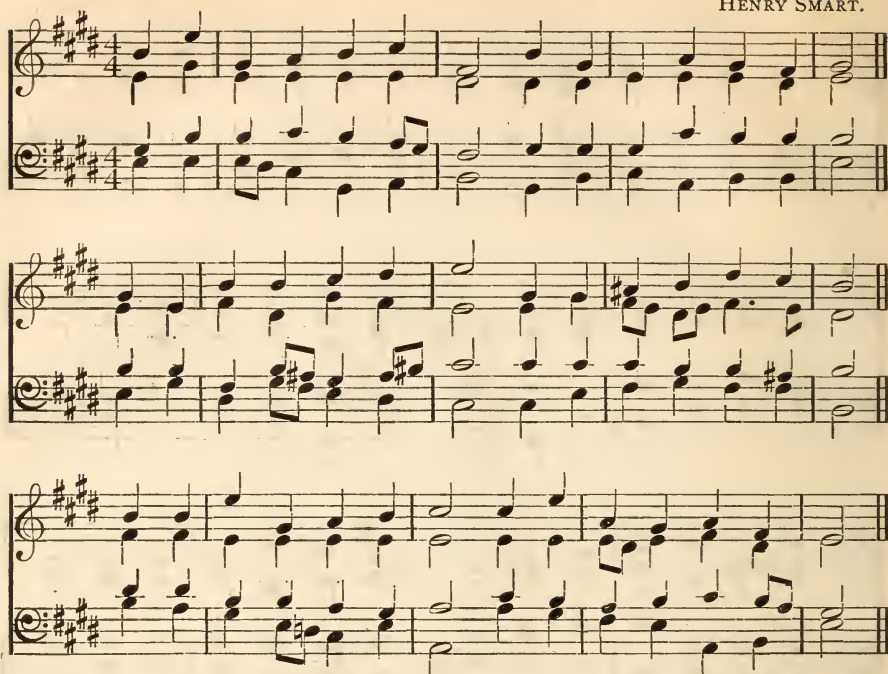
F. S. Pierpoint.

19
1 **O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade,
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man.

3 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

J. Conder.



112

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—
 I myself would gracious be ;
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
 And, with actions bold and meek,
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
 I myself would truthful be ;
 And with wisdom kind and clear,
 Let Thy life in mine appear ;
 And, with actions brotherly,
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
 I myself would quiet be,
 Quiet as the growing blade,
 Which through earth its way hath made
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
 I myself would mighty be ;
 Mighty so as to prevail,
 Where unaided man must fail ;
 Ever, by a mighty hope,
 Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good,
 And whatever I can be,
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

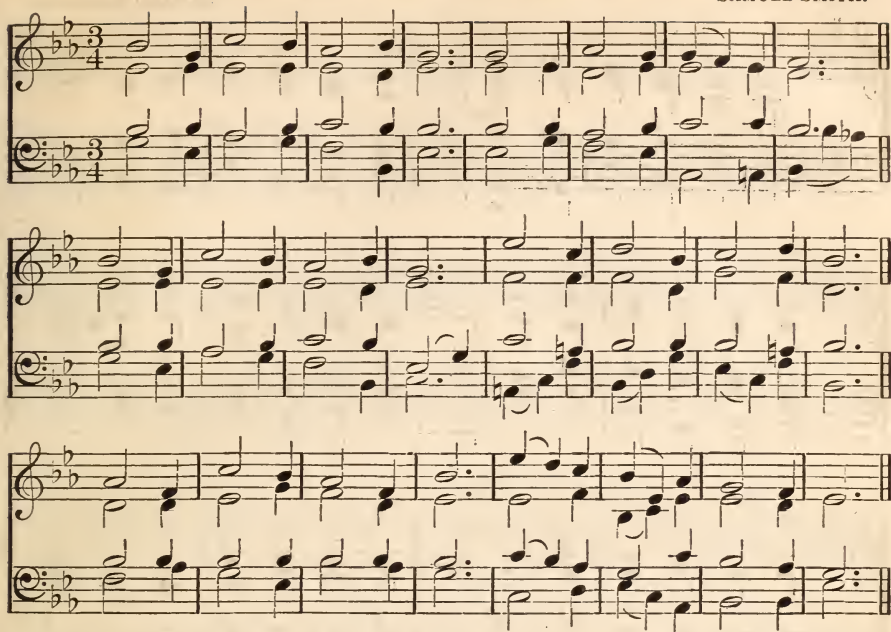
T. T. Lynch.

456

1 JESUS, Master, whom I serve,
 Though so feebly and so ill,
 Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
 All Thy bidding to fulfil ;
 Open Thou mine eyes to see
 All the work Thou hast for me.

2 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
 One who owes Thee more than all ?
 As Thou wilt, I would not choose,
 Only let me hear Thy call.
 Jesus, let me always be
 In Thy service glad and free.

Frances R. Havergal.



400

1 **G**OD is near me when the light
Bids me look on all things bright,
And before my wondering eye
Worlds of beauty round me lie ;
Thine the light : it is Thy touch
Wakes our eyes to see so much.

2 God is near us in the rain,
Precious to the wheaten grain ;
In the sunshine God is near,
Ripening corn our hearts to cheer ;
Never absent—year by year—
When is not our Saviour near ?

3 In the love of mother dear
God is with me still more near—
Love that guards my infancy,
Weak and helpless as I lie :
O so tender ! O so kind !
Here, my God, Thy love I find.

4 Nearer still, yes, still more near,
God our Father doth appear ;
Him I see in Jesus' face
Full of truth and full of grace ;
Once, like me, a little child ;
Only always meek and mild.

5 God is near me when I stray
From the strait and narrow way,
Sees me wandering with the lost,

Wants me back at any cost ;
Jesus beckons—calls me back
To the happy, homeward track.

H. K. Lewis.

419

1 **T**HOU that once on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake, or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head ;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear.

2 Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night,
Make me gentle, kind, and true—
Do as I am bid to do,
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

3 Once wast Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house ;
Now Thou art above the sky,
Canst thou hear Thy children cry ?

4 Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away ;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me.

F. T. Palgrave.



127

1 **H**ARK! a still small voice is heard
Gently speaking from above;
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,
'Tis the message of His love.
Hear the call to you addressed,
Ye who would be truly blessed!

2 "Those who, with devoted mind,
Seek, in early life, My face,
Shall My lasting favour find,
And enjoy My richest grace.
Early, then, while yet I wait,
Seek Me, ere it be too late."

3 Lord, we come without delay;
We would love and seek Thee thus;
Jesus, now Thy love display,
Saving, guiding, blessing us!
May we dwell with Thee above,
Ever happy in Thy love.

J. Burton.

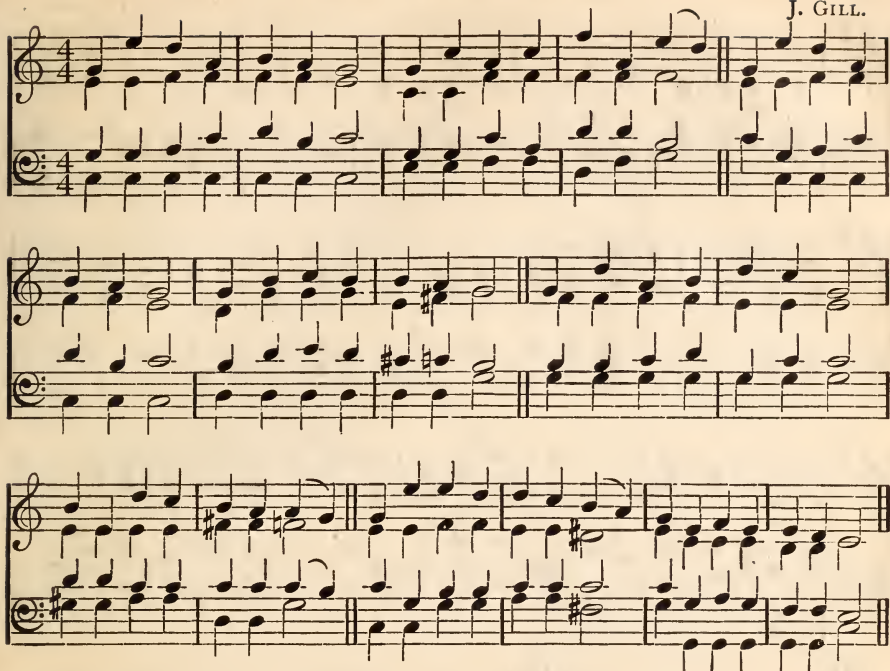
512

1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady.



3

1 GOD of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-
place,
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour ;
Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
Sent Thy Spirit from on high.
(*Refrain.*) God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

2 God the Saviour, Thee we bless,
For Thy life of righteousness ;
For Thy cross and death of shame,
Children's voices bless Thy name :
Should our tongues no praises bring,
Stones would find a voice to sing.

3 God the Spirit, Thee we praise,
For Thy sanctifying grace ;
For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart :
For the Word inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity.

4 Great Eternal Three in One,
Hear, oh, hear us from Thy throne.
We are children of a day,
Like the flowers we pass away :
Yet Thy power can bid us rise
To adorn Thy paradise.

Murch's Hymn Book.

316

1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry ;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.
Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

2 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.
When perplex in danger's snare
Thou alone our Guide canst be :
When oppress with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee ?

3 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day :
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.
Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul ;
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll.

Henry Neele.

Musical score for 'St. George' by Sir G. J. Elvey. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of three systems of two staves each. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is 7.7. (8 lines) long.

Musical score for 'Gilbert' by Dr. W. B. Gilbert. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of three systems of two staves each. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is 7.7. (8 lines) long.

1 BRIGHT and joyous be our lay
 On this happy Sabbath day ;
 Why should youthful hearts be sad .
 When all things besides are glad ?
 (Chorus.) Joyous, then, and bright the strain,
 Sing it o'er and o'er again ;
 Praise to Him will welcome be,
 Who was praised by such as we.

2 See how God has framed the earth,
 Full of happiness and mirth ;
 Tuneful voices all around,
 Call on us to swell the sound.

3 Birds are blithe upon the wing,
 Merrily they chirp and sing ;
 Woods are rich with notes of praise,
 We, like birds, our songs will raise.

4 Flowers on sunny banks are fair,
 Smiling daily everywhere,
 Messengers of joy are they,
 Bidding us, like them, be gay.

5 Gladsome thus from day to day,
 Heaven will meet us on the way,
 And the bliss the Saviour won
 By His griefs be here begun.

B. W. Provis.

200

1 HAIL the children's festal day,
 Glad we sing our opening lay,
 Glad to see each other's face
 In this happy meeting place.
 But one Friend we ask to stay
 In the midst of us to-day ;

(Chorus.) Jesus, Saviour, near us be
 While the children sing to Thee.

2 Gladsome ones are in His sight,
 Happy spirits, faces bright ;
 Light the hearts that gather here
 Where the friends we love appear ;
 But a cloud is o'er the day
 If the Saviour keeps away.

3 We have learnt to love that Name ;
 For the children Jesus came,
 Blessed the merry little bands,
 Touched them with His gentle hands,
 Loved to have them by His side,
 And, to save them, even died.

4 We are young, and little know
 Of the way we have to go ;
 We are dark, and need His light,
 For we cannot tell the right ;
 Christ, the children's Friend, is strong,
 He will save us from all wrong.

Marianne Farningham.

477

1 NOT your own ! but His ye are,
 Who has paid a price untold
 For your life, exceeding far
 All earth's store of gems and gold,
 With the precious blood of Christ—
 Ransom treasure all unpriced,—
 Full redemption is procured,
 Full salvation is assured.

2 Not your own ! to Him ye owe
 All your life and all your love ;
 Live, that ye His praise may show
 Who is yet all praise above.
 Every day and every hour,
 Every gift and every power,
 Consecrate to Him alone
 Who hath claimed you for His own.

3 Teach us, Master, how to give
 All we have or are to Thee ;
 Grant us, Saviour, while we live
 Wholly, only Thine to be.
 Henceforth be our calling high,
 Thee to serve and glorify ;
 Thine for ever, not our own—
 Thine for ever, Thine alone !

Frances R. Havergal.



391

1 **W**HAT is life? O think with care,
 What with it shall we compare?
 This the Bible best can tell,
 Let us learn and mark it well.
 'Tis at most a narrow span,
 Marking out the age of man;
 'Tis a tale but just begun,
 Briefly told and quickly done.

2 'Tis a lovely little flower,
 Dying at the evening hour;
 'Tis a pearly drop of dew,
 Heaven again soon upward drew;
 'Tis a lamp whose feeble light
 Fast expires in gloomy night;
 'Tis a sun of cheerful ray,
 That goes down while yet 'tis day.

3 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Leaving not a trace in sight;
 'Tis a shuttle swiftly fled,
 Weaving out its brittle thread;
 'Tis a vapour at the dawn,
 Or a shadow past and gone;
 'Tis a rapid, troubled stream,
 Or a soon forgotten dream;

4 'Tis a rainbow bright and fair,
 Vanishing in empty air;
 'Tis a bubble on the wave,
 Sinking to an early grave.
 What is life? The way to heaven,
 If in love to Jesus given,
 Living for Him here we roam,
 Dying is but going home.

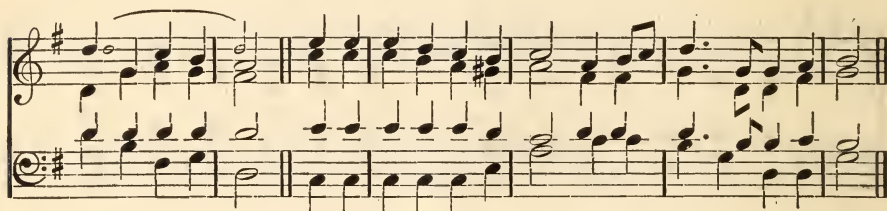
H. M. Gunn.



455

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide:
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed:
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and Holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found;—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee:
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.



REFRAIN.



Org.

53

1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled,
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies :
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 (Refrain.) Hark ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,

Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace !
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Sing we then, with angels sing,—
 Glory to the new-born King ;
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

C. Wesley.



415

1 **O**, WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given!

2 O, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise, and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given!

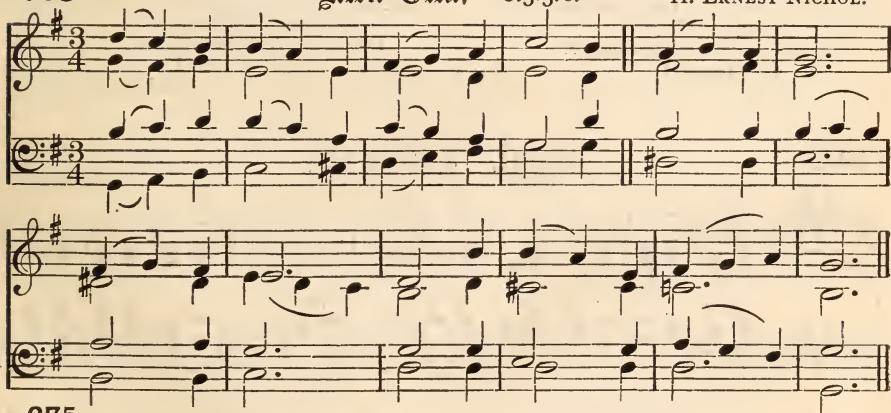
3 O, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:
Such grace to mine be given!

4 Though little 'tis we can do
To please the King of heaven;
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
Then perfect grace is given.

140

Kirk Ella. 8.3.3.6.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.



275

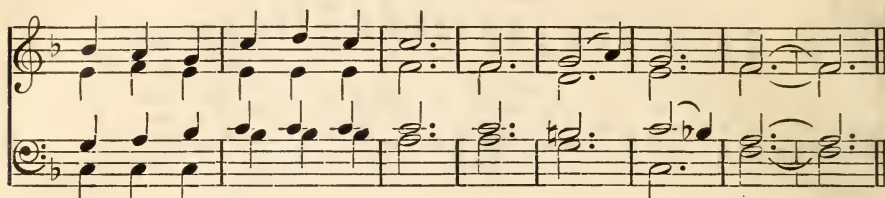
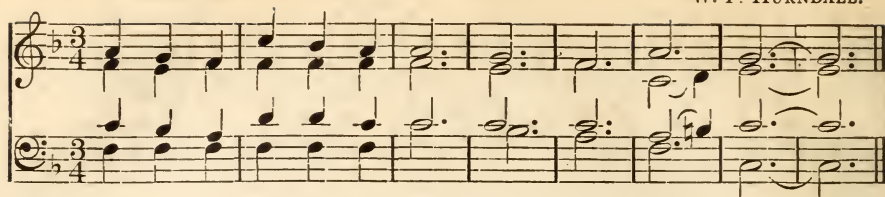
1 **E**RE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name, still the same,
Merciful and tender.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

4 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me, with Sovereign power.

5 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number. *J. Cennick.*



346

1 JESUS, the children are calling,
O, draw near !
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.

2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall :
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call !

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
Large is Thine,
Faithful and strong and tender—
So be mine !

4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they ;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

5 Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still :
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will !

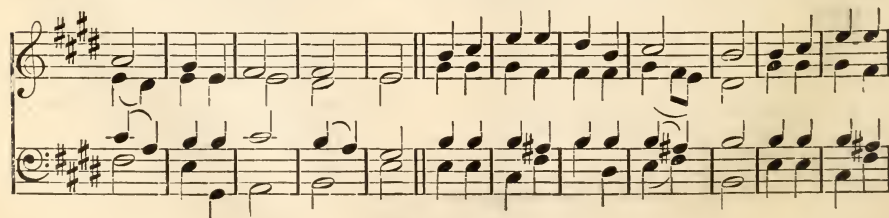
6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One—
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done !

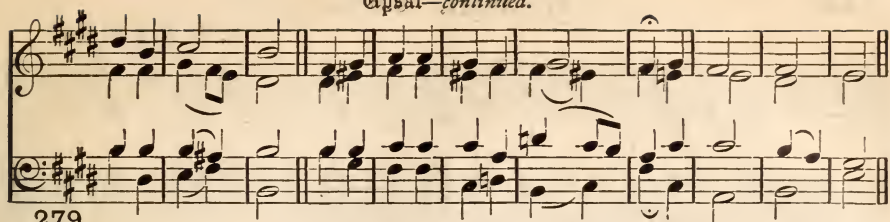
Annie Matheson.

142

Upsal. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

J. CRÜGER.





279

1 **G**OD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

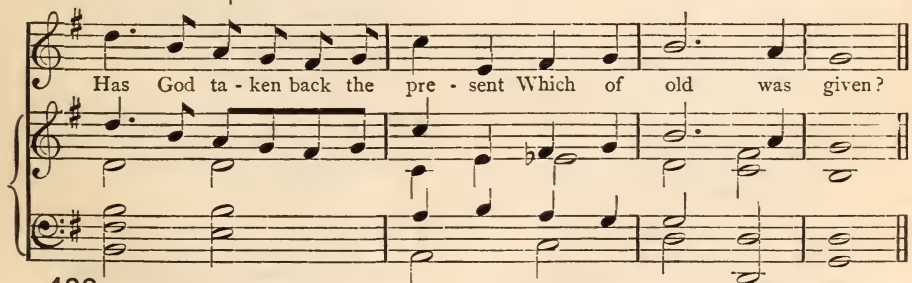
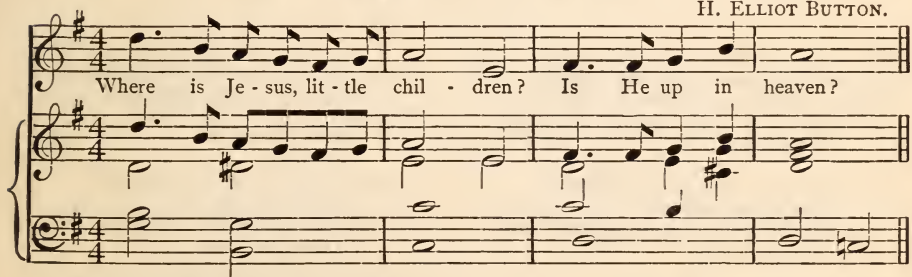
Heber and Whately.

143

"Where is Jesus, little children?"

8.5.8.5.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



422

1 **W**HERE is Jesus, little children?
Is He up in heaven?
Has God taken back the present
Which of old was given?
2 Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He in a book?
Has He ceased to talk to people,
And on them to look?
3 Where is Jesus, little children?
With us evermore,
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.
4 Jesus is a lovely spirit,
Lowly, pure, and kind;

Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.
5 Self-forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die,
These betray the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is high.
6 Shut within the souls of children,
Jesus makes His home;
Where the heart has heard Him knocking,
And has bid Him come.
7 Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling;
Come with us to live,
And to each and all our doings
Thy sweet beauty give.

B. Waugh.



123

1 **A** RT thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety;
 But of thorns."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

6 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, 'Yes.'"
Stephen the Sabaite, tr. J. M. Neale.

339

1 **J**ESUS, Friend of little children,
 Be a Friend to me;
 Take my hand and ever keep me
 Close to Thee.

2 Show me what my love should cherish,
 What, too, it should shun;
 Lest my feet for poison flowers
 Swift should run.

3 Teach me how to grow in goodness
 Daily as I grow;
 Thou hast been a child, and surely
 Thou dost know.

4 Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
 Make my heart like Thine:
 Like an altar lamp then let me
 Burn and shine.

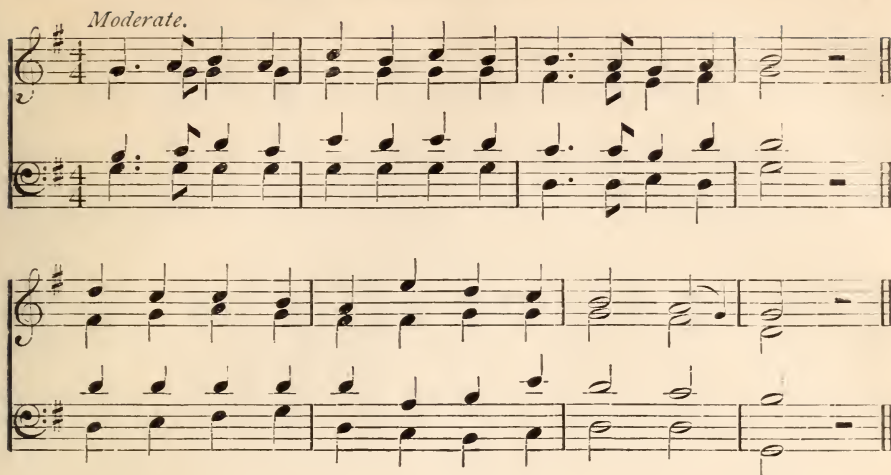
5 Step by step, O! lead me onward,
 Upward into youth;
 Wiser, stronger, still becoming
 In Thy truth.

6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
 Ever be my friend,
 For I need Thee from life's dawning
 To its end.

341

1 **J**ESUS, I so often need Thee,
 Do not go away;
 I would have Thee ever near me—
 Wilt Thou stay?

2 When I'm glad I want to tell Thee,
 And I long to do
 Something that I know will gladden
 Jesus too.



3 When I'm sad I want my sorrow
To be felt by Thee ;
And I know that Thou hast pity
Just for me.

4 Often, when I really would not,
I do something wrong ;
Jesus, pity Thou my weakness—
Make me strong.

5 Should the folly sorely grieve Thee
I regret to own.
Still in folly do not leave me
Here alone.

6 Ever with Thee, still more like Thee,
Growing day by day,
Soon, for very love, Thou wilt not
Go away.

W. H. Parker.

350

1 **L**ORD, I read of tender mercy
In Thy life on earth ;
Angels sang of peace and goodness
At Thy birth.

2 All Thy ways were loving-kindness
To the sons of men ;
None so poor but Thou hadst pity
For them then.

3 When I see Thee gently folding
Infants to Thy breast,
Lord, it seems to me a welcome
To be blest.

4 But I've wanted for some clearer
Token from Thy throne,
Some permission whispered into
Me alone.

5 Now no longer will I linger
Waiting for a sign,
Let Thy Spirit softly whisper—
"Thou art Mine."

444

1 **I** AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee !
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

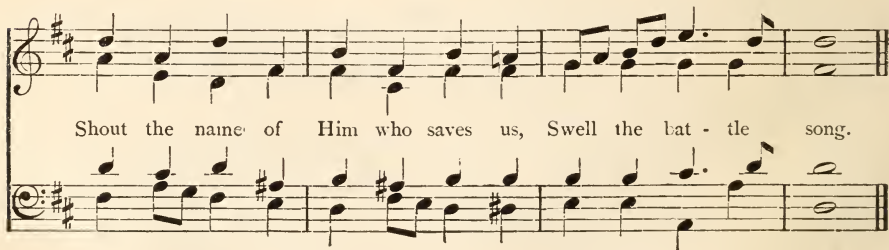
2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow ;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail ;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
Never let me fall ;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal.



434
FORWARD, soldiers, bold and fearless,
 Hear the call of God;
 Prove your courage in the conflict,
 Tread where brave men trod.
 (Chorus.) Lift aloft the cross of Jesus,
 Hold it high and strong;
 Shout the name of Him who
 saves us,
 Swell the battle song.

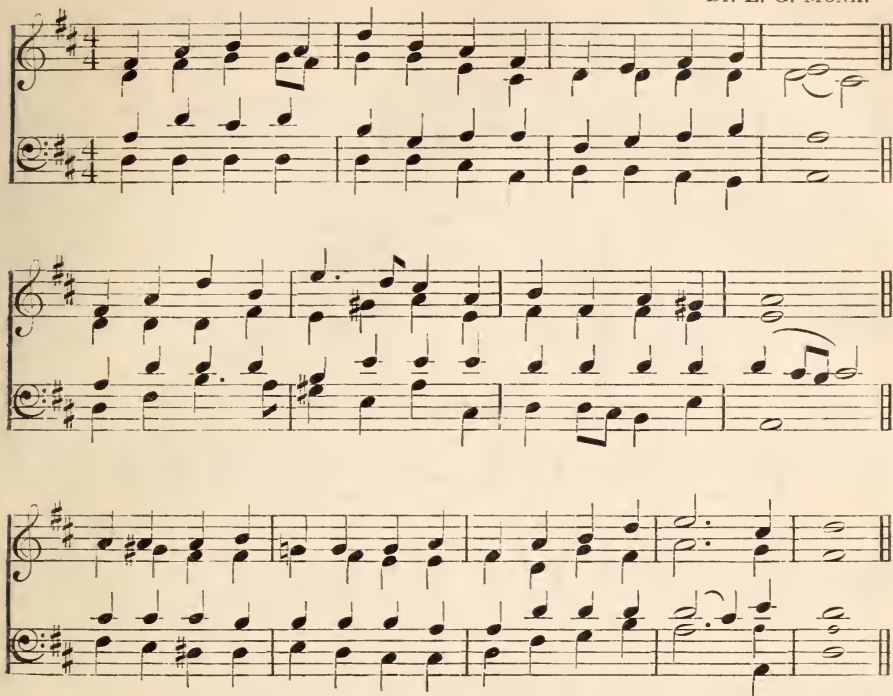
2 Faith our shield, and Hope our helmet,
 Satan's hosts we face;

Marshall'd in the might of Jesus,
 Win we by His grace.

3 Catch the order of our Captain,
 Wield the Spirit's sword;
 Onward, fearless, press to victory,
 Conquering by His Word.

4 They shall share the glad Hosanna,
 Who on Him believe;
 And beneath His royal banner
 Crowns of life receive.

H. Downton.



10

1 **A** NGEL voices, ever singing
 Round Thy throne of light,
 Angel harps for ever ringing,
 Rest not day nor night ;
 Thousands only live to bless Thee,
 And confess Thee, Lord of might !

2 While the Heavens declare Thy glory
 To the listening earth,
 While the Angels sing the story
 Of creation's birth,
 Wilt Thou hear our child-notes swelling,
 Gladly telling Jesus' worth ?

3 Yes, Thou wilt ; for Thou dost love us,
 Cam'st for us to die ;
 Bending from Thy throne above us
 With a pitying eye,
 Well we know that Thou art near us,
 And wilt hear us when we cry.

4 For we know that Thou rejoicest
 O'er each work of Thine ;
 Thou didst ears and hands and voices
 For Thy praise combine ;
 Craftsman's art and music's measure
 For Thy pleasure all combined.

5 In Thy house, great God, we offer,
 Of Thine own to Thee ;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest melody.

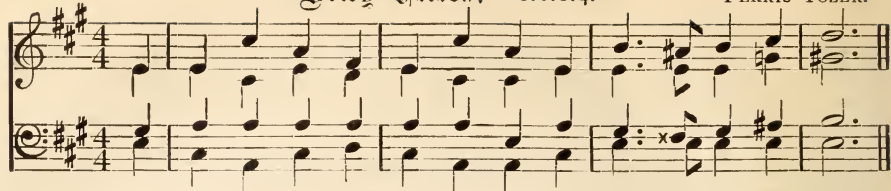
6 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be !
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity !
 Of the best that Thou hast given,
 Earth and Heaven render Thee.

Francis Pott.

148

Newy Fields. 8.6.8.4.

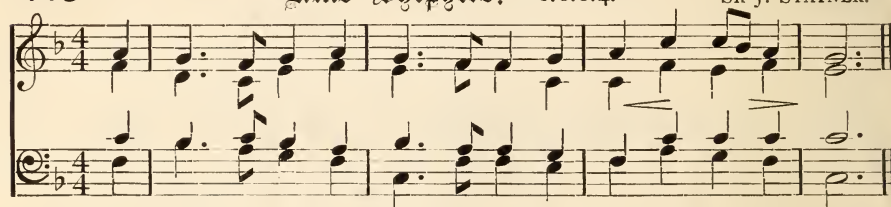
FERRIS TOZER.



149

Kind Shepherd. 8.6.8.4.

Sir J. STAINER.



150

Wlreford. 8.6.8.4.

E. S. CARTER.



116
 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each
 fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
 O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.
- 6 Oh, praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
 All praise to God, the Three in One,
 The One in Three.

H. Auber.

410
 1 K IND Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb
 Comes very tired to Thee ;
 O fold me in Thy loving arms,
 And smile on me.

- 2 I've wandered from Thy fold to-day,
 And could not hear Thee call,
 And O, I was not happy then,
 Nor glad at all.
- 3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,
 And follow close to Thee,
 Through flowery meads and pastures green,
 And happy be.
- 4 Thou kind good Shepherd, in Thy fold
 I evermore would keep,
 In morning's light or evening's shade,
 And while I sleep.
- 5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay
 My head upon Thy breast ;
 I am too tired to tell Thee more,
 Thou know'st the rest.

H. P. H.

542
 1 WE render thanks to thee, O God,
 That Thou to us hast given
 A light that shineth on our path,—
 A light from heaven,—

- 2 That Thou into the hearts of men
 Didst breathe Thy breath divine,
 And mad'st their lips the source from whence
 Flowed words of Thine :—
- 3 The words that speak of lives that live,
 And life beyond the grave,
 Of Him who came that life to give,—
 Those lives to save :—
- 4 Of Him who lowly came as man,—
 To come as man again
 On clouds of glory throned on high,
 As Judge of men.
- 5 Who lived on earth, on earth who died,
 To set His servants free,
 And left this message as their guide,—
 “Remember Me.”
- 6 Then teach us humbly so to tread,
 The path that Saviour trod,
 That we may ever stand prepared
 To meet our God.

G. Thring.

546
 1 W HEN through life's dewy fields we go,
 With flowers on every side ;
 Thou art our Father, and we know
 Thou art our Guide.

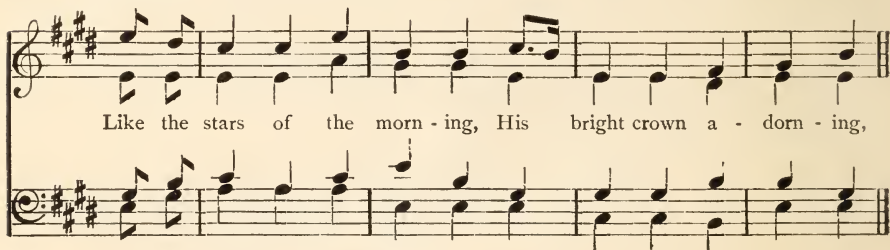
- 2 When some rough thorny path we climb,
 And hope has gone away,
 Yet Thou art with us all the time
 By night and day.
- 3 When friends are near, when love burns
 And no dark shadows fall, [bright,
 Then art Thou present in the light
 That gladdens all.
- 4 When sorrow bids us stand apart,
 And death is at the door,
 Then draw us yet more near Thy heart
 For evermore.
- 5 And when we try to do Thy will
 With self and sin at strife,
 Lord, in that fight with deadly ill
 Be Thou our life.

- 6 So when at last with weary feet
 We reach the eternal shore,
 In Thy great love, Lord, may we meet
 To part no more !

Annie Matheson.



CHORUS.



392

1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

(Chorus.) Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

W. O. Cushing.



409

1 JESUS was once a little child,
A little child like me;
Was cradled in His mother's arms,
And sat upon her knee.

2 Once He was just the age I am,
And was as helpless too;
He used to sleep and walk and speak,
Just as all children do.

3 And yet, though He was once a child,
He is the God of all,
And angel hosts before His throne
In lowly worship fall.

4 And why was it He chose to be
A child so poor and weak?
It was that I might learn from Him
How blessed are the meek;

5 It was that I might learn from Him
My parents to obey,
And, like the Child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day.
Mary F. Cusack.

3 I felt so safe and happy, Lord,
Although I could not see,
And softly whispered ere I slept,
"O God, Thou seest *me*."

4 I think Thou'rt smiling on me now,
For all seems bright and glad,
But when I'm naughty, Saviour dear,
My heart is always sad.

5 I want Thy kind and loving smile
To light me all the way;
O, keep me then from doing wrong,
Or grieving Thee to-day.
H. P. H.

503

1 O THOU who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit when they need
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.
J. M. Neale.

420

1 THY little one, O Saviour dear,
Has just awoke from sleep,
And through the coming day I know
Thou wilt in safety keep.

2 Thou hast been watching over me,
Through all the long dark night;
The darkness is not dark to Thee,
Because Thou art the Light.



66

1 **G**OD, who hath fixed His throne on high,
Made all things great and small,
His mighty hand, His watchful eye
Sees, and upholds them all.

2 What though in heaven the angelic song
Ten thousand thousand raise,
He yet can hear amid the throng
Our simple prayer and praise.

3 And when to earth the Saviour came,
And lived in humble guise,
His power as God was still the same,
Yet nought did He despise.

4 He ruled the storm, He raised the dead,
He walked upon the sea;
Creating, filled the crowds with bread;
He smote the barren tree;

5 Yet did He little ones receive,
And in His arms embrace;
And we may know Him and believe,
And prove His saving grace.

6 "Forbid them not," His Word commands,
"But let them come to Me;
For such the heavenly kingdom stands,
They shall My glory see."

7 Lord, be it ours to hear Thy voice;
To us this grace be given,
To feel Thy presence, and rejoice,
For where Thou art is heaven.

W. Quennell.

481

1 **O**FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.

4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

C. Wesley.

544

1 **W**HEN I had wandered from His fold,
His love the wanderer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought.

2 Therefore, that life, by Him redeemed,
Is His through all its days;
And as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise:

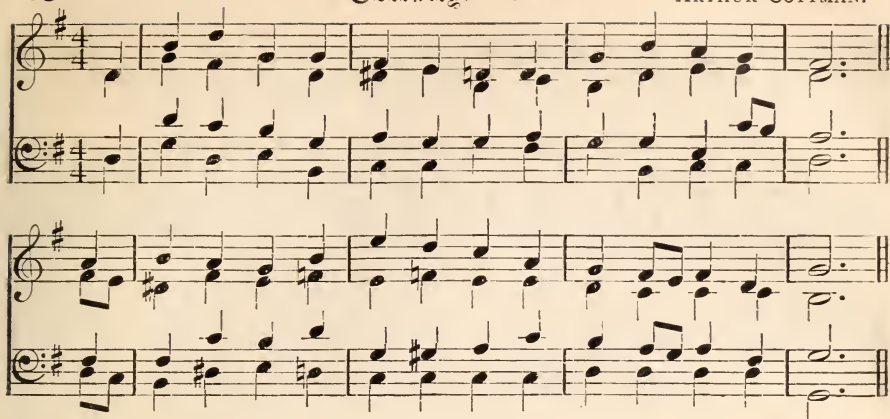
3 For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore—
My Father, Saviour, Comforter—
Now and for evermore.

4 When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
And changed my hopes for fears;
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears.

5 Therefore the joy, by Him restored,
To Him by right belongs;
And to my gracious, loving Lord,
I'll sing through life my songs:

6 For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore—
My Father, Saviour, Comforter—
Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.



69

- 1 I LOVE to think though I am young
My Saviour was a child ;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.
- 2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do ;
And while He walked the paths of youth,
He walked in wisdom too.
- 3 I love to think that He who spake
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.
- 4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own !
And knew her love and care.
- 5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child ;
And left the heavens so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.
- 6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee ;
And O ! in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

E. Paxton Hood.

328

- 1 I HAVE a Father up in heaven,
Whose face I cannot see,
Whose voice I cannot hear, but yet
He is so kind to me.
- 2 He gave me life and keeps me well,
And every day I live
He cares for me and blesses me,
And all I have doth give.
- 3 O gracious Father ! help me now
To thank Thee for Thy love,
And show my thanks by serving Thee
As angels do above.
- 4 I have a Saviour up in heaven,
Who sits at God's right hand,

And everything in earth and sky
Is under His command.

- 5 And yet He loves and pities me,
Yes, once He died for me,
That I might be forgiven and dwell
With Him eternally.
- 6 O gentle Jesus, Saviour kind,
I thank Thee for Thy love !
O wash my sins away, and make
Me fit to dwell above.
- 7 And may I try to grow like Thee
Each day on earth I live ;
But since I am so weak, do Thou
Thy constant succour give.
- 8 Then Thou wilt guide me with Thine eye
And lead me by Thine hand,
And take me up at last to dwell,
In the bright promised land.

F. J. Orchard.

355

- 1 MY God has given me work to do
While in this world I live ;
And He will help me if I pray,
And needful strength will give.
- 2 I have to strive with evil thoughts,
And all in me that's wrong ;
For very many sins I have,
Although I am so young.
- 3 I have my faults to overcome,
My temper to subdue ;
To check my proud and angry words,
And words that are not true.
- 4 And I have duties to fulfil
With diligence each day ;
To try to learn what I am taught,
And humbly to obey.
- 5 'Tis thus a little child like me
May do its Maker's will :
And I will pray for grace and strength
His pleasure to fulfil.

Mrs. Bourdillon.

All hail the power of Je-sus' name ! Let an-gels pros-trate fall ; Bring forth the royal
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

156

Mirfield. C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

3 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

98

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall ;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

E. Perronet and J. Rippon.



51
1 "G LORY to God !" the angel said,
"Good tidings, lo ! I bring ;
In David's city is a Babe,—
Your Lord and Saviour-King.

2 "Glorv to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to man is shown ;
Let heavenly joy at Jesus' birth
Be through the nations known."

3 Glory to God ! let man reply,
For Christ the Lord is come ;
Behold Him in a manger lie—
A stable is His home.

4 Glory to God ! let all the earth
Join in the heavenly song,
And praise Him for the Saviour's birth,
In every land and tongue.

100
1 C OME, happy children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord :
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of our Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that we might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who pardons all your sin,
And says that such as seek His face
Shall life eternal win.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who, with His own right arm,
Upholds and keeps us hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of His name,
And Jesus Christ adore ;
Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise Him evermore.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

101
1 C OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died !" they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb !" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Dr. Watts.

538
1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou
know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright :
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

B. Barton.



41

1 MY Heavenly Father ! all I see,
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to Thee,
And speaks Thy wondrous love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of Thee—
The woods so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
Worship Thee, Holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throng,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds with their melodious song,
Repeat Thy praises still.

4 And Thou dost hear them every one—
Father ! Thou hearest me ;
I know that I am not alone,
When I but think of Thee.

H. Bateman.

75

1 THE night was wild, and stormy winds
To fury lashed the sea ;
And up and down a little boat
Was tossing restlessly.

2 Amid the storm a sight was seen
So strange ; what could it be ?
The boatmen saw approaching them
One walking on the sea.

3 No wonder they were all afraid
And raised a frightened cry,
Till Jesus kindly calmed their fears,
And told them, " It is I."

4 O have we ever heard that voice ?
For Jesus, though on high,

Still stoops to cheer and comfort us,
And whispers, " It is I."

5 When strong temptations hedge us round,
From which we long to fly,
And Jesus opens up a way,
He then says, " It is I."

6 When daily proofs of love are sent ;
In every fresh supply
We ought to hear the Giver's voice,
Which tells us, " It is I."

7 O may we through life's busy scenes,
And when we come to die,
For ever hear the Saviour say,
" Fear not, child ; it is I."

E. Hodder.

296

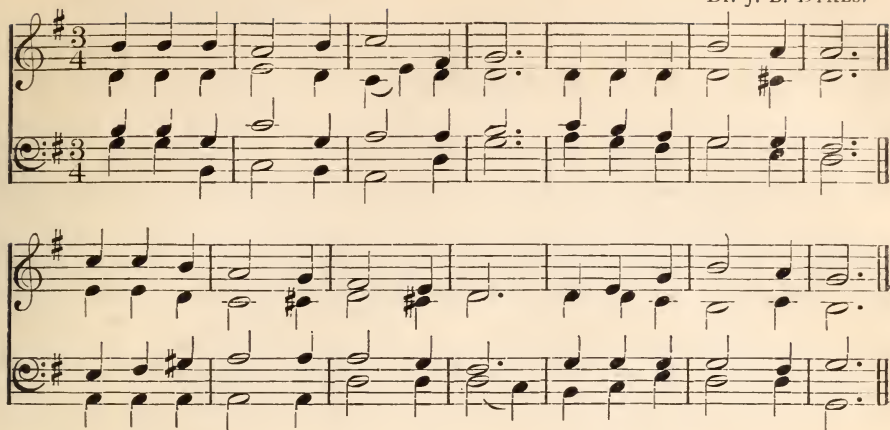
1 BEFORE the throne of God above
The glorious angels stand ;
Their only wish, their only joy,
To do their Lord's command.

2 Some ever bow before His face,
And praise Him all day long,
And sing in never-ending strains
Their blessed joyous song.

3 These holy angels never choose,
And never wish or ask,
For other work than what God gives
To be their daily task.

4 And we must like the angels be—
Not choosing good or ill,
But humbly striving day by day
To do God's holy will.

Mary F. Cusack.



432

1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in ;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean ;

4 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones ;
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.

5 Fill every part of me with praise ;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord !
Poor though I be, and weak.

6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free :
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

H. Bonar.

467

1 L ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

2 In word and plan and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work ;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.

3 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn ;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

4 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way ;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray.

5 O ! send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give !
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

6 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord ;
It is Thy race I run :
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

H. Bonar.

522

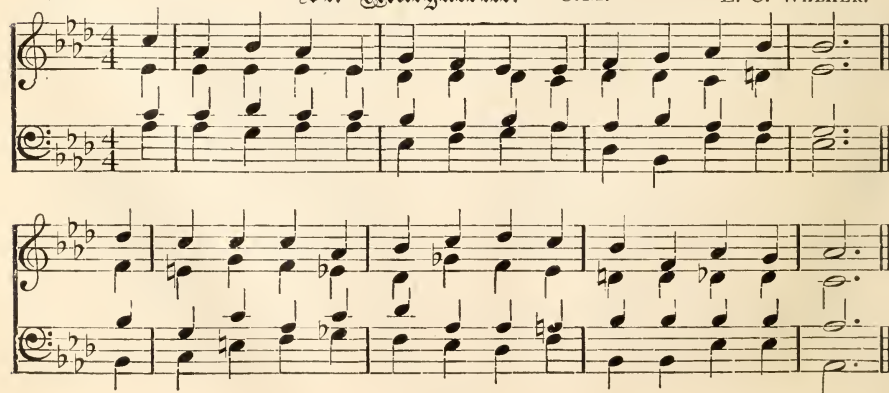
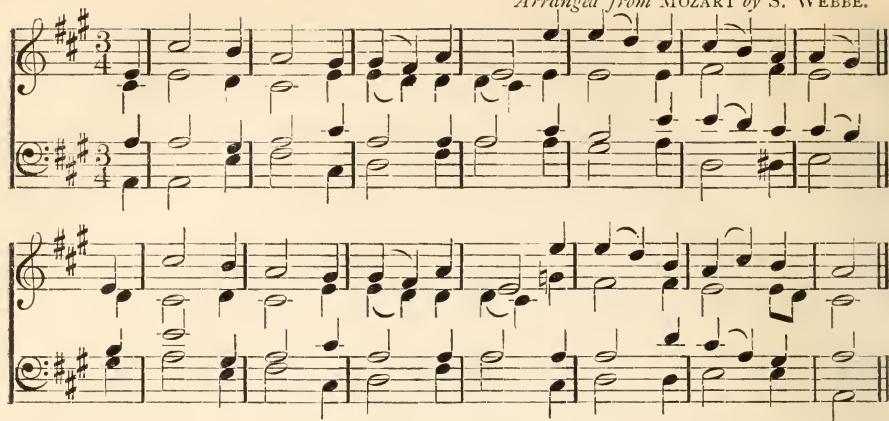
1 TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Let this mine every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

C. Wesley.



61

1 A WIDOWED mother lost her son,
She had no son beside ;
He was her loved, her only one,
And he fell ill and died.

2 And many a friend shed many a tear,
But none had power to save ;
They placed the body on a bier,
To bear it to the grave.

3 When lo ! a company appears,
A band by Jesus led :—
Jesus can dry the mourner's tears,
Jesus can raise the dead !

4 His heart, with tender pity moved,
Felt for the widow's grief ;
"Weep not," He said, and soon He proved
His hand could give relief.

5 He touched the bier,—the mourner's eyes
Are fixed upon the Lord ;
"Young man, I say to thee arise !"
Is His almighty word.

6 He rises up,—he speaks,—he lives ;
No tear need now be shed ;
Christ to the widowed mother gives
The child she mourned as dead.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

398

1 FROM His high throne, above the sky,
The Lord can all things see :
I cannot see Him, but His eye
Looks kindly down on me.

2 He cared for me before I knew
That I had such a Friend :
When my first feeble breath I drew,
He did my life defend.

3 He keeps me still by His great power,
From danger night and day :
I could not live a single hour
If He were far away.

4 But He is always near and kind,
And loves to hear my prayer :
May I His tender mercy find,
And trust His love and care.

402

1 HOW pleasant is the cheerful light,
At early morning hour,
When golden tints of sunshine bright
Paint field, and leaf, and flower.

2 And everything wakes up to see
The sight so bright and fair ;
And all the world smiles cheerfully,
In the fresh summer air.

3 I think that loving-kindness brings
Sunshine to every home ;
And true and joyful comfort springs
Where kind attentions come.

4 I think, too, God is pleased to see
A life of usefulness ;
May I the sunshine ever be
My happy home to bless.

H. Bateman.

448

1 I THANK Thee, Lord, for using me
For Thee to work and speak ;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

2 I thank Thee if, through me, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given ;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

3 For any hope, or light, or joy,
Imparted, Lord, through me
To one sad soul upon this earth,
Unknown to all but Thee.

4 I thank Thee, gracious God, for all
Of witness there hath been
From me, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen.

5 O, honour higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
By Thee my Lord and King !

H. Bonar.

483

1 O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white !

4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin !
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6 Still smite ! still burn ! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love ;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

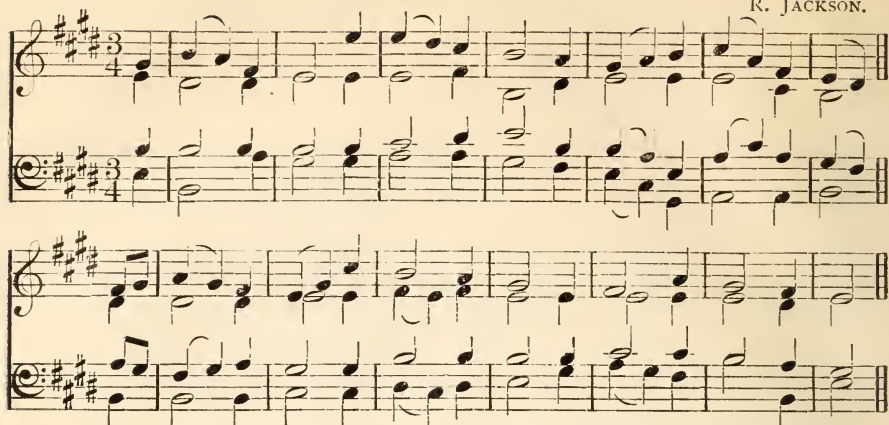
7 Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

T. Hughes.

163

Bridge. C.M.

R. JACKSON.



164

Stafford. C.M.

Dr. S. HOWARD.



165

Tallis. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



221

1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

3 We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest ;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.

4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

G. Rawson.

252

1 THE many are not always right,
The few not always wrong ;
Weak oft are those who boast their might,
But truth is always strong.

2 O, let me have a holy name,
E'en though alone I be !
Vain is the charm of earthly fame,
And sin's short victory.

3 I'd rather with Elijah stand,
Alone on Carmel's crest,
Than own allegiance to the band
Whose shame was there confessed.

4 I'd rather have a Daniel's crown
Of fearless fortitude,
Than basely lay my manhood down
With craven multitude.

5 I'd rather be the one true heart,
Strong in a purpose high,
Than cowardly from Christ depart,
With recreant hosts to die.

6 Whate'er befall, to me a place
Be with the victors given,
Where faithful ones behold His face,
Amidst the bliss of heaven !

Julius Brigg.

385

1 UPON the shore of life we stand,
The ocean lies before ;
And we would seek that better land
Where grief is known no more.

2 But, Lord, across life's stormy sea,
Ere yet we launch away,
Our trusting souls we lift to Thee ;
Go with us, Lord, we pray.

3 Alone we dare not spread our sails
To brave the stormy deep ;
Alone we dare not face the gales
That o'er the ocean sweep.

4 Alone we cannot steer our bark
Across the trackless main ;
Amid the waters wild and dark
Our skill were all in vain.

5 O then be Thou our pilot, Lord,
To guide us on our way,
And speak, when storms arise, the word
Which winds and waves obey.

394

1 ALWAYS by day, always by night,—
While resting, or at play ;
My life is passing in Thy sight,
Thou markest all my way.

2 I cannot speak, but Thou dost hear,—
I whisper, Thou dost know,—
I walk, and Thou art ever near,—
Thou goest where I go.

3 The thoughts so secret in my heart
Are looked upon by Thee ;
My God, how wonderful Thou art,
How little I must be !

4 Bless me and keep me near to Thee,
In holy, loving fear ;
That it may please and comfort me
To know Thou art so near.

H. Bateman.

404

1 I LIKE to play ; but life was made
For something more than play ;
God gave it—I should be afraid
To throw His gift away.

2 And God knows well,—and He knows best,
He is so wise and kind,—
How much I need a day of rest,
For body and for mind.

3 My Sunday rest ; the Day of days,
To help and teach and bless :
A day to think and pray and praise ;
God's day of pleasantness !

4 Thou art so good and kind to me,
That I would gladly pay
My thankful service, Lord, to Thee,
On this Thy holy day.

H. Bateman.

495

1 O LORD ! with toil our days are filled ;
They rarely leave us free,
O give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee.

2 Yet hear us, little though we ask :
O ! leave us not alone ;
In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.

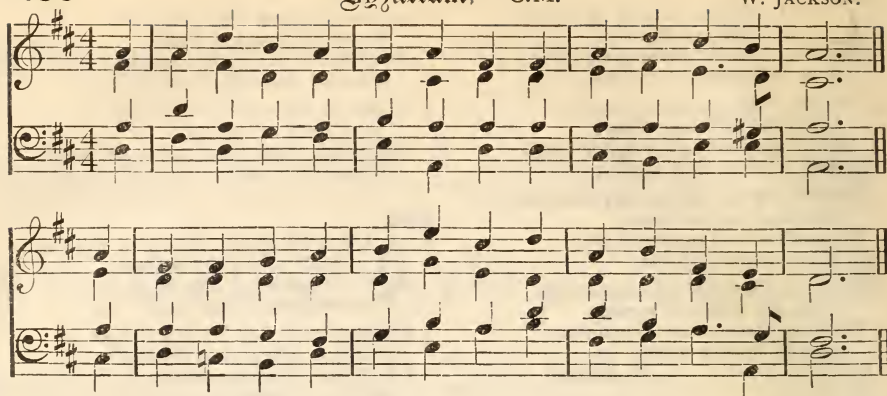
3 Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food,
And mark, as none on earth can mark,
Our struggle to be good.

A. Ainger.

166

Byzantium, C.M.

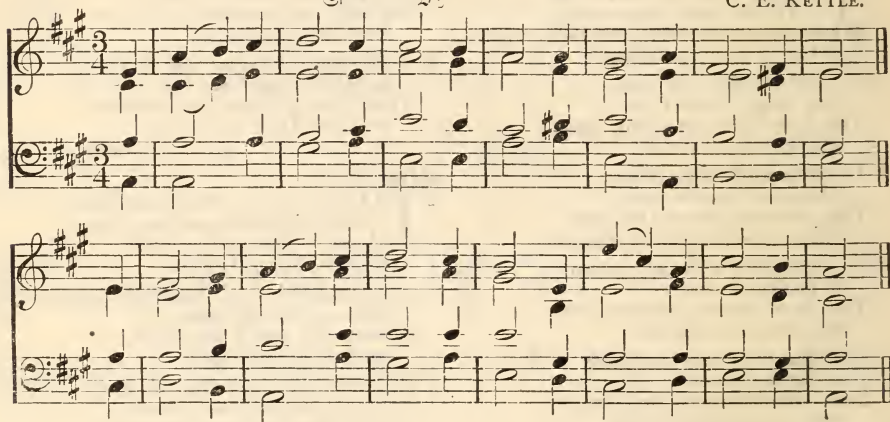
W. JACKSON.



167

Farningham, C.M.

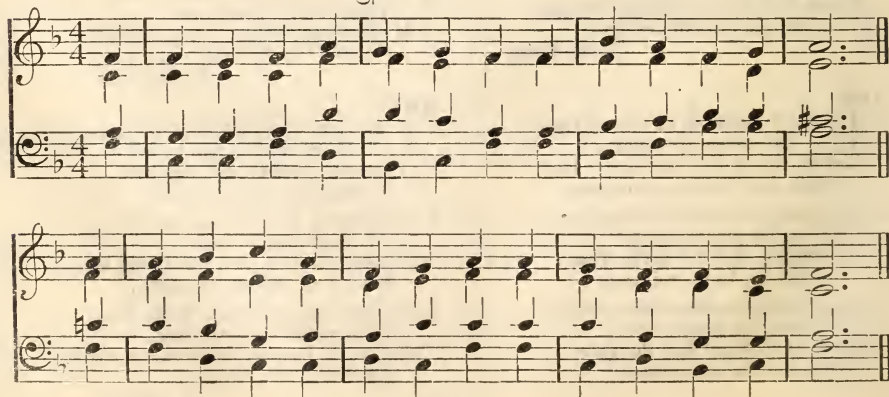
C. E. KETTLE.



168

Flabian, C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.



43

1 OUR heavenly Father calls us near,
And bids us seek His face ;
Let all our hearts with joy reply,—
“ We'll seek our Father's face.”

2 Our food, our clothes, and all we have
Are given us from above,
And every blessing we receive
Comes from the God of love.

3 'Tis love that guides our wandering feet
To tread the sacred road,
And keeps us in the path that leads
To happiness and God.

4 'Twas love that sent a Saviour down
To die for sinful men ;
'Twas love that raised Him from the grave,
That we might rise again.

5 Then let our cheerful voices join
The angel choirs above,
And all in heaven and earth combine
To praise the God of love.

81

1 WHEN Jesus, at a wondrous feast,
Five thousand people fed,
And, with almighty power, increased
The fish and barley bread,

2 A lad was there, whose frugal store
Received the Saviour's word ;
Thus was he raised, though mean and poor,
To wait upon the Lord.

3 Thrice happy youth, how blest his lot !
O Saviour, grant that we,
Although our eyes behold Thee not,
May thus Thy servants be.

4 Our time and all our active powers,
All good that we have known,
In solemn trust alone are ours ;
We give Thee of Thine own.

I. P. C.

372

1 TEACH me, O Lord, where'er I move
To find some trace of Thee,
And read some record of Thy love
In everything I see.

2 In every path of daily life
Uphold me in Thy fear ;
Teach me, 'midst scenes of peace or strife,
To say, “ My Father's here.”

3 Though harm and evil walk my path,
Still let me see Thee there ;
And know that Thou canst curb their wrath,
And hast me in Thy care.

4 I know that I am very frail,
A poor and helpless child ;
And fearful-foes my heart assail
Along the pathway wild.

5 Then teach me, Lord, where'er I move,
To find some trace of Thee ;
And read some record of Thy love
In everything I see.

E. Paxton Hood.

379

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But, where it lights, the favoured place,
By richest fruits is known.

5 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

7 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

8 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

466

1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
“ Father, Thy will be done.”

5 Keep peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven ;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

J. H. Gurney.

L 2

170

Nox Processit. C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

171

Sawley. C.M.

J. WALCH.

Org.
Org.

42

1 **N**ONE is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high ;
None is like God, whose name is Love,
And who is always nigh.

2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from His care ;
We cannot go where God is not,
For He is everywhere.

3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see ;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

4 He is our best and kindest Friend,
And guards us night and day ;
To all our wants He will attend,
And answer when we pray.

J. Burton.

263

1 **G**OD of our life, our morning songs
To Thee we cheerful raise ;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant Thee to praise.

2 Sustained by Thee, our opening eyes
Salute the morning light ;
Secure we stand, unhurt by all
The dangers of the night.

3 Our life renewed, our strength repaired,
To Thee, O God, are due :
Teach us Thy ways, and give us grace
Our duty to pursue.

4 From every enemy defend,
But guard us most from sin :
Direct our going out, O Lord,
And bless our coming in.

5 O may Thy holy fear command
Each action, thought, and word !
Then we shall sweetly close the day,
Approved of Thee, our Lord.

C. Wesley.

338

1 **I**T is but little that I know,
But little I can do ;
I cannot tell which way to go,
Life's tangled journey through.

2 But this I know, that God is wise,
And very, very good ;
His loving hand my want supplies,
Home, comfort, health, and food.

3 And well I know—O, happiness,
To know and feel it true !— [bless
That He, through Christ the Lord, will
With His salvation too.

4 Why, then, should doubt, or why should fear
Disturb or trouble me !
I know that God is always near,
And loves unchangeably.

H. Bateman.

399

1 **G**OD is in heaven. Can He hear
A little prayer like mine ?
Yes, that He can ; I need not fear,
He'll listen unto mine.

2 God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong ?

Yes, that He can ; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie ?

Yes ; though I said it very low
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me ?

Yes ; all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die ?

Yes ; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

Ann Gilbert.

511

1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try :
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold, he prays ! "

5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery.

528

1 **T**HOU art the Way, by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart :
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane.



83

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus was on earth He used
To heal the sick and blind,
And every one who came to Him
New peace and rest would find.
- 2 He laid His blessed hands upon
The sorrowful and sad,
And even sinful souls, if they
Repented, were made glad.
- 3 His look was full of tenderest love,
His heart was, O! so kind;
And if we searched the whole wide world,
No love like His we'd find.
- 4 And now we know that gentle Christ
Is still the same in heaven;
Then ask Him for the grace you need,
It will be freely given.
- 5 Ask Him to take your sinful heart
And make it all His own,
That you may love Him more and more,
And live for Him alone.

Mary F. Cusack.

290

- 1 **T**HE twilight falls, the night is near;
We fold our work away;
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.
- 2 The old, old story; yet we kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
And cares grow lighter as we feel
That Jesus knows them all.
- 3 Knows all! the morning and the night
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.
- 4 Thou knowest all: we lean our head,
Our wearied eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The path, since Jesus knows.

- 5 And He has loved us! all our heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguish, pain, and smart,
Find healing in that word.
- 6 So we can lay us down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall;
And lean, confiding on His breast,
Who knows and pities all.

From Congregational Hymns.

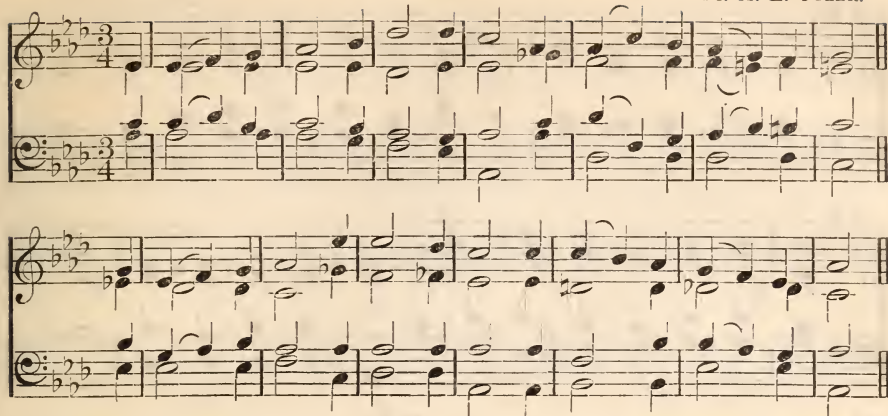
354

- 1 **M**AKE channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
- 2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of Love.

R. C. Trench.

389

- 1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for all the joys
And blessings of the light;
For rest and sleep when softly fall
The shadows of the night;
- 2 For love, and home, and friends, and flowers,
And all things bright and fair;
But more for Thine own presence felt
About us everywhere.
- 3 Not only in life's happier days
Would we Thy goodness see,
We want to feel Thee just as near
When pain and grief must be.



4 Still closer would we cling to Thee
When night is drawing near,
And in our Father's smile forget
The darkness and the fear.

5 If Thy pure light within our hearts
And on our pathway shine,
In joy or sorrow we shall know
The hand that leads is Thine.

From the Home Hymn-book.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crowdsen.

443

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

J. Newton.

529

1 **T**HOU Grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, boundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall ;
O Love of God most free.

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
A soft hand blinds our eyes,
And we are guided safe and slow ;
O Love of God most wise.

3 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace ;
O Love of God most strong.

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind.

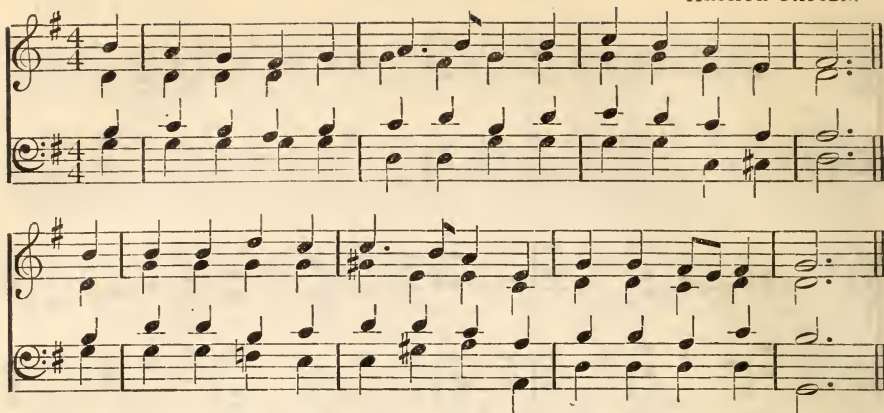
5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know Thee by a dearer name ;
O Love of God within.

6 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death ;
O Love of God ! to Thee.

Eliza Scudder.

527

1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too slight
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no burdening care too light
To wake Thy sympathy.



89

1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear ;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good ;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too ;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. Alexander.

169

1 THE good old Book with histories
Of many a by-gone age ;
And promises and prophecies
On almost every page.

2 The glorious psalms, so full of thought
And teaching good and wise !
And everywhere examples fraught
With human sympathies.

3 The holy life of Christ, our Lord,
His love, so pure and free,
And every kind and gentle word
That helps and teaches me.

4 Wonderful Book ! O, fill my heart,
Great God, with Thy true fear :
And, as I read, Thy grace impart
To make it plain and clear.

H. Bateman.

294

1 A THOUGHT is but a little thing,
That nobody can see,
Yet a real joy or sorrowing
That thought may come to be.

2 A word ! O, what can well be less !
And yet by every one
There comes sweet peace or bitterness,
And good or ill is done.

3 An action ! all the little deeds
That ripple through the day ;
What right or wrong from each proceeds
Before they pass away.

4 Great God, my actions, words, and thought
Are all observed by Thee ;
May I, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Live always carefully.

H. Bateman.

351

1 LORD, who hast made me Thy dear
And loved me tenderly, [child,
O hear me when I come to own
My many faults to Thee.

2 How often I have thought that I
A better child would be,
More gentle, loving, kind, and true,
And pleasing unto Thee !

3 And yet I have not conquered sin,
Nor striven as I should ;
I have not always looked to Thee
When trying to be good.

4 Yet turn not from me, dearest Lord,
But all my faults forgive,
And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live.

E. C. W.

374

1 THE Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear ;
He knows, not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.



2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see ;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say ;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart ;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve Thee with the heart.

5 Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne,
Thy praise we will proclaim,
And daily our requests make known
In our Redeemer's name.

J. Burton.

380

1 **T**HERE is a mother's voice of love,
To hush her little child ;
There is a father's voice of praise,
So earnest and so mild ;

2 But there is yet another voice,
That speaks in gentlest tone—
I think that we can hear it best
When we are quite alone.

3 It is a still small, holy voice,
The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our heart,
And says that He is by.

4 The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
And praise us when we're right ;
We hear it in the light of day,
And in the quiet night.

5 And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound—
When they have listened, in their hearts
The still small voice have found.

6 And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for the voice
That told them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

405

1 **I**N my soft bed, when quite alone,
God watches me with care !
Sees me at rising, kneeling down,
And listens to my prayer.

2 He follows me through all the day,
Knows everything I do ;
Remembers every word I say,
My thoughts and temper too.

3 If I am kind, God knows it well :
If I am cross, He hears :
A falsehood from the truth can tell :
He sees my smiles and tears.

4 Great God, my footsteps guide and bless,
And may it be to me
A thankfulness and happiness,
That "Thou, God, seest me."

H. Bateman.

533

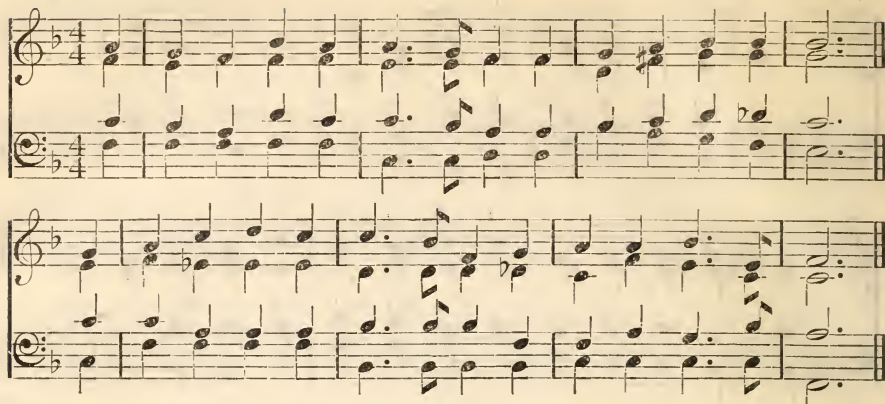
1 **T**HY home is with the humble, Lord,
The simplest are the best ;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
Thou makest there Thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest ?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

4 Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord !
Great Spirit ! is it Thou ?
Deeper and deeper in my heart,
I feel Thee resting now.

F. W. Faber.



38

1 GREAT God, the world is full of Thee,
Thy kindness, and Thy power ;
The bright blue sky, and rolling sea,
Green tree, and summer flower.

2 And every day, and everywhere,
Thou watchest everything ;
The tender lamb enjoys Thy care ;
The little birds that sing.

3 And very, very kind indeed
Thou art, O God, to me ;
Supplying all my daily need ;
And helping patiently.

4 Teach my young heart to yield its love
Through Jesus Christ Thy Son ;
That I may dwell with Thee above,
When life below is done.

H. Bateman.

147

1 WE have no words with which to tell
The truths that others teach,
And scarcely one would hearken well
Unto our childish speech :—

2 Yet day by day if we should try
To do the things we know,
The wisest that should pass us by,
Might wiser, holier, grow.

3 Our Saviour Christ a lesson taught
From lilies in the grass,
From little birds, that quick as thought
Amongst the branches pass.

4 A wise man, and a holy one,
God's blessed Word should preach ;
But if by us His will be done,
Some truth may children teach.

5 If, when our neighbour does us wrong,
An answer kind we make,
And bear it patiently and long,
A lesson he may take.

6 And sinner thus from sinner learns
Something that God has taught,
And by a lamp that feebly burns
To holier light is brought.

Helen Taylor.

171

1 THY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair ;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine ;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.

3 Thy Word is like a starry host :
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring ;
Though many tongues and parts unite
It is one song they sing.

5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find, for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

6 Oh, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine !

7 Oh, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword ;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

E. Hodder.

281

1 LORD, when we have not any light,
And mothers are asleep,
Then through the stillness of the night
Thy little children keep !



2 When shadows haunt the quiet room,
Help us to understand
That Thou art with us through the gloom,
To hold us by the hand.

3 And though we do not always see
The holy angels near,
O may we trust ourselves to Thee,
Nor have one foolish fear.

4 Forgive our sins and help us all
More brave and good to be,
For Thou dost love e'en those who fall,
E'en those who love not Thee.

5 So in the morning may we wake
When wakes the kindly sun,
More loving for our Father's sake
To each unloving one !

Annie Matheson.

2 O for the perfect love that leans
On Love's almighty arm ;
The trust no earthquake can disturb,
Nor death, nor hell alarm :

3 The love that trusts each promise given,
That each command approves ;
And in each path prescribed by heaven.
With glad obedience moves ;

4 The love that serves with quenchless zeal,
That "Abba, Father," cries ;
Its constant joy, His holy will,
Its hope and home, the skies.

5 O God of Love ! kind Comforter,
O loving Jesus, hear !
This perfect love to me impart,
The love that casts out fear.

Newman Hall.

384

1 THOU blessed Jesus, pity me,
A little pilgrim child ;
Help me to love and follow Thee.
Unfearing, undefiled.

2 They say the world is full of sin,
More full than I can tell :
Teach me its journey to begin,
So that I end it well.

3 Thou art so kind, that I may call
Thee Father,—and my Friend ;
So great, Thou knowest, seest all,
And canst from harm defend.

4 Then keep me loving, humble, true,
Be Thou my pattern, Lord ;
And guide me all life's dangers through
By Thy most holy Word.

H. Bateman.

531

1 THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do ;
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear.
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

3 Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright ;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. Gaskell.

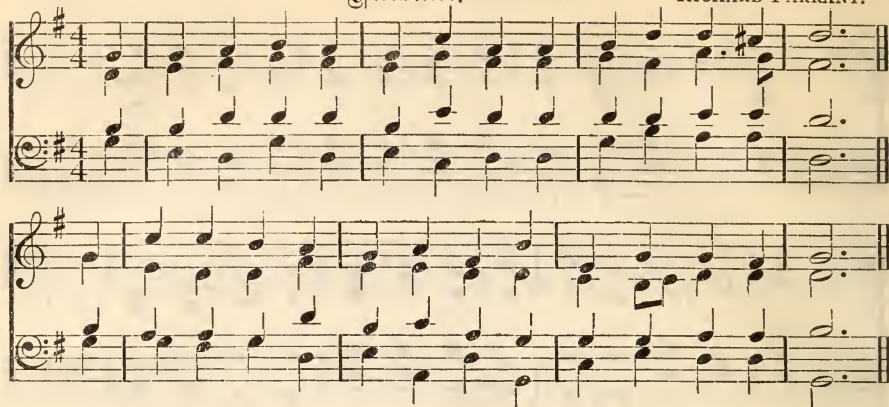
482

1 () FOR the love, the perfect love.
The love that casts out fear :
That sings amid the wildest storm.
And smiles through every tear.

178

Farrant. C.M.

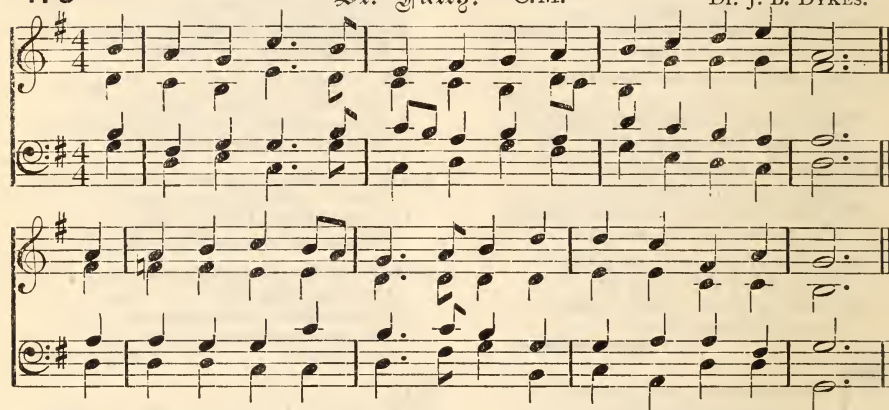
RICHARD FARRANT.



179

St. Faith. C.M.

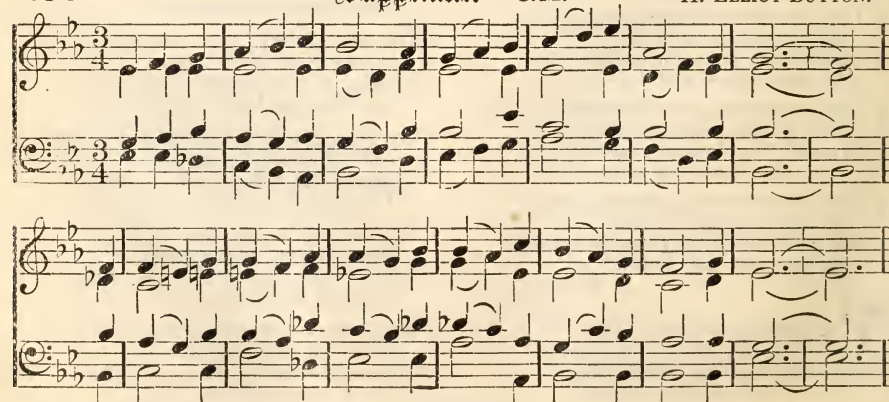
Dr. J. B. DYKES.



180

Suppliant. C.M.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



46

1 **T**HERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
As far as space extends,
There He displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

J. C. Wallace.

78

1 **'T**IS very wonderful, I'm sure,
That Jesus Christ should come,—
The Lord of all things! to endure
The world for His poor home.

2 In weariness, and pain and woe,
In shame and poverty;
All that a suffering life could know,
He suffered willingly.

3 Highest of all! He stooped to die;
Kindest! bore insults rude:
And all that I, and such as I,
Might happy be, and good.

4 Thou blessed Saviour, what a love,
Pure, tender, true, was Thine!
May holy thoughts and actions prove
How real and true is mine.

H. Bateman.

297

1 **B**LEST Saviour, let me be a child,
A little child of Thine;
Thou hast on childlike spirits smiled,
O kindly smile on mine.

2 Make me a child in simple ways,
In heart more simple still;
Believing all the Father says,
And doing all His will.

3 Give me a nature pure and true,
My evil one control;
And day by day Thy grace renew
The childhood of my soul.

4 May this sweet spirit ne'er depart,
Midst all my joys and cares;
And may I be a child in heart,
Although a man in years.

A. J. Morris.

313

1 **G**OD does not judge as we must do,
By word and look and tone;
He sees the motive through and through,
And knows why all is done.

2 The costly gift, from hand of pride,
He will not bless at all;
He loves the offering, sanctified
By faith, however small.

3 A cup of water lovingly
To want or weakness given,
For Christ's dear sake, will surely be
Acceptable in heaven.

4 The helpful hand, the tender heart,
Kind words, and gentle ways,
In God's remembrance have a part;
And all show forth His praise.

H. Bateman.

314

1 **G**OD, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow:
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

2 God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower.
Although the place be small.

3 God, make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong.
And makes the singer glad.

4 God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

5 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

M. Beetham-Edwards.

423

1 **A**LMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

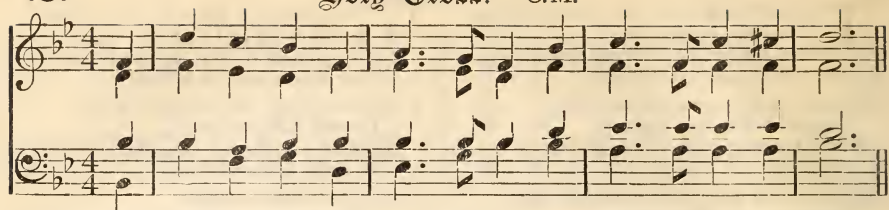
3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

J. Cawood.

181

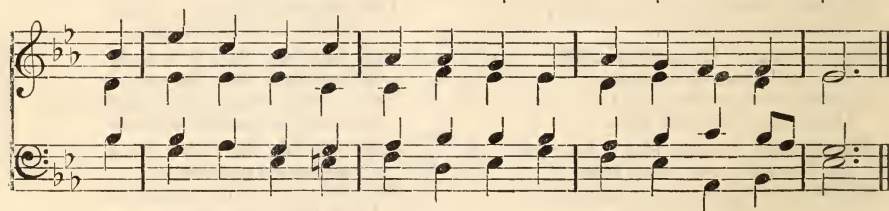
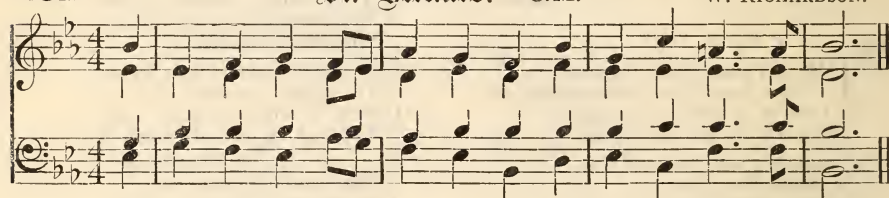
Holy Cross. C.M.



182

St. Bernard. C.M.

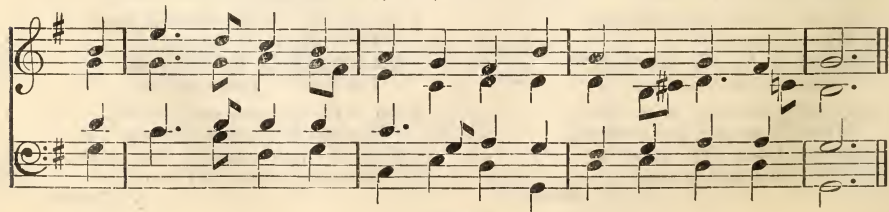
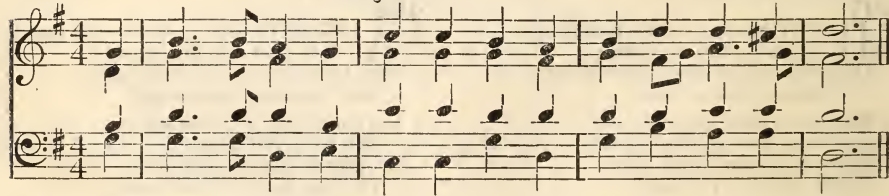
W. RICHARDSON.



183

Winchester Old. C.M.

ALISON'S Psalter.



52

1 **H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind.
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

P. Dodaridge.

182

1 **O** THOU who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown ;

2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord ;
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

4 And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go ;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

H. Alford.

209

1 **S**WEET flowers are blooming in God's
sight,
Created by His word,
Beneath His heaven of sunny light,
By spring's quick pulses stirred.

2 In the blue skies the skylarks sing,
Their music fills the air ;
What is it makes their voices ring
With gladness everywhere ?

3 It is the love of God, I know,
His world with joy doth fill ;
His birds that sing, His flowers that blow,
Each of them does His will.

4 If He is glad when small birds sing,
And flowers drink up the dew,
Can I, His child, do anything
To bring Him service too ?

5 I am not wise, nor great, nor strong,
But I His will may do ;
May love and serve Him all day long,
Be gentle, kind, and true.

6 And if to birds and flowers His smile
Of love and joy be given,
His child shall serve Him all the while,
And find that Love is heaven.

M. B. Stevenson.

213

1 **O** THOU whose bounty fills the earth,
Accept the gifts we bring ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
From Thy perfection spring.

2 These flowers that on our borders blow,
Each in its time and place,
Shine out like smiles that come and go
On some beloved face ;

3 They make us happy, for they tell
Of love unseen but sure ;
Let others then be glad as well—
The suffering and the poor !

4 To beds of anguish and of death
We send our store of flowers,
To whisper with their fragrant breath
Their Father's love and ours.

5 Take, Lord, our gifts ; but take us too,
Thy human flowers, to prove
By lives unselfish, kind, and true,
That Thou, O God, art Love.

J. Ellerton.

480

1 **O**, FOR a heart to praise my God ;
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak ;
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

C. Wesley.

499

1 **O** SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within,
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

2 O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light :

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee,
And, in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

W. H. Bathurst.

184

St. Etheldreda, C.M.

T. TURTON.

Two systems of musical notation for St. Etheldreda, C.M. by T. Turton. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff. The first system is in G major (one sharp) and the second system is in F major (one flat). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody and accompaniment.

185

St. Fulbert, C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

From the "Church Hymn and Tune Book," by permission.

Two systems of musical notation for St. Fulbert, C.M. by Dr. Gauntlett. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody and accompaniment.

186

St. Leonard, C.M.

HENRY SMART.

Two systems of musical notation for St. Leonard, C.M. by Henry Smart. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody and accompaniment.

17
1 I N thankful songs our hearts we lift,
Father divine, to Thee ;
Giver of every perfect gift,
Pure let our praises be.

2 We thank Thee for the constant care
That every want supplies,
The goodness that exceeds our prayer,
The wisdom that denies.

3 We thank Thee for the flowers that blow
Around the path we tread,
Green beauty of the earth below,
Bright sunshine overhead.

4 For every voice that breathes Thy name,
For all things pure and clean,
Each noble deed, each upward aim,
For aught where Christ is seen.

5 We thank Thee, Lord, for dearer joys,
For hearts more strong and true,
For love that feeds, and never cloy,
For mercy ever new ;

6 For hope, that lives on words divine,
Nor fails with mortal breath,
Of life immortal, one with Thine,
Through Him who conquered death.

7 O Thou, to whom all hearts are known,
Our hearts inspire and raise,
To love Thee for Thyself alone,
And live but for Thy praise.

C. C. Bell.

40
1 I KNOW, when I lie down to sleep,
That God is near my bed ;
That angels watch by His command
Around my youthful head.

2 I know, when I kneel down to pray,
That still my God is there ;
He hears my words, He sees my thoughts,
And will accept my prayer.

3 I know, when I go forth to play,
That God is by my side ;
Through every hour, at every step,
He is my Guard and Guide.

4 I know His eye sees everything
In earth and sea and air ;
That He, in darkness as in light,
Can see me everywhere.

5 Then let me guard each thought, each word,
Lest He should chance to find
Evil within a heart that should
Be gentle, meek, and kind.

M. F. Tytler.

175
1 T HIS is the day the light was made,
That glorious gift of heaven ;
This is the day the Lord arose,
The best of all the seven.

2 This is the day the darkness fled,
And death to life gave way ;
To light and life for evermore
God calls us all to-day.

3 Then wake, ye children of the light,
And hearken to His voice ;
With early songs of praise draw nigh,
And in His courts rejoice.

4 Let sin and sloth, and faithless fear,
From every heart be driven ;
Spend we this day as they that hope
To gain the joys of heaven.

5 Praise to the Father and the Son,
And equal praise be Thine,
Blest Spirit, who our hearts dost fill
With light and life divine.

J. Chandler.

382
1 T HERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.

3 How shall a little pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.

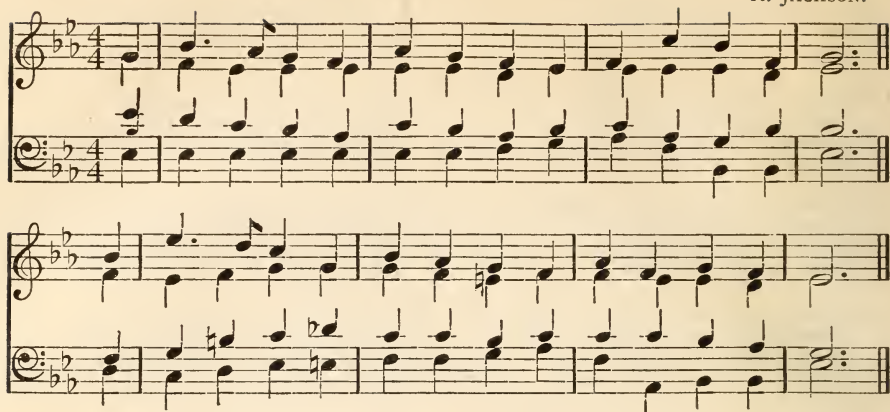
4 While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old,
“ The lambs He'll gather with His arm,
And lead them to the fold.”

7 Thus may I safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

Jane Taylor.



117

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy Name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
And glory ever be.

A. Judson.

186

1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

244

1 OUR Saviour's voice is soft and sweet
When bending from above,
He bids us gather round His feet,
And calls us by His love.

2 But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That thus He bids us come,
"Jesus!" we cry with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wanderers home."

3 They never heard the Saviour's name,
They have not learned His way;
They do not know His grace who came
To take their sins away.

4 Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound
In distant lands be heard;
And O, wherever sin is found,
Send forth Thy pardoning word.

5 And if our lips may breathe a prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear,
O, let Thy grace our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds here.

Mrs. Parson.

265

1 MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy Holy Name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That, as Thou wilt, I may live,
And what Thou wilt be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' name.

4 My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

Sir H. W. Baker.



305

1 **D**EAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

4 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
That love is all from Thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

6 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

7 To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

F. W. Faber.

381

1 **T**HERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in my ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;

It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along my pilgrim road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

5 And there, with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. Whitfield.

459

1 **J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this—
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.



16

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a flower or plant below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Dr. Watts.

24

I PRAISE ye the Lord! immortal choir,
In heavenly heights above,
With harp and voice and souls of fire,
Burning with perfect love.

2 Shine to His glory, worlds of light!
Ye million suns of space,
Fair moons and glittering stars of night,
Running your mystic race!

3 Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky
With crystal, crimson, gold,
And rainbow arches raised on high,
The Light of light unfold!

4 Lift to Jehovah, wintry main,
Your grand white hands in prayer;
Still summer seas, in dulcet strain
Murmur hosannas there!

5 Do homage, breezy ocean floor,
With many-twinkling sign;
Majestic calms, be hushed before
The Holiness Divine!

6 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord!

7 His name, ye forests, wave along;
Whisper it, every flower;
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song
That tells His love and power!

8 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on;
Join every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison!

9 Come, aged man! come, little child!
Youth, maiden, peasant, king—
To God in Jesus reconciled,
Your hallelujahs bring!

10 The all creating Deity,
Maker of earth and heaven!
The great redeeming Majesty,
To Him the praise be given!

G. Rawson.

108

I THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open wide,
The King of Glory is gone in,
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.



- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud,
That veiled Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For ever, Lord, in Thee.

Mrs. Alexander.

- 2 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While, louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
- 3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
- 4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's song of praise,
Let all the children sing.

J. Montgomery.

109

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly.

331

- 1 I LOVE to sing of that great Power
That made the earth and sea;
But better still I love to sing,
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 I love to sing of shrub and flower,
And all things fair to see;
Yet sweeter than all other songs
Is "Jesus died for me."
- 3 I love to think how angels sing,
From sin and sorrow free;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To "Jesus died for me."
- 4 I love to think of God, of heaven,
And all its purity;
God is my Father, heaven my home,
For Jesus died for me.
- 5 And when I reach that happy place,
From sin for ever free,
I'll lift my voice in rapturous praise,
That Jesus died for me.
- 6 There shall I, at His sacred feet,
Adoring, bow the knee,
And swell the everlasting song,
With "Jesus died for me."

324

- 1 HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ the children's King;
His praise, to whom their souls belong,
Let all the children sing.



168

GREAT God, with wonder and with
praise
On all Thy works I look ;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy Book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given ;
But Thy good Word informs my soul
How I may get to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy Word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

5 O ! may I love the Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read its wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

Dr. Watts.

450

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier.

474

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !

2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

3 O, how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !

4 Yet may I love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee.

F. W. Faber.



488

1 **O** JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede ;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace ;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought ;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim ;
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.

5 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free ;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart
Of my prayer hearer be.

6 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move,
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

J. C. Lavater, tr. H. B. Smith.

491

1 **O** JESUS, King most wonderful.
Thou Conqueror renowned ;
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,—

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire ;—

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;

And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee, may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee, may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

493

1 **O** LORD and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

2 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

3 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

4 Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

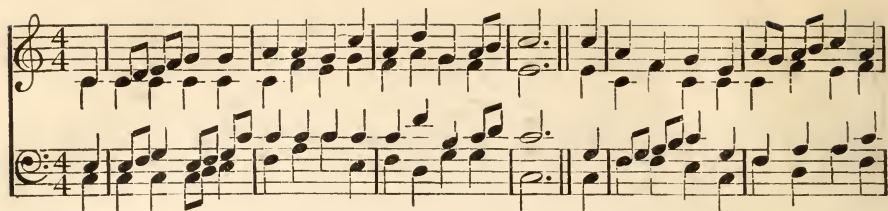
5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

6 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

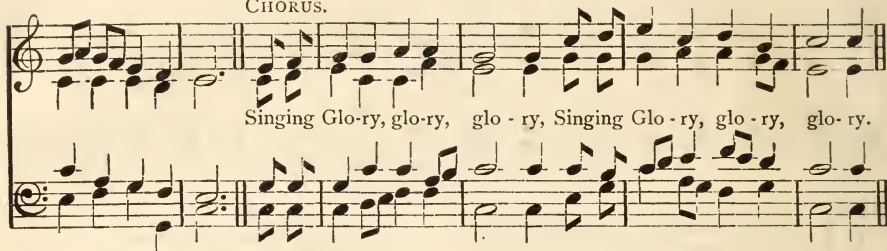
7 Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving name is given ;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

8 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In different phrase we pray ;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

J. G. Whittier.



CHORUS.



395

1 **A** ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
(Chorus.) Singing Glory, glory, glory.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love :
How came those children there ?

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed :
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face
And stand before the Lamb.

Anne Shepherd.

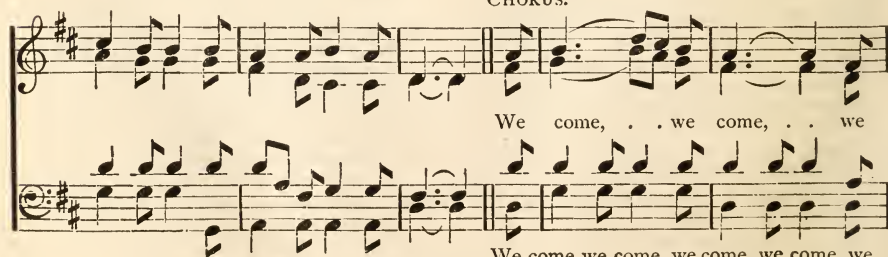
194

Greeting. C.M. and Chorus.

W. B. BRADBURY.



CHORUS.



We come, we come, we come, we come, we

come with song to greet you, We come, . . we come, . we come with song a - gain.

196

1 **A**NOTHER year has passed away,
Time swiftly glides along ;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our joyous song.

2 We come the Saviour's name to praise ;
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And leads to heaven above.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given
Through every passing year ;
We'll sing the promises of heaven
With voices loud and clear.

4 Our youthful hearts we'll gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing,
A joyous song of grateful praise
To heaven's eternal King.

195

Stand Firm.

C.M. and Chorus.

FERRIS TOZER.

Then stand ! stand firm ! de - fy the foe ! Thou in the Master's strength shall go, En-

CHORUS.

during to the end. Then stand ! stand firm ! de - fy the foe ! En-dur-ing to the end.

160

1 **P**UT on the armour of our God,
Be strong to do His will,
Dare not go forth for once unarmed,
Thy foes would do thee ill.

2 Put on the armour, girt with truth,
The work is not thine own ;
Bind to thy heart the law of God,
Fulfilled by Christ alone.

3 Put on the armour ; shod with peace
Thy feet shall firm endure,
Though snares beset and thorns may pierce,
He makes thy footsteps sure.

4 Put on the armour, take thy shield,
Faith in the risen Lord,
Once pierced with darts still aimed at thee
He conquers with a word.

I CANNOT do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me ;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee ;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

2 There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee ;
And always—every day—
There are some little loving words
Which I for Thee may say.

3 There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share ;
And little bits of work for Thee,
I may do everywhere.

4 I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will ;
And in each duty great or small,
I may be faithful still.

OUR hymn of thanks we sing to-day ;
Our hearts and voices raise,
To Him who, with a Father's love,
Has guided all our ways :
The mercies of another year
Demand our grateful praise.

2 Jesus, accept the thanks we bring,
Unworthy though they be ;
Thou didst of old let children sing
Hosannas unto Thee.
We too present our offering,
And join their harmony.

3 Throughout the year we have been blest
With lessons from Thy Word,
From teachers dear, who never tire
In working for their Lord,
Our minds to train, our souls to win :
O give them their reward.

4 May we still love the Sunday School ;
Still love Thy Word and ways ;
And wise unto salvation grow,
In these our youthful days ;
Then join the blessed band above,
Who ever sing Thy praise.

S. Allsop.

LITTLE birds that all day long
Carol in every tree,
What is the secret of your song,
The meaning of your glee ?
You are so very, very glad—
How loving God must be !

2 Sweet flowers that blossom round my feet,
My heart is glad to see
Your smiling faces, when you meet
God's wind so fresh and free ;
You seem to laugh for happiness—
How loving God must be !

3 And all day long our hearts rejoice,
God cares for you and me ;
We are but children, yet our voice
May praise Him merrily ;
And we can sing like all the birds—
How loving God must be !

4 God's men and women sometimes look
Less full of joy than we,
Yet He their suffering nature took
As Son of Man, and He
Gave up His life to heal them all :
How loving God must be.

Annie Matheson.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will ;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come :
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some :
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee :
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity,
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may ;
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.



28

1 **W**E thank our loving Father, God,
 For all His mercies given ;
 Which help to make our life a joy,
 And guide our feet to heaven.
 His bounteous hands our wants supply
 With never-failing love,
 And all who on His help rely,
 His best of blessings prove.

2 We thank our loving Father, God,
 Who gives us everything,
 Who sends the sunshine and the showers,
 And makes rich harvests spring.
 He clothes the lilies of the field,
 He feeds each bird and beast,
 And all may share His tender care,
 The greatest and the least.

3 We thank our loving Father, God,
 Whose holy word of truth
 Still bids us trust His providence,
 Who guards us in our youth.
 His love will nothing good withhold,
 'Twill shield from every ill ;
 O may we praise Him all our days,
 And do His holy will !

1 **W**HAT shall we sing for Sabbath songs?

What praises shall we bring
To Him to whom each heart belongs,
Our Saviour and our King?
We'll sing the joys of sin forgiven,
We'll sing the Saviour's love;
We'll sing the blessedness of heaven,
Our home prepared above.

2 When shall we sing our Sabbath songs?

When shall the waiting air
The music of our hearts prolong,
The burden of our prayer?
We'll sing when youth is warm and bright,
And in our passing years;
In morning's dawn; in shades of night,
In gladness or in tears.

3 How shall we sing our Sabbath songs?

How shall the praises rise
Of pilgrims, as they move along
Their pathway to the skies?
We'll sing with hearts o'erfull of joy;
Our gratitude we'll raise;
And all our sweetest notes employ
In songs of heavenly praise.

4 Why should we sing our Sabbath songs?

Why should each heart and voice
Join with the bright angelic throngs
Who round God's throne rejoice?
We sing because our Saviour died
To save us from our sin;
Because heaven's gates are open wide,
And we may enter in.

5 Our Sabbath songs shall never die;

Upborne on faith's bright wing.
O'er earth's fair fields, 'neath arching sky,
Their echoing notes shall ring:
And when the earth shall fade away,
We'll join with saints above,
And sing in heaven's eternal day,
Of Christ's redeeming love.

S. Burnham.

1 **O**LORD of Life! for all Thy care,
We bless Thy holy name:

From hour to hour Thy mighty power
And love abide the same.
Now while the world before us lies,
Untried, and all unknown,
Our childhood's prayer, for safety there,
We lay before Thy throne.

2 Praise to Thy name, O God, for Him,

The pure and perfect One—
Jesus—Thine own, Thy best beloved,
And Thy best loving Son.

Blest be the message that He bore
Of love and truth divine!
Thrice blest His glorious life and death
Of old in Palestine!

3 And though Thy children may not hear

On earth those accents sweet,
Which blest the little ones, who loved
His gentle look to meet;
His Spirit still can shield from ill,
Still lives in all its power,
To soothe, to brighten, and to bless
Each dark or troubled hour.

4 So like the Saviour may we live,

Until our sun go down,
Finding, whate'er our toil or pain,
Behind the cross, the crown.
Enough for us, like Him, to trust
And love Thy gracious will,
For come what may through life's long day,
Thou art "our Father" still.

A. N. Blatchford.

1 **U**PON the holy mount they stood
That wondrous awful night:
They saw, and knew that it was good
To see that vision bright.

No Man of sorrows stands there now;
But, keen as lightning flame,
The streams of heavenly radiance flow
From that transfigured frame.

2 Beneath that Mount another scene

They saw, when morning smiled:
A father, torn with anguish keen,
Sought mercy for his child.
No more the blaze of glistering light
Enwraps the form divine,
But tender love and healing might
Around Him softly shine.

3 He came from hours of rapture high

To care for human woe:
So angels from God's presence fly
To succour man below.
O Jesus, be our life like Thine;—
Blest labour, doubly blest
By communings with things divine
Upon the mountain's crest.

4 Lord, we would pass from hours of prayer,

That lift our souls above,
To go where want and sorrow are
With lowly deeds of love.
Let no self-will within us lurk,
Nor faithless sloth be there;
But prayer give life to all our work,
And work crown all our prayer.

W. W. How.



74

1 **O** WHERE is He that trod the sea ?

O where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break :
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring ?

2 O where is He that trod the sea ?

O where is He that spake,
And dark waves rolling heavily
A glassy smoothness take ;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, " 'Tis He can save ? "

3 O where is He that trod the sea ?

'Tis only He can save ;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal He gave ;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take :
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.

4 O where is He that trod the sea ?

My soul ! the Lord is here :
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee ;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine : thy needs He'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry ?
" I come," saith Christ, " I come."
T. T. Lynch.

1 **H**OW blessed from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be !
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at Thy hand.

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
 To watch before Thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight ;
 No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow calm and still,
 For love can easily divine
 The One Beloved's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won.
 Through evil and through good report,
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh,
 Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly,
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest draws nigh !
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever where the Master is
 Shall His blest servants be.
From Hymns from the Land of Luther.

524

1 **T**HE Galilean fishers toil
 All night, and nothing take ;
 But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
 Is lifted from the lake !
 Lord, when our labours are in vain,
 And vain the help of men,
 When fruitless is our care and pain,
 Come, blessed Jesus, then !

2 The night is dark, the surges fill
 The bark, the wild winds roar ;
 But Jesus comes ; and all is still,—
 The ship is at the shore.

O Lord, when storms around us howl,
 And all is dark and drear,
 In all the tempests of the soul,
 O blessed Jesus, hear !

3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
 Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;
 The penitent upon the tree
 Was borne to Paradise.
 In hours of sin and deep distress,
 O show us, Lord, Thy face ;
 In penitential loneliness,
 O give us, Jesus, grace !

4 The faithful few retire in fear,
 To their closed upper room ;
 But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
 They see their Master come.
 Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
 And bid our terrors cease !
 Lift over us Thy blessed hands,
 Speak, holy Jesus, peace !

C. Wordsworth.

526

1 **T**HERE is a service, whoso seeks,
 A royal crown may win ;
 There is a cause the lordliest
 May joy to suffer in ;
 There is a Master to be served,
 Who rules by right divine,
 And blessed they who rise and say,
 " Lord, use us, we are Thine."

2 They choose the better, nobler part,
 They live the loftier life,
 They tread the busy world of men
 Free from its selfish strife ;
 And theirs shall be a rich reward,
 To hear the Master say,
 " Well done, thou good and faithful one,"
 When ends the short-lived day.

3 The field is wide, the labourers few,
 Their working time is brief,
 And none would leave the harvest field
 Without one gathered sheaf ;
 Lord of the harvest, we would join,
 Unworthy though we be,
 That faithful band, with heart and hand,
 To prove our love to Thee.

B. Paul Neuman.

128

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, —
 “Come unto Me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast.”
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, —
 “Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, —
 “I am this dark world’s Light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.”
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of Life I’ll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

1 **A**S helpless as a child who clings
 Fast to his father's arm,
 And casts his weakness on the strength
 That keeps him safe from harm.
 So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
 And thus I every hour
 Would link my earthly feebleness
 To Thine almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
 Up in his mother's face,
 And all his little griefs and fears
 Forgets in her embrace ;
 So I, to Thee, my Saviour, look,
 And in Thy face divine,
 Can read the love that will sustain
 As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
 Close by his parent's knee,
 And knows no want while he can have
 That sweet society :
 So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that Thou would'st teach me, Lord,
 To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
 From daily toil set free,
 And met within this peaceful place,
 To rest awhile with Thee.
 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
 Of business, toil, and care ;
 And scarcely can we turn aside
 For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls
 Wherein Thou may'st be sought ;
 On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
 In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the forge, the loom, the mart,
 The wealth of land and sea ;
 The worlds of science and of art,
 Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
 In all we do and know ;
 And own that King of all the earth
 Art Thou, and not Thy foe.
 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
 As Thou would'st have it done ;
 And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
 Itself with work be one.

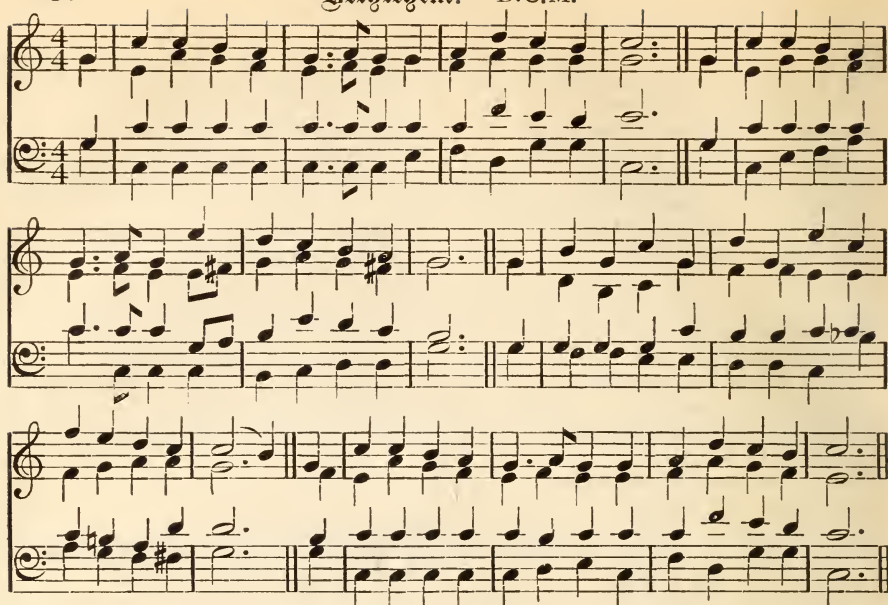
J. Ellerton.

1 **O**NE prayer I have—all prayers in one,
 When I am wholly Thine ;
 Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.
 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good !
 In Thee I firmly trust,
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

2 Is life with many comforts crowned,
 Upheld in peace and health,
 With dear affections twined around ?—
 Lord, in my time of wealth
 May I remember that to Thee
 Whate'er I have I owe,
 And back, in gratitude from me,
 May all Thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
 When used as talents lent ;
 Those talents only well employed,
 When in Thy service spent.
 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign Thy will ?
 No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still."

J. Montgomery.



165

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?
- 4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

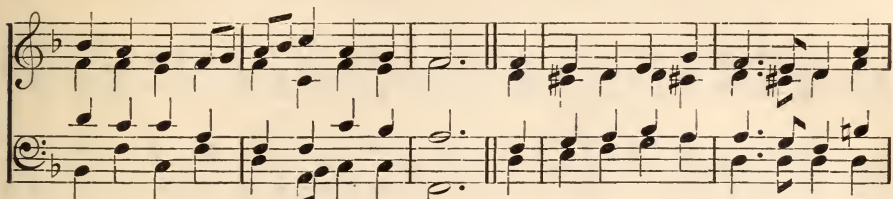
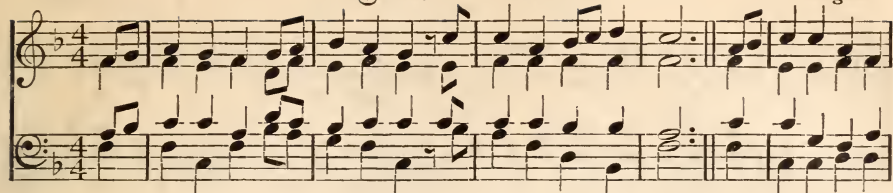
R. Heber.

166

1 WE are the children of a King
Who reigns in heaven above,
Yet loves His children here below
With true and perfect love;
Who wills that we should live with Him,
When this short life is o'er,
In His bright home of happiness
And glory evermore.

- 2 As soldiers of our heavenly King,
We must with courage fight;
Although we see Him not, we are
For ever in His sight;
And earnestly He watches us,
All through each day and night,
To see if we are true and brave
Throughout our life-long fight.
- 3 O children of the heavenly King,
Remember this alway:
Christ promises to give us strength
According to our day;
He will not leave us to ourselves
In danger's trying hour,
But come to aid us in our need
With heavenly strength and power.
- 4 Then let us fight the fight of faith,
Since Jesus Christ is near:
With such a Captain for our Guide,
What can we have to fear?
But let us always watch and pray,
For such is Christ's command;
Then will He bring us home at last
To heaven, our promised land.

G. R. Prynn.



A little slower.



56

1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King ;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man at war with man hears not
The love-song which they bring—
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;

When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

225

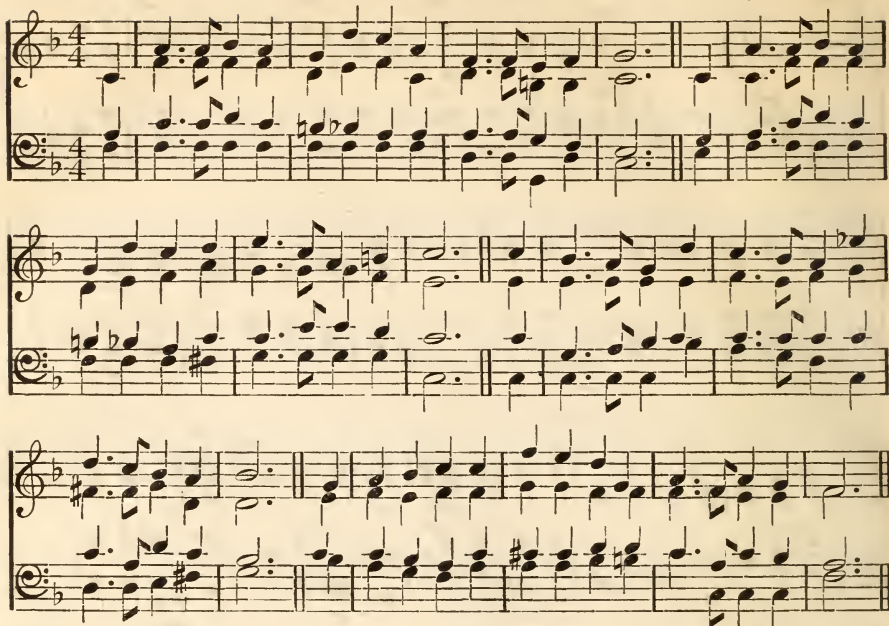
1 **O**HAPPY land, O happy land,
Where saints and angels dwell ;
We hope to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer,
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

2 The saints in light, the saints in light,
What joy to them is given !
Their robes are pure, their crowns are bright,
Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes are cleansed from every stain
Through Jesus' dying love ;
On earth they served, so now they reign
As kings and priests above.

3 Thou heavenly Friend, Thou heavenly
Friend,
O, hear us when we pray ;
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days
To Thy blest service given ;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

Mrs. Parson.

N 2



231

1 THERE was a lovely garden once,
 A garden bright and fair ;
 The sweetest flowers in Eden bloomed,
 And purest joys were there.
 Adam and Eve in happiness
 Within that garden dwelt ;
 With joyful hearts they served their God,
 In prayer they humbly knelt.

2 They loved to do their Maker's will,
 As holy angels do ;
 No sinful thought, no selfish wish,
 No pain or grief they knew.
 But soon the cruel tempter came ;
 They listened to his lies ;
 They broke their Maker's righteous law,
 And lost their Paradise.

3 They lost their bright and happy home ;
 And thus our world became
 A world of sorrow and of sin,
 Of misery and shame.
 Yet there's a holier, happier home,
 A land more bright and fair ;
 And sweeter flowers than Eden had,
 And better joys are there.

4 No sin can ever spoil their bliss
 To whom that home is given ;
 For God Himself in glory shines,
 And shows His face in heaven.

Thousands of happy children dwell
 In that bright land above ;
 Brought safely through this land of sin,
 And saved by Jesus' love.

Mrs. Bourdillon.

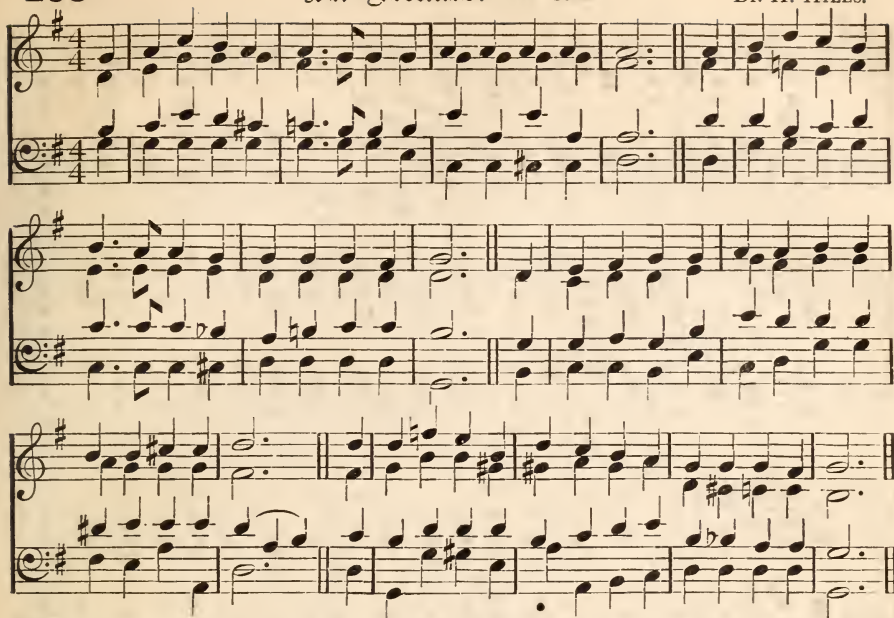
525

1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
 The Lord is very kind ;
 Oh, come to Him, come now to Him,
 With a believing mind.
 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
 Like flowing waters cool ;
 And He shall for thy spirit be
 A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
 Our God is very high ;
 O, trust in Him, trust now in Him,
 And have security.
 He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind, that bloweth healthily,
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell ;
 O, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
 Then with thee it is well.
 And with His light Thou shalt be blest
 Therein to work and live ;
 And He shall be to thee a rest
 When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.



194

THE old year's long campaign is o'er ;
Behold a new begun ;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.

Out of its still and deep repose
We hear the old year say :

"Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day !

2 "Go forth ! firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way ;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly ;
Love we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
Then night will be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."

4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend ;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end ;
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite, sweet triumph crown
Thy children of the day.

S. J. Stone.

204

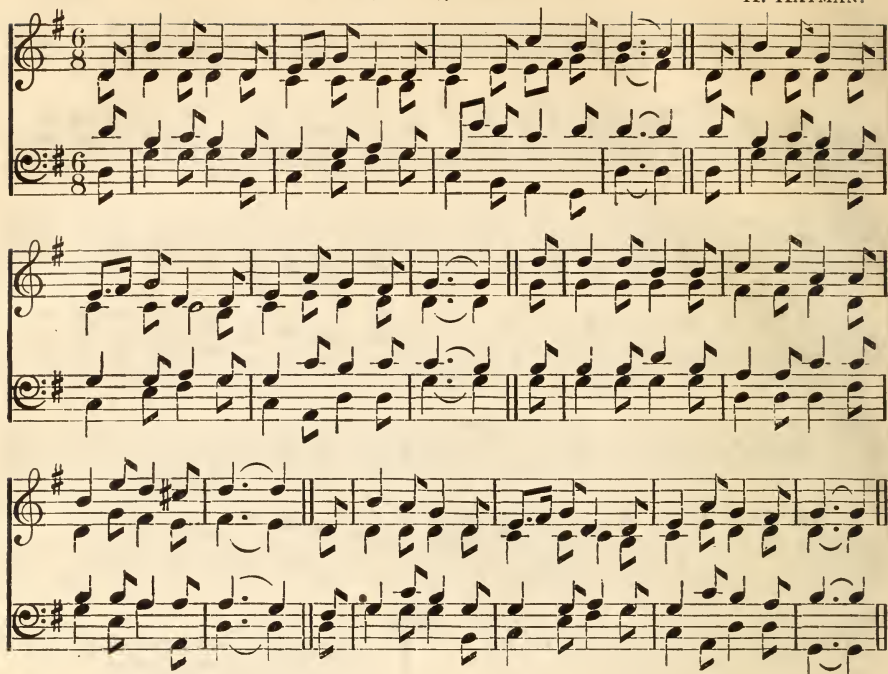
LORD JESUS, once again we meet,
To Thy dear name to raise
Our joyful song of thankfulness,
For all Thy wondrous ways,
And though we are so poor and weak,
We know that Thou dost hear
The smallest child who lisps Thy praise,
For Thou art always near.

2 We thank Thee for another year
Of blessings on our school ;
And for Thy great unchanging love,
Which all our ways doth rule.
We come to Thee, dear Lord, as one :
Teachers and scholars bound
In one great bond of love to Thee,
With tender mercies crowned.

3 Yet, Lord, Thou knowest, some there be
Who still are far away,
Wand'ring upon the mountains cold ;
We pray for them to-day.
We pray that Thou would'st gather them
Each one within Thy fold ;
That one and all we may be Thine,
A band of warriors bold.

4 Bold in Thy cause, to wage the war
'Gainst sin upon its throne ;
To strive that through the whole wide world,
Our Jesus may be known.
Dear Lord, forgive what Thou hast seen
Amiss in all our ways ;
And keep us walking close with Thee,
Through all the coming days.

Maude Harvey.



230

1 **T**HERE is a home where angels dwell,
 A happy home above,
 Where holy anthems ever tell
 The praise of Jesus' love ;
 A world where souls in perfect peace
 Rest from the toils of this,
 Where pain and tears and sorrows cease,
 And all is endless bliss.

2 And little children, too, are there
 Before God's throne in light,
 Who glittering crowns of glory wear,
 And robes of spotless white ;
 In them their Saviour's beauties shine,
 On them His sweet smiles rest,
 And, in His life and love divine,
 They evermore are blest.

3 How came they to that happy place,
 From this sad world of sin,
 To see the great Redeemer's face,
 And heavenly joys to win ?
 Him, here on earth, they served and loved,
 To Him their hearts were given ;
 He sent His angels and removed
 His little ones to heaven.

4 O ! shall we ever join them there,
 That glad and youthful throng,
 And in that radiant home and fair,
 Share their eternal song ?

Help us, sweet Saviour, here below,
 To give our hearts to Thee,
 That when we die, we too may go,
 Thy home, Thyself to see.

W. Tidd Matson.

376

1 **T**HE still small voice that speaks within,
 I hear it when, at play,
 I speak the loud and angry word
 That drives my friend away.

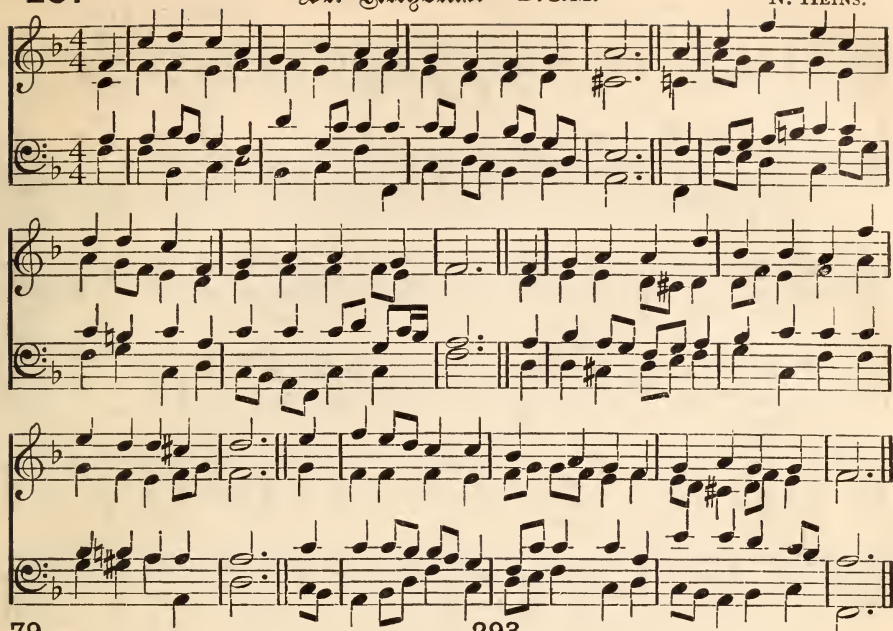
(Chorus.) The voice within, the voice within,
 O may I have a care ;
 It speaks to warn from every sin,
 And God has placed it there.

2 If falsehood whispers to my heart
 To tell a coward lie,
 To hide some careless thing I've done,
 I hear the sad voice nigh.

3 If selfishness would bid me keep
 What I should gladly share,
 I hear again the inner voice,
 And then with shame forbear.

4 I thank Thee, Father, for this friend,
 Whom I would always heed :
 O may I hear the slightest tone
 In every time of need.

Fanny Fagan.



79

1 'TWAS long ago when Jesus dwelt
Upon this earth of ours ;
He walked amid its pleasant fields,
Amid its pretty flowers ;
And then those gentle words He spake,
So kindly, lovingly,
"Let all the heavy-laden ones,
And weary, come to Me."

2 Some heard the call, and came to Him
With weary, heavy heart ;
And never did a single one
Uncomforted depart :
Not e'en the thief upon the cross
Was turned unheard away ;
For Jesus said, "Thou'lt be with Me
In Paradise to-day."

3 And in the ages that have passed,
Since Jesus went to heaven,
Many in tears have come to Him,
And each has been forgiven.
And if we love Him here awhile,
And serve Him till we die,
We shall at last go up and dwell
With Him above the sky.

4 Come then, in life's fair morning time,
Come, children, to His feet ;
O ! do not wait till years have flown
Away on footsteps fleet ;
But now in these your earliest hours,
In these your gladdest days,
Give your whole heart,—and now begin
To tread His heavenly ways.

E. G.

293

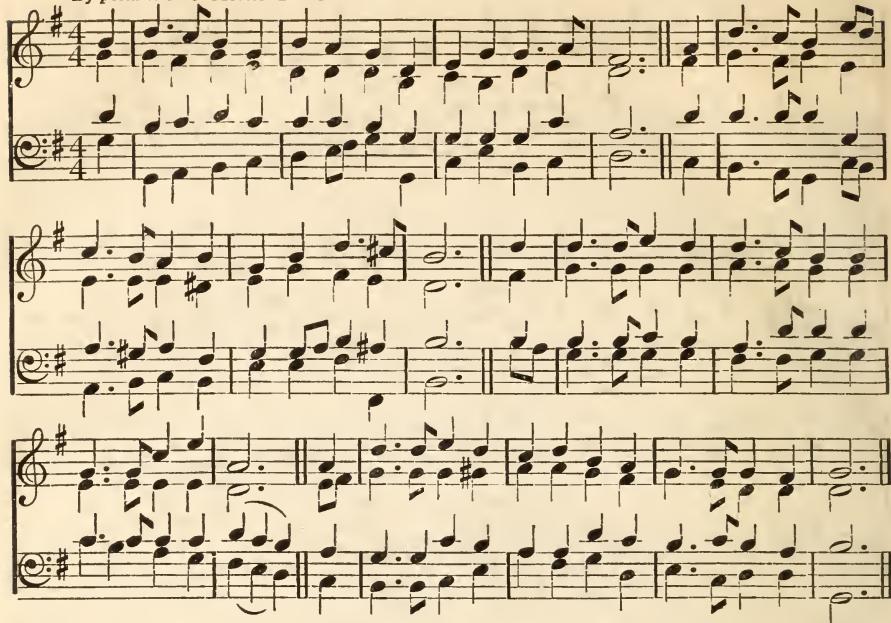
1 ALITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell ;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well ;
For passion tempts, and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads ;
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

2 How can I learn to rule myself
To be the child I should—
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good ?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way ?
How can I tune my happy heart
To sweetly sing all day ?

3 Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out all fear !
Teach me to lean on Thee and feel
That Thou art very near ;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win ;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within ;
Be Thou my Guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
And dare to take command.

L. M. Alcott.



205

I **O** LORD of all, we bring to Thee
 Our sacrifice of praise,
 To Thee with glad and thankful hearts
 Our festal hymn we raise ;
 We are but children here on earth,
 And Thou art high above,
 But yet we dare to come to Thee,
 Because Thy name is Love.

2 We praise Thee now for life, and health,
 And earthly happiness,
 For all the sacred human love
 That still our lives doth bless,
 For Thy dear Son whom Thou hast sent,
 Whose kind and tender voice
 Bids the young children come to Thee,
 And in Thy love rejoice.

3 What shall we render Thee, O Lord ?
 What tribute shall we bring ?
 O let us give our hearts, our lives,
 In thankful offering.
 Although we are but children, yet
 Thou dost our service ask,
 And each in Thy great work may find
 His own appointed task.

4 O make us watchful, lest by sin
 Our hearts be overborne ;
 O make us true in word and work,
 Though all the world should scorn ;
 O make us willing here to serve,
 In lowliness and love,
 For Him who in a servant's form
 Came down from heaven above.

5 The night of sin must wane at last,
 The morn of joy begin,
 When Christ in every human heart
 His royal throne must win ;
 O let us give Him now in youth
 Our ardour and our strength,
 Work for His glorious kingdom here
 And share His joy at length !

E. S. A.

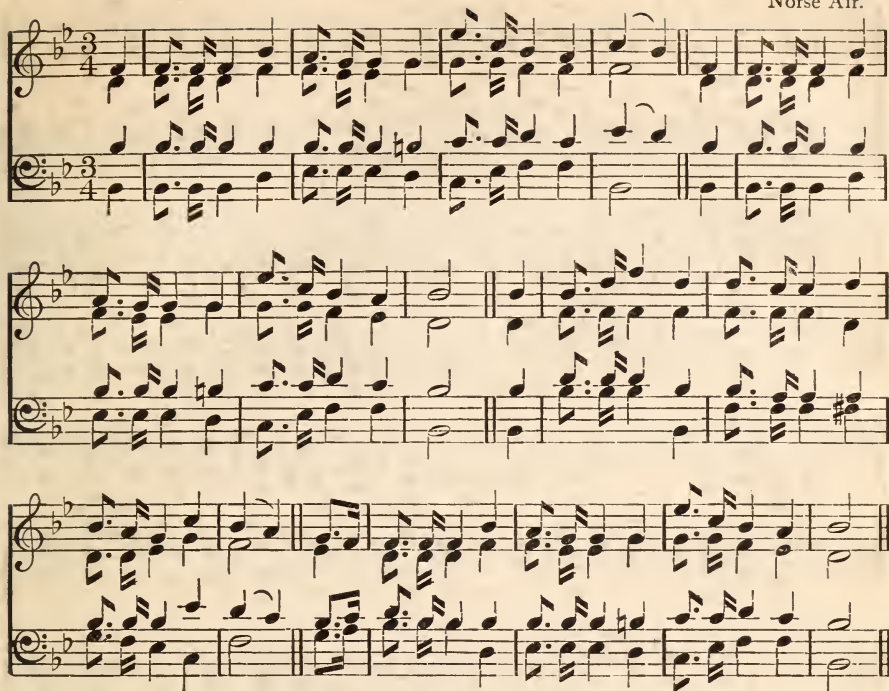
218

I **W**E love to sing our Saviour's praise,
 To sing the wondrous love
 Of Him who guards us all our days,
 And leads to heaven above.

(Chorus.) For He is good ; the Lord is
 good,
 And kind are all His ways :
 With songs and anthems sounding
 loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise.

2 We love to sing of mercies given
 Through every passing year ;
 We love to sing to Him in heaven
 With voices loud and clear.

3 We love to think of Sabbath days,
 While in this sacred place
 Our youthful hearts, in songs of praise,
 Have magnified God's grace.



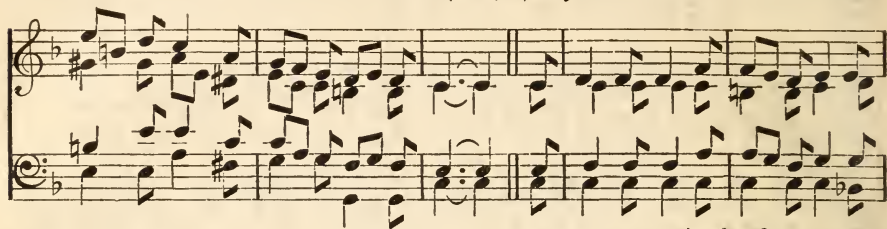
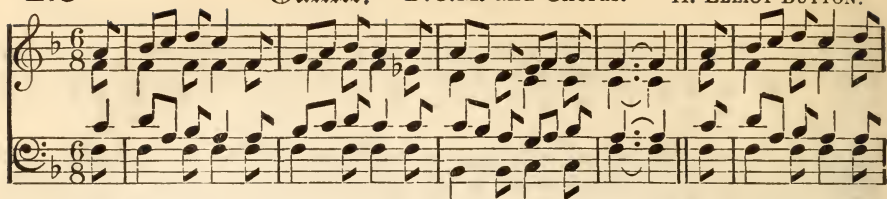
255

1 **O**UR fathers were high-minded men,
 Who firmly kept the faith ;
 To freedom and to conscience true,
 In danger and in death ;
 Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
 For noble men were they,
 Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
 And bravely won the day.

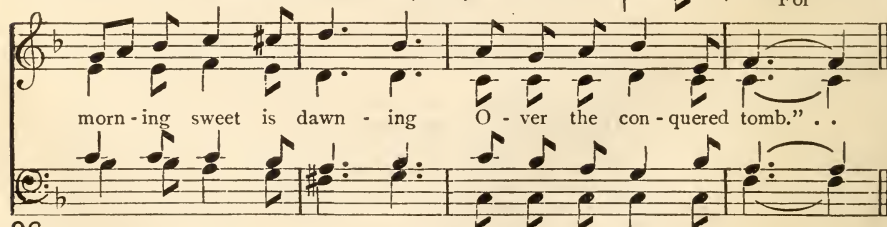
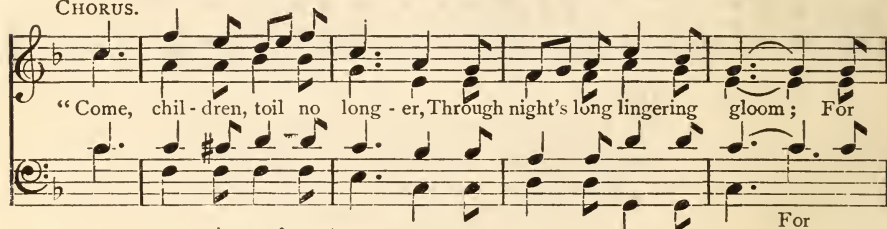
2 For all they suffered, little cared
 Those earnest men and wise,
 Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
 Made them the shame despise :
 Great names had they, but greater souls,
 True heroes of their age,
 Who, like a rock in stormy seas,
 Defied opposing rage.

3 And such as our forefathers were,
 May we their children be :
 And in our hearts their spirit live,
 That gained our liberty :
 O we will bear and give and pray,
 And do what must be done,
 Till for the good old cause of truth
 The victory shall be won.

H. M. Gunn.



CHORUS.



96

1 THE fishers sat within their boat,
 The long and weary night; [nets,
 And hoped and toiled and watched their
 Till morning's dawning light.
 And then upon the silent air
 They heard that voice once more
 That woke such thrills of bliss and love
 In weary hearts before :—

2 A form sublime stood on the shore,
 Amid the melting gloom;
 It was the form of Him they loved,
 All glorious from the tomb.

And then upon the silent air
 Rang out those tones once more
 That woke such thrills of bliss and love
 In weary hearts before :—

3 And O ! what wondrous tidings then !
 That Jesus, who was slain,
 Had burst the mighty bars of death,
 And conquered life again.
 And still upon the silent air
 We hear that voice once more;
 It calls us with the same sweet words
 It called to them before :—

CHORUS.

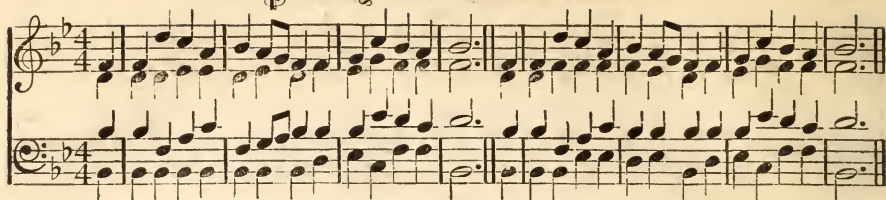
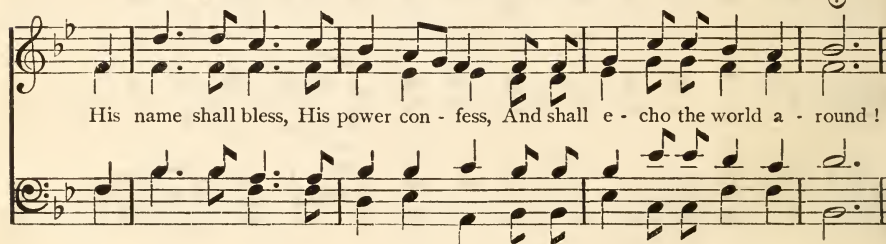
The pearl - y gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright ar - ray :

On ei - ther side the an - gels glide, To keep the shin - ing way.

228

- 1 THE pearly gates are open wide,
I see the bright array ;
On either side the angels glide,
To keep the shining way.
And little children learn to find
The way by angels trod,
Where Christ's redeemed in union walk,
The shining way of God.
- 2 When storms arise and darkness clouds
The faithful pilgrim's way,
On either side the angels glide
To keep the shining way ;

- And brighter gleams the morning light
Behind the gentle rod,
For Christ's redeemed more clearly see
The shining way of God.
- 3 And soon they walk the golden streets,
Not slighted and alone ;
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne ;
And there they'll wear a starry crown,
Who once did tire and plod,
For Christ's redeemed as kings shall tread
The shining way of God.

CHORUS. *Unison.**Harmony.*

20

1 **O** LORD of earth, and sea, and sky,
 Where'er Thy glories shine,
 The wonders of Thy hand shall speak
 Thy Majesty divine.
 In hours of light, when life is bright,
 Thy tender love we feel ;
 And storms that break, and clouds that fly,
 Thy love alike reveal.

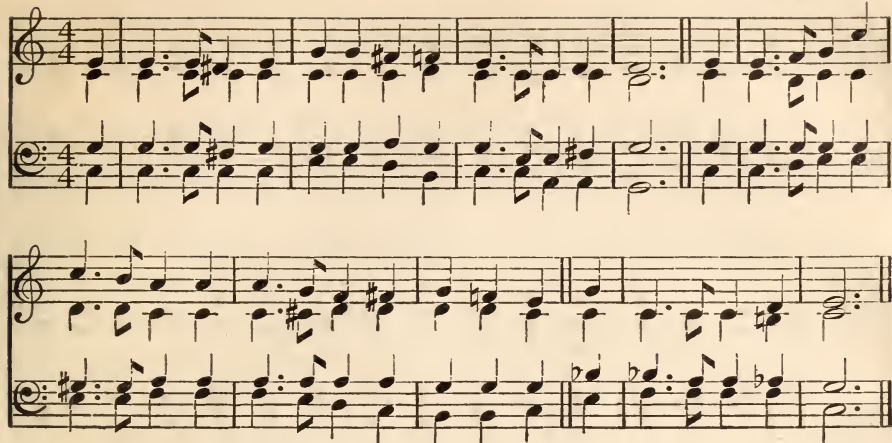
2 The whispering breeze amid the trees,—
 The wild flower on the sod,—
 The billows roar upon the shore,—
 Shall chant their hymn to God.
 To Him the seasons, each in turn,
 Their tribute sure shall bring ;
 And all that toil beneath the sun
 Shall own their heavenly King.

3 But clearer far than sun or star,
 To light our path to Him,
 His hand within the soul hath lit
 A lamp that ne'er grows dim :
 And leading on to peace, and joy,
 Through earth to heaven above,—
 Its beaming ray shall guide for aye,
 The children of His love.

4 For all His blessings praise the Lord—
 For life, and home, and friends,—
 For all the joys that cheer the lot
 Our loving Father sends !
 While life shall last,—till death be past,
 His mercy we'll adore,
 And endless praise triumphant raise,
 When time shall be no more.

A. N. Blatchford.

* Small notes for organ.



492

1 **O** LORD and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways !
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

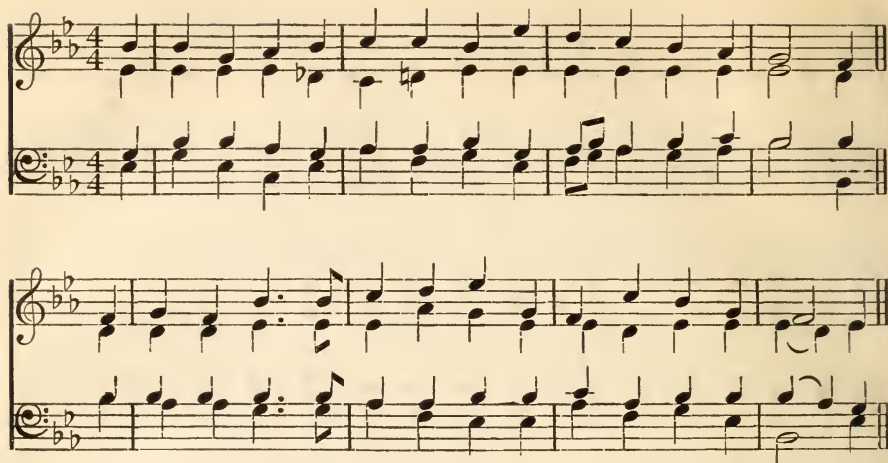
2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above !
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love !

4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call.
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
 As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

J. G. Whittier.



45

1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never :
 I nothing lack if I am His,
 And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
 My ransomed soul He leadeth ;
 And where the verdant pastures grow
 With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
 And yet in love He sought me,
 And on His shoulder gently laid,
 And home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never ;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever.

Sir H. W. Baker.

373

1 THE happy days have come again,
 That bring us sweetest pleasure,
 A time to rest, a time to play,
 And hours of quiet leisure.

2 We lay aside our work awhile,
 To home and friends returning,
 But though our lesson-books are closed,
 We would each day be learning.

3 For there are open pages still
 Of sweet home-life and duty,
 And many things wherein to find
 Some wondrous truth or beauty.

4 In every tiny blade of grass,
 And every wayside flower,
 Some lesson we may always learn
 Of God's great love and power.

5 In all around us we would see
 A loving Father's teaching,
 And ever in our earthly joys
 To heavenly things be reaching.

6 And when life's lessons all are learnt,
 That to each one are given,
 How happy we shall be to rest
 At Home, with God in heaven.

H. P. H.



34
1 GOD is Love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Joy He gives, and woe He lightens:
God is Wisdom, God is Love!

2 Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His wisdom waneth never:
God is Wisdom, God is Love!

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the cloud His brightness streameth,
God is Wisdom, God is Love!

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love!

Sir J. Bowring.

245
1 SPREAD the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the gracious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

2 Spread the tidings of salvation
To the east and to the west,
Till each distant heathen nation
With the gospel truth is blest.

3 Spread the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Spread the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till in humble adoration
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

304
1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When, as each new day is born,
In our prayer at home, we bless Thee,
For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips, and meek obedience,
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

7 Then on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemed host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. Ellerton.

Lucas Hart (191)

"Shout" Braxby Trio - 162
Shout 15 Ted

216

Arundel. 8.7.8.7.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.



217

Ebening Prayer. 8.7.8.7.

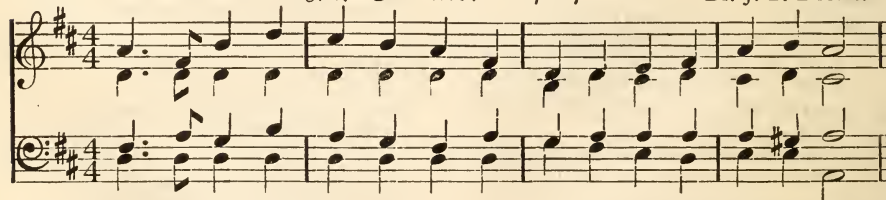
H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



218

St. Oswald. 8.7.8.7.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.



124

1 COME to Jesus ! Mighty Saviour,
Jesus only, strong to save :
He has suffered to redeem us,
His own self for us He gave.

2 Children, come ! for you He waiteth.
All your sins to wash away ;
Life and love and joy bestowing,
Come to Jesus, why delay ?

3 Children, cast on Him your burden,
Guilt and grief and anxious fear ;
Surely He has borne our sorrows,
He will save us, He is near.

4 Doubt Him never, trust Him fully,
Clasp His loving, mighty hand :
Lean upon Him in your weakness,
Guided to the better land.

5 Children, yield your soul and body,
Gladly hear your Saviour's call ;
His henceforth—your own no longer—
Consecrate to Him your all.

Newman Hall.

139

1 LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall,
All our faults to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.

2 Sinful thoughts, and words unloving,
Rise against us one by one ;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone.

3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee ;
Lips that while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the voice to Thee.

4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent ;
Christian vow and fight unheeded,
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own ;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

A. N.

280

1 HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep ;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigils keep.

2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before the Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels take me home.

Harriet Parr

408

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me :
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me :
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan.

454

1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea ;
Day by day His sweet voice whispers,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Saying, " Love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us ! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call ;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. Alexander.

501

1 O THE Father's hands are helping
In the work you have to do !
Have you never felt them lifting
When the task was hard for you ?

2 Though the day be dark with sorrow,
And the way be hard and long,
Yet His love shall light the morrow,
And in His strength you are strong.

3 What your hands find good in doing,
Do you, then, with all your might ;
Though the work be plain and lowly,
It is blessed in His sight.

4 O be patient in your striving !
" Learn to labour and to wait ;"
And the Father's love shall lead you
When the way is steep and strait.

Mrs. H. Leland.

219

Children's Prayer. 8.7.8.7.

C. GOUNOD.

Musical score for "Children's Prayer" by C. Gounod. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, ending with a final chord in the treble clef.

220

Newton Ferns. 8.7.8.7.

SAMUEL SMITH.

Musical score for "Newton Ferns" by Samuel Smith. The piece is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, ending with a final chord in the treble clef.

221

Tenderness. 8.7.8.7.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Musical score for "Tenderness" by H. Elliot Button. The piece is in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, ending with a final chord in the treble clef.

1 **M**ERCIFUL and loving Saviour,
God of heaven, and earth, and sea,
King of all the glorious angels,
Dost Thou call me unto Thee?

2 I am poor, and weak, and sinful,
Can I, Lord, be dear to Thee?
Yes, the blessed words are written,
"Let the children come to Me."

3 Therefore in my childhood's weakness,
In my ignorance and sin,
I will come to Thee, dear Jesus,
That Thy blessing I may win.

4 Fold me in Thy arms, and bless me,
Even as Thou didst of old
Bless the children who drew near Thee,
Thy sweet presence to behold.

5 Let Thy blessing rest upon me,
During all my earthly days,
Helping me to serve Thee truly,
And to walk in Thy blest ways.

6 Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus,
Who wast once a child for me;
Grant me, Lord, at last to see Thee,
In Thy glorious majesty.
G. R. Prynne.

1 **F**ATHER, give us now Thy blessing,
Take us all beneath Thy care;
May we all enjoy Thy presence,
All Thy tender mercies share.

2 Let the seed which has been scattered
Bring forth plenteous fruit to Thee;
Let this day be crowned with praises
Now, and in eternity.

3 Keep us through the week from danger;
May we all by Thee be led;
Grant that for our souls and bodies
We may still have daily bread.

4 Clothe and feed us, guard and bless us,
Bless our friends and all we love;
All through life wilt Thou be near us,
Then receive us all above.

5 Then we hope to praise Thee better,
When we join the heavenly host;
But we now our praise would give Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
E. Hodder.

1 **F**ATHER, from Thy throne of glory
Listen to our praise and prayer,
Thou hast spared us in Thy mercy,
Here to meet another year.

2 Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
And Thine eye that knows no slumber,
Has watched o'er us every day.

3 Father, give us still Thy blessing,
And direct our future course;
Still surround our every dwelling,
Thou who art of life the source.

4 Wilt Thou, O Almighty Father,
Bless our meeting here to-day
Ere the night's dark shades shall gather,
And our praises die away?

5 May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, children, meet above,
Joining in that song for ever
Of our risen Saviour's love.

S. L. Moore.

1 **G**OD of heaven, hear our singing;
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Bring the heathen to Thy throne!
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory are Thine own.

Frances R. Havergal.

1 **S**AVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With a shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

2 Now our little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg.



146

1 WE are only little workers,
Yet we fain would do Thy will
So we pray Thee, Lord, to help us,
Lowly duties to fulfil.

2 Little souls perchance may brighten
Lives that sorrow, care, and sin
Darken, till hope's blessed sunshine
Scarcely ever enters in.

3 Little feet are never weary,
Little hearts are seldom sad ;
So we ask that Thou would'st teach us
How to make grown people glad.

4 We would often bring them comfort,
But we know not what to say ;
Some sweet message fresh from heaven
Lay upon our lips to-day.

5 Thou hast taught us, dearest Saviour,
That e'en whispered words can fly
Straight above the clouds of heaven
And be heard by Thee on high.

6 Help us, then, to say to others,
Who have never learnt to know—
"God is listening still to answer
Those who watch and wait below."

7 Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
Even children in their weakness
May help others in Thy strength.

A. Marryat.

301

1 CHRISTIAN children must be holy,
Serving God from day to day ;
Never is the time too early
For a Christian to obey.

2 He, who is our great example,
Let no moment run to loss ;
Not one precious hour He wasted
From the cradle to the cross.

3 Soon He sorrowed, soon He suffered ;
We must meek and gentle be,
Little pain and childish trial
Ever bearing patiently.

4 Soon He showed a Son's obedience ;
We must early learn to do,
Not our own will, but our Father's,
And be found obedient too.

Mrs. Alexander.

323

1 GRANT us, O our heavenly Father,
Now in these our early days ;
Thee in all things to remember,
Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.

2 Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an offering bring.

3 Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move
Through the world unharmed,—rejoicing
In His all-redeeming love.

4 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.

5 Serving Thee, our heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning,—
Till our work on earth is done.

G. Thring.

With vigour.

CAREY BONNER.



429

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though Thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

2 Though the road be lone and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,

Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Norman Macleod.

224

Sharon. 8.7.8.7.

Dr. BOYCE.



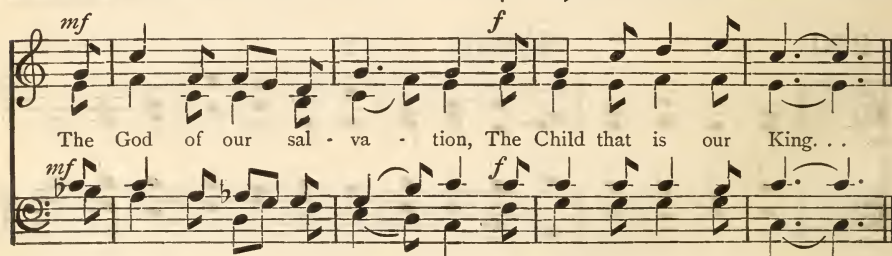
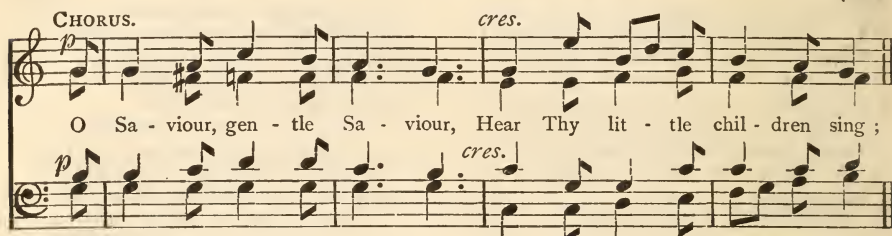
286

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing.
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watches where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.



55

1 IN the town of Bethlehem,
Far away across the sea,
There was laid a little baby
On a virgin mother's knee.

(Chorus.) O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Hear Thy little children sing;
The God of our salvation,
The Child that is our King.

2 It was not a stately palace
Where that little baby lay,
With tall servants to attend Him,
And red guards to keep the way.

3 But the oxen stood around Him,
In a stable low and dim;

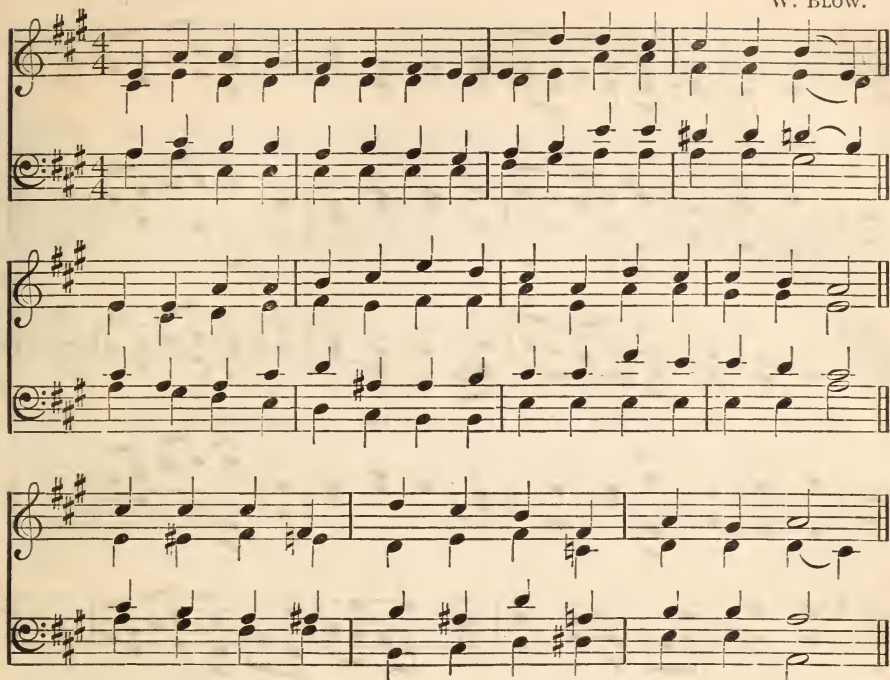
In the world He had created
There was not a room for Him.

4 For He left His Father's glory,
And His shining home above,
And He took our human nature,
In the greatness of His love.

5 Of His infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe,
For He suffered, He was tempted,
When He lived our life below.

6 Still He stands and pleads in heave
For us weak and sin-defiled;
God, who is a man for ever,
Jesus, who was once a child.

Mrs. Alexander.

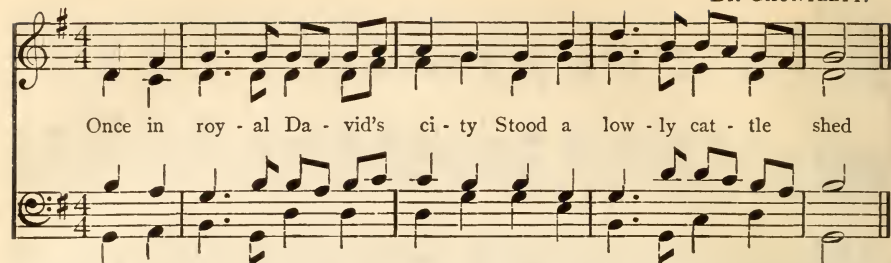


- 2
1 GOD Almighty, in Thy temple
Low before Thy throne we bow
From Thy dwelling-place in glory
Hear our supplications now,
While we offer
Earnest prayer and solemn vow.
- 2 Christ our Saviour, Thou who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old,
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.
- 3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us,
Ever dwell our hearts within ;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

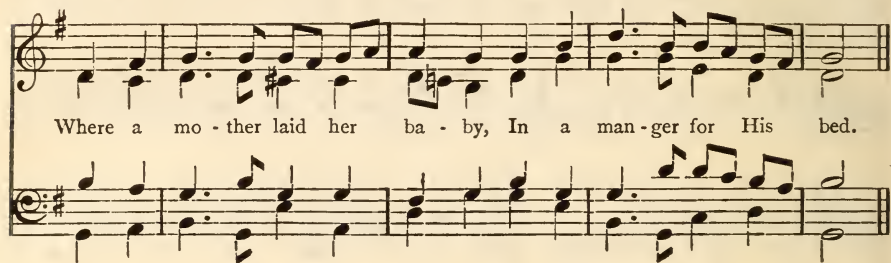
- 35
1 GOD is Love ; that anthem olden
Sing the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Telling to us day and night
Their great story,
God is Love, and God is Light.

- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back, from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is Might, and God is Love.
- 3 Through that precious Love He sought us,
Wandering from His holy ways,
With that precious Life He bought us ;
Then let all our future days
Tell this story :
Love is Life—our lives be praise.
- 4 Gladsome is the theme and glorious,
Praise to Christ our gracious Head,
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious
Death and hell hath captive led.
Glory, glory !
Love is Life, and Death is dead.
- 5 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move
Our whole lives, one resurrection
To the life of life above
Their glad story,
God is Life, and God is Love.

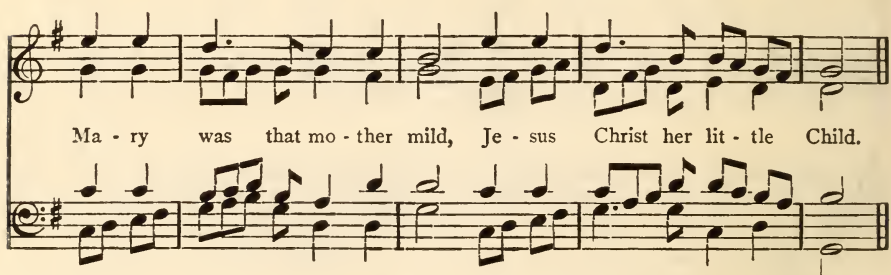
J. S. B. Monsell.



Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed



Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed.



Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

57

1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

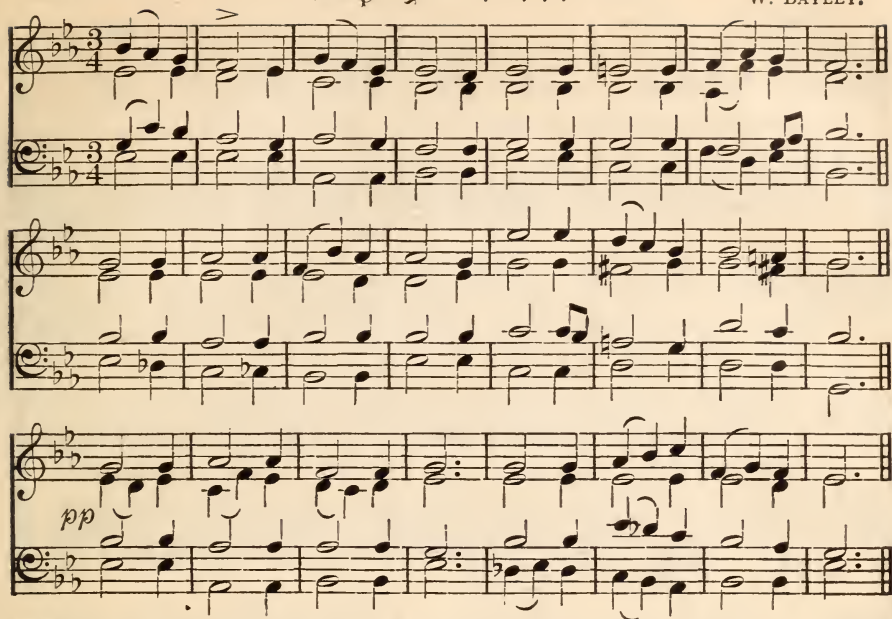
3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children, all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feelth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. Alexander.



88

1 ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood ?
Christ the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God :
This was boundless love, indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends ;
And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above ;
But when home our souls are brought
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton.

- 2 Bless the Gospel message spoken,
In Thine own appointed way ;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.
- 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine :
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine.
- 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy ;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought ;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught.
- 5 Parents, teachers, friends, and pastor,
Fold them to Thy loving breast,
Guard them safely, gracious Master,
Bless them, and they shall be blest.

Sarah Doudney.

291

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath
spared us ;
Wearied we lie down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelly.

185

1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Spirit, now descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all ;

(Refrain.) Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part !

Hymn 22. *Unison.*

Words by H. F. LYTE. Music by Sir J. Goss.

Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en ; To His feet thy tri-bute bring ;

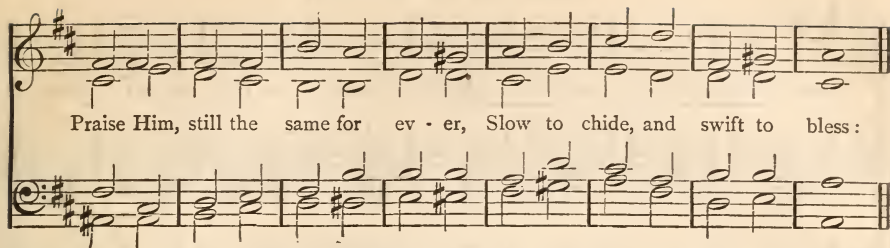
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing ?

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him ! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King !

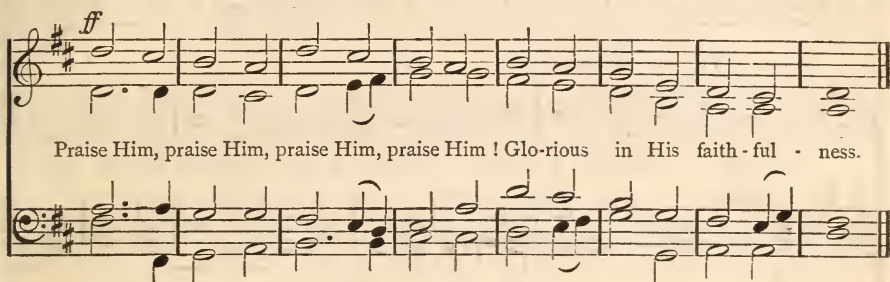
SECOND VERSE. *Harmony.*

Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress ;

Praise, my Soul—continued.

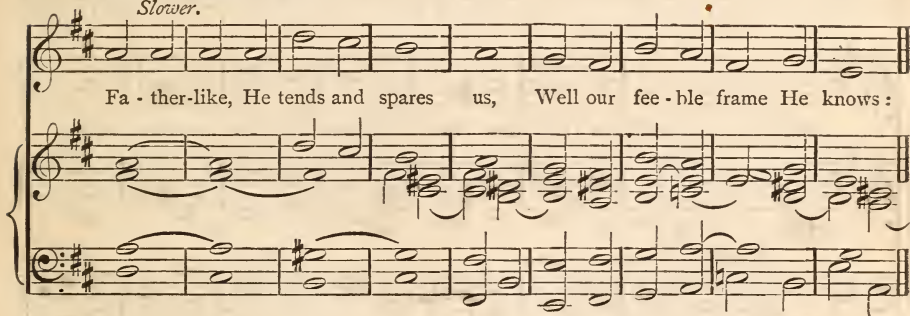


Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless :




ff
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him ! Glo-rious in His faith - ful - ness.

THIRD VERSE. *Trebles only.*
Slower.



Fa - ther-like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows :



In His hands He gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes ;

Praise, my Soul—continued.

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him ! Widely as His mer - cy flows.

ff

FOURTH VERSE. *Unison.*

f

An - gels in the height a - dore Him ; Ye be - hold Him face to face ;

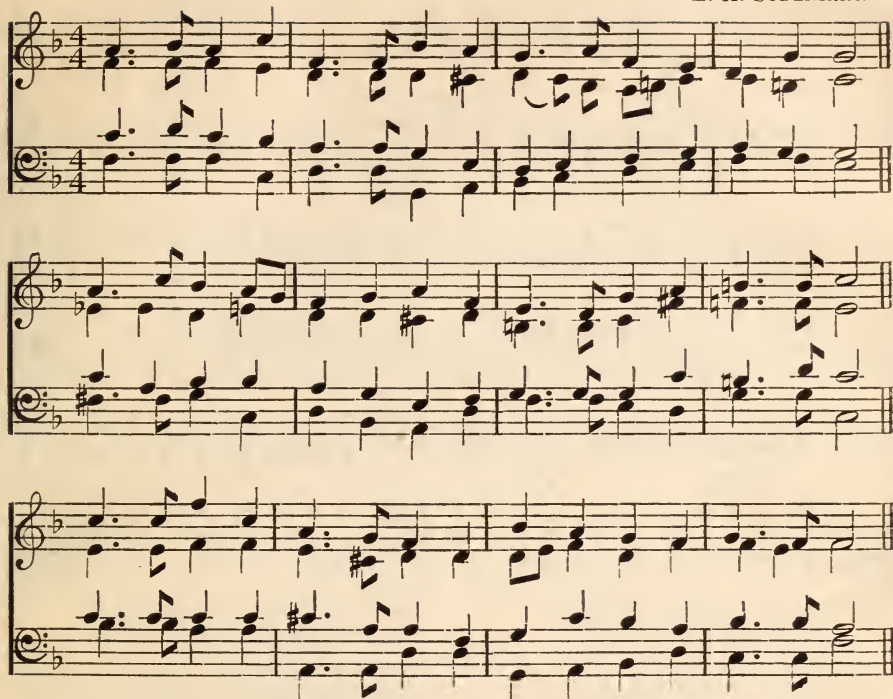
f

Saints tri - um-phant bow be - fore Him, Gathered in from eve - ry race ;

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him ! Praise with us the God of grace.

ff



322

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
 Little ones are dear to Thee;
 Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
 In Thy bosom may we be;
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us,
 From Thy fold to go astray;
 By Thy look of love directed,
 May we walk the narrow way;
 Thus direct us, and protect us,
 Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
 Fill our minds with heavenly light;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain us
 To approve whate'er is right;
 Let us feel Thy yoke is easy;
 Let us prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
 Glad thank-offerings may we bring;
 Then with all the saints in glory
 Join to praise our Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson.

407

1 JESUS loves the little children,
 Knows about their work and play;
 Helps them when they try to please Him,
 Hears them always when they pray.
 Happy, happy little children,
 Jesus hears them when they pray.

2 Jesus thinks about the children
 All the nights and all the days;
 Leads the little feet that follow
 Into wisdom's pleasant ways.
 Happy, happy little children,
 Led to wisdom's pleasant ways.

3 He will bless them, when they ask Him,
 Always patient, true, and mild;
 Jesus knows about their troubles,
 He was once a little child.
 Blessed, happy little children,
 He was once a little child.

4 By and by, for those who love Him,
 He will come some happy day,
 Lead them to the pleasant pastures
 Of the land not far away.
 O the safe and happy children,
 In the land not far away.

H. O. Knowlton.

90

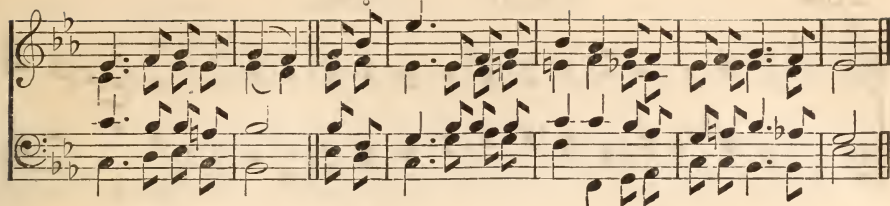
- 1 WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod,
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.
- 2 Who is this—a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky,
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

- 3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance,
All His foes beneath His throne.
- 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. W. W. How.

232

Chamouni, 8.7. (8 lines).

G. LOMAS.



233

Faber. 8.7.8.7.

FERRIS TOZER.

UNISON or SOLO.

Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?

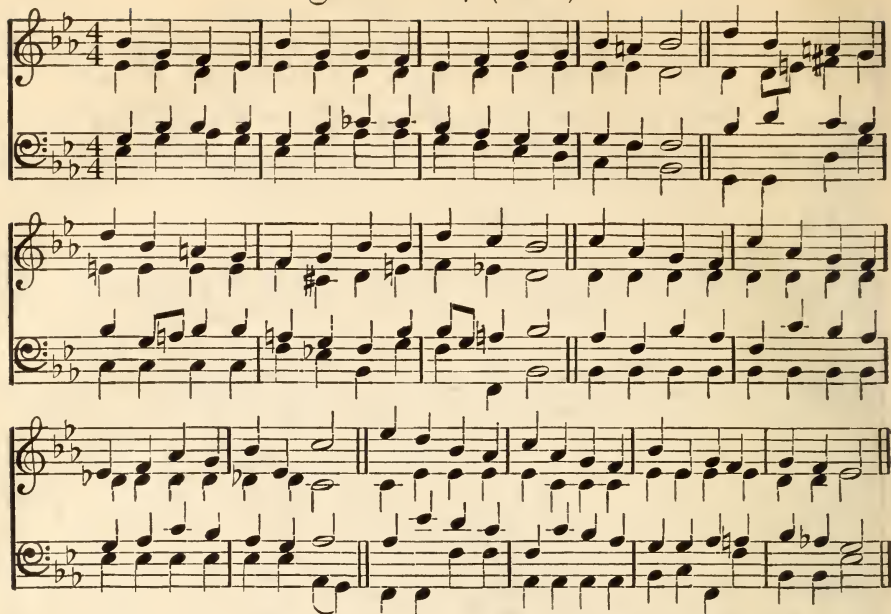
Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

516

- I SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet.
- 2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

- There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good!
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.
- 4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
- 5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.



50

1 CRADLED in a manger meanly,
Laid the Son of man His head ;
Sleeping His first earthly slumber
Where the oxen had been fed.
Happy were those shepherds listening
To the holy angel's word !
Happy they, within that stable,
Worshipping their infant Lord !

2 Happy all who hear the message
Of His coming from above !
Happier still who hail His coming,
And with praises greet His love !
Blessed Saviour, Christ most holy !
In a manger Thou didst rest :
Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower,
And abide within my breast ?

3 Evil things are there before Thee,
In my heart, so cold and dead :
Wilt Thou pitifully enter,
Son of man, and lay Thy head ?
Enter then, O Christ most holy ;
Make a Christmas in my heart ;
Make a heaven of my spirit :
It is heaven where Thou art.

4 And to those who never listened
To the message of Thy birth,
Who have winter, but no Christmas
Bringing them Thy " peace on earth."
Send to these the joyful tidings :
By all people, in each home,
Be there heard the Christmas anthem,
" Praise to God, the Christ has come !"

G. S. Rowe.

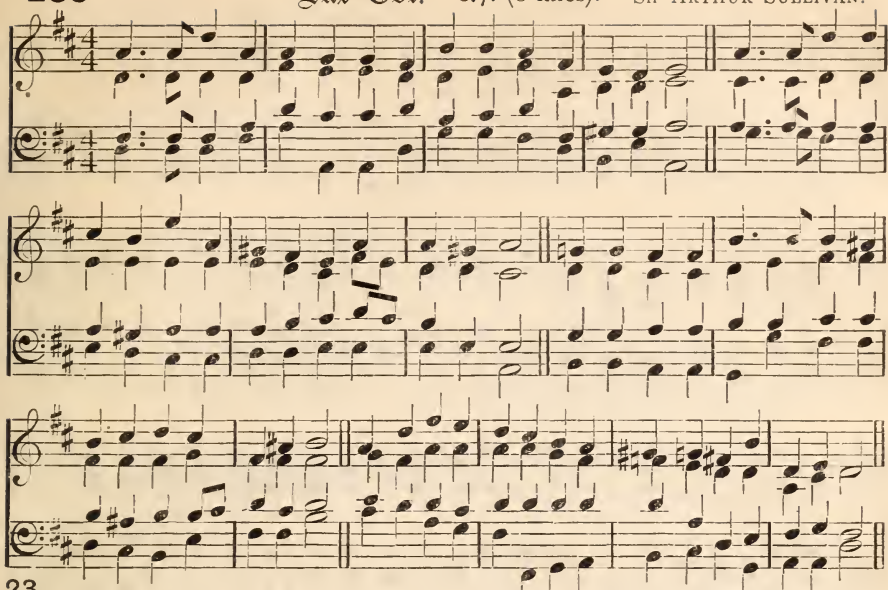
220

1 THEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago !
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring time,
Catch the azure of the sky,
'hey are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

2 They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses,
Folded to each silent breast :
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

3 They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss ;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim ;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them ;
Jesus called them unto Him.

4 Little hearts are ever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way !
They are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lonely spot ;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them :
Suffer, and forbid them not.



23

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him :

Praise Him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.

R. Mant.

179

1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin this day with praise ;
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above ;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see ;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory breaks before us
Through the heavenly city's gate.

J. D. Burns.

312

1 FRIEND of sinners ! Lord of glory !
Lowly, mighty !—Brother, King !
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing.
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend,—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

2 Friend who never fails or grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind !
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find !
Sorrow soothing, joy enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

3 O to love and serve Thee better !
From all evil set us free :
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to Thee.
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend :
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinner's Friend !

Newman Hall.

P

236

Bethany. 8.7. (8 lines).

HENRY SMART.

Handwritten musical score for 'Bethany' by Henry Smart. The score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score consists of three systems, each with two staves. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end. The third system has a repeat sign at the end.

237

St. Asaph. 8.7. (8 lines).

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.

Handwritten musical score for 'St. Asaph' by W. S. Bambridge. The score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The score consists of three systems, each with two staves. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end. The third system has a repeat sign at the end.

1 SERAPHS praise Thee, God the Father.
 In the sweetest, noblest lays;
 Can it be that Thou would'st rather
 Listen unto children's praise?
 Yes; Thou hearkenest to our voices,
 Children's voices though they be;
 Take the glory each rejoices,
 Lord of all, to render Thee.

2 Cherubs praise Thee, God the Saviour,
 In sublimest strains above;
 Wilt Thou grant to us Thy favour,
 And accept of children's love?
 Yes; Thou listenest to our singing,
 Children's singing though it be;
 Take the hearts we all are bringing,
 Sovereign Son, to Thee, to Thee.

3 Angels praise Thee, God the Spirit,
 Source of life and light and truth;
 Wilt Thou, for the Saviour's merit,
 Hear the simpler songs of youth?
 Thou receiv'st our adoration,
 Children's homage though it be;
 Make our hearts a new creation,
 Holy Spirit, fit for Thee.

4 Triune God, the heavens hail Thee,
 Harpers, choirs, and white-robed throng,
 Nor shall children's voices fail Thee
 In the universal song.
 Now receive our highest praises,
 Children's praises though they be;
 Then to bliss at last upraise us,
 Triune God, to worship Thee.
T. McCullagh.

30

1 ALL things bless Thee, God most holy,
 To Thy feet their worship bring;
 Thou art worthy of all praises,
 Ever blessed, glorious King.
 Earth, and air, and ocean's fulness,
 All Thy power and love declare,
 And in this exultant chorus,
 May not little children share?

2 Childhood's treasures are Thy giving,
 Sunny days and happy hours,
 Daisied meadows in the spring-time,
 Roses in the summer bowers;—
 Food and raiment, home and shelter,
 Sleep for wearied eye and limb,
 Dawning day, and happy waking
 To the birds' sweet morning hymn.

3 Help us now to be like Jesus,
 Pure and gentle, good and kind,
 Give us of His peaceful spirit,
 And His meek and lowly mind.
 Teach our hearts to feel Thy mercy,
 Keep us ever near to Thee;
 May we trust in Thee our Father,
 And Thy loving children be.

J. A. Mitchell.

103

1 FAR above in highest heaven,
 Jesus reigns, our Lord and King;
 He His life for us has given,
 He did life eternal bring.
 Sing then, children, sing with gladness,
 Loud let grateful anthems ring;
 Jesus is the children's Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King!

2 Once on earth, the children praised Him,
 And "Hosanna" was their cry;
 Now that God to Heaven has raised Him,
 Loud they praise Him in the sky.
 Shout then, children, shout your praises,
 Loud let grateful anthems ring;
 Jesus is the children's Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King!

3 Come then, early, come to Jesus,
 As the children did of old:
 He from sin and sorrow frees us,
 Never will His love grow cold.
 Daily let us learn to love Him,
 Daily let us join to sing
 Praises to our Lord and Saviour,
 Praises to the children's King.

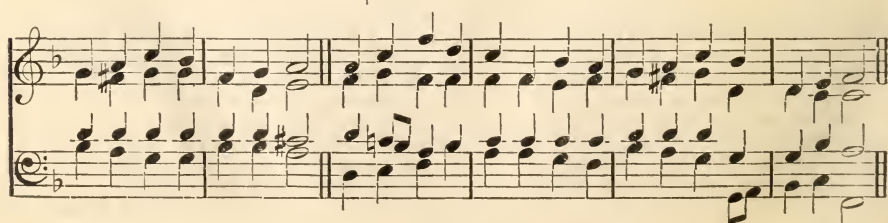
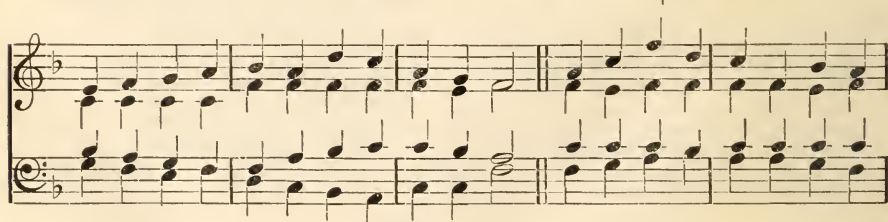
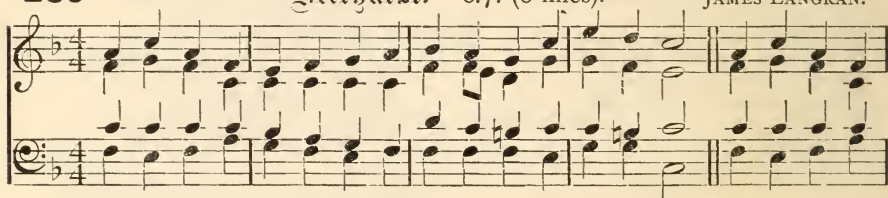
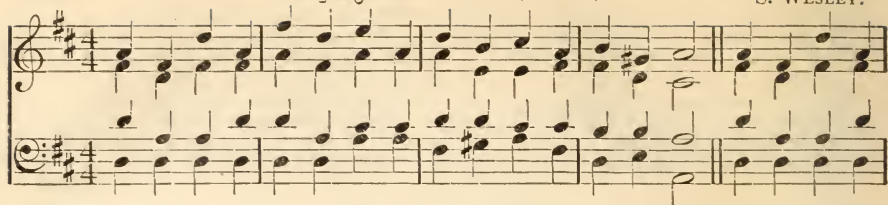
4 Then, when life's short days are ended,
 If we've served our Saviour well,
 By His angels gently tended,
 In His kingdom we shall dwell;
 There we'll shout our joyous praises,
 There the song of victory sing;
 Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King!

W. H. Scott.

472

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton.



1 SAVIOUR ! while my heart is tender,
 I would yield that heart to Thee ;
 All my powers to Thee surrender,
 Thine, and only Thine to be.
 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
 Let my youthful heart be Thine :
 Thy devoted servant make me ;
 Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
 Only do Thou guide my way ;
 May Thy grace through life attend me,
 Gladly then shall I obey.
 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
 To Thy service set apart ;
 Suffer me to leave Thee here :
 Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. Burton.

232

1 THERE'S a fold both safe and happy,
 Where the little ones may dwell,
 And secure the Shepherd guards it,
 For the lambs He loves so well.
 Through the pleasant fields He leads them,
 By the streamlets fresh and clear ;
 Rest and gladness gives He to them,
 And His blessed voice they hear.

2 Many of His lambs are resting
 In a yet more peaceful fold,
 Sheltered from the heat of summer,
 Sheltered from the winter's cold ;
 In a bright and happy country,
 Where 'tis always fresh and fair,
 And the presence of the Shepherd
 Is for ever with them there.

3 Of that fold the doors stand open,
 And its rest each one may win ;
 For the welcome of the Master
 Greeteth all who enter in.
 Then will be the happy meetings
 With the lambs that went before ;
 One blest fold and one dear Shepherd,
 Safe at home for evermore !

Mary Manning.

241

1 HARK ! the voice of Jesus crying,
 " Who will go and work to-day ?
 Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away ?"
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers free ;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 " Here am I, send me, send me ?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door.
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite,
 And the least you give for Jesus
 Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say He welcomes all.
 If you cannot rouse the wicked
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You can lead the little children
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
 " There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task He gives you gladly,
 Let His work your pleasure be ;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 " Here am I, send me, send me."

J. A. Todd.

390

1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer !
 O, what peace we often forfeit,
 O, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer !

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged ;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer !
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer !

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer !
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer !
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

J. Scriven.



510

1 OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in ;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

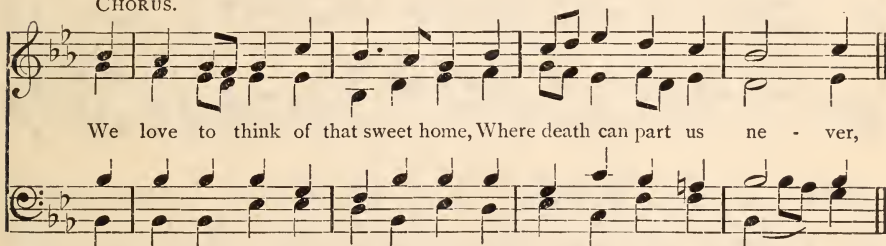
2 Open the door for the children,
See they are coming in throngs ;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs.
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given !
Open the door for the children,
" Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand ;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Lead them to Canaan's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Mrs M A Bidden



CHORUS.



229

1 THERE is a bright and happy home,
Where all is joy and gladness,
Where sin and sorrow may not come,
Nor any thought of sadness.

(Chorus.) We love to think of that sweet home,
Where death can part us never,
Where we shall dwell in God's own
light,
For ever and for ever.

2 This life is often clouded o'er
With tearful hours of sorrow,
And those we hold so dear to-day,
May go from us to-morrow.

3 There, all our fears are laid to rest,
And hushed is all our weeping,
There, troubled hearts find sweet repose,
Like little children sleeping.

4 The sunshine of the Father's smile
Lights up the golden city,
The same kind smile that rests upon
Us now in loving pity.

5 We hope to reach this happy home,
Where there is no more weeping,
But wait in patience God's own time,
We still are in His keeping.

H. P. H.

Musical score for "Golden Sheaves" by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs.

Musical score for "Succoth" by Samuel Smith. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs.

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so dear in heaven,
 As that before His wondrous birth
 To Christ the Saviour given.

(Chorus.) We love to sing unto our King,
 And hail Him blessed Jesus !
 For there's no word ear ever heard,
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus !

2 'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim,
 To His most blessed mother,
 That Name which now and evermore
 We praise above all other.

3 And when He hung upon the Cross,
 They wrote His name above Him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.

4 So now upon His Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, He ever reigns
 Our Prince and Saviour Jesus !

E. Roberts.

May we, the angel reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
 To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,
 Where saints abide for ever ;
 Where golden fields spread far and broad,
 Where flows the crystal river :
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending ;
 Thrice blessed is that harvest song,
 Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix.

449

1 I 'VE found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !
 He loved me ere I knew Him ;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him,
 And round my heart still closely twine,
 Those ties which nought can sever.
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !
 He bled, He died to save me :
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver ;
 My heart, my strength, my life my all,
 Are His and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !
 All power to Him is given
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven.
 Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavour :
 So now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !
 So kind, and true, and tender ;
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender !
 From Him who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul shall sever ?
 Shall life or death ? shall earth or hell ?
 No ! I am His for ever.

J. G. Small.

216

1 TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
 In hymns of adoration,
 To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
 With shouts of exultation ;
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
 The hills with joy are ringing,
 The valleys stand so thick with corn
 That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day
 Thy bounteous hand confessing,
 Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
 The first-fruits of Thy blessing ;
 By Thee the souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal,
 Thou, who dost give us earthly bread,
 Give us the Bread Eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary ;
 But labour ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes for the weary ;

Unison. Harmony. Unison. Harmony.

ff

mf

rit.

ff CHORUS. *a tempo.* Unison. Harmony.

Christ is ris-en, hal-le-lu-jah !

Unison. Harmony.

Ris-en our vic-torious Head! Sing His praises, hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is ris-en from the dead.

91

1 CHRIST is risen, hallelujah !
 Risen our victorious Head !
 Sing His praises, hallelujah !
 Christ is risen from the dead.
 Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
 As His light once more appears,
 Bowing down in joy before Him,
 Rising up from grief and tears.
 (Chorus.) Christ is risen, hallelujah !
 Risen our victorious Head !
 Sing His praises, hallelujah !
 Christ is risen from the dead.

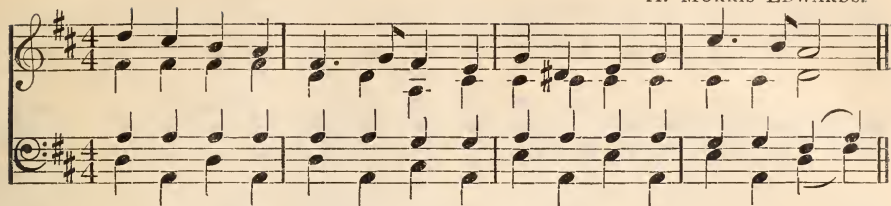
2 Christ is risen, all the sadness
 Of His earthly life is o'er,

Through the open gates of gladness
 He returns to life once more.

Death and hell before Him bending,
 See Him rise, the Victor now,
 Angels on His steps attending,
 Glory round His wounded brow.

3 Christ is risen, henceforth never
 Death or hell shall thus enthrall,
 We are Christ's, in Him for ever,
 We have triumphed over all.
 All the doubting and dejection
 Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
 'Tis His day of resurrection,
 Let us rise and keep the feast.

J. S. B. Monsell.



141
 1 **D**O we love our gentle Saviour,
 We must labour while 'tis day
 Work for Jesus, work for Jesus,
 Till the sunlight fades away,
 Bird and bee, and sparkling fountain,
 Each their cheerful work pursue ;
 O how pleasant to remember
 There is something we can do.

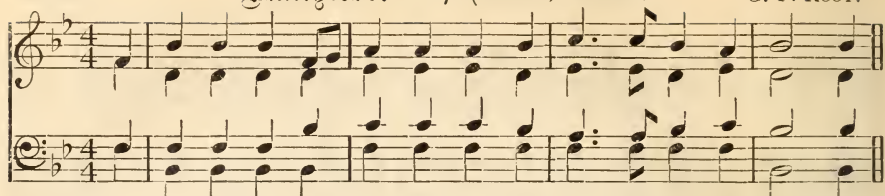
(Chorus.) We are pilgrims bound for Zion,
 We must labour while 'tis day.
 Work for Jesus, work for Jesus,
 Till the sunlight fades away.

2 We can drop a word of kindness,
 And perhaps that word may be

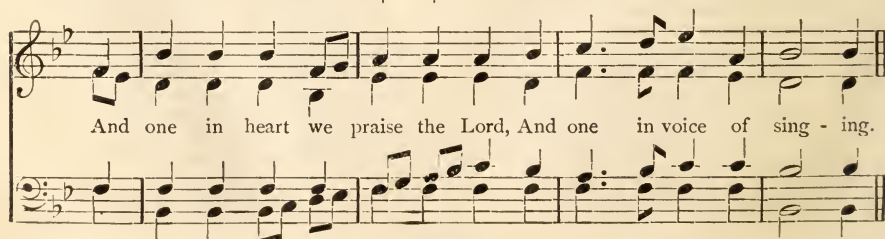
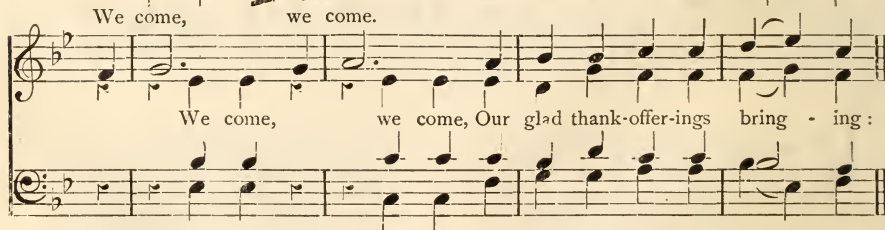
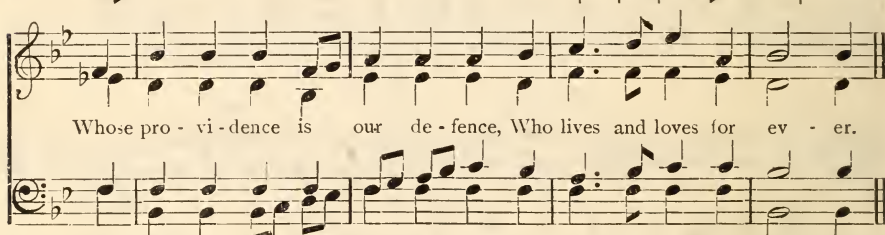
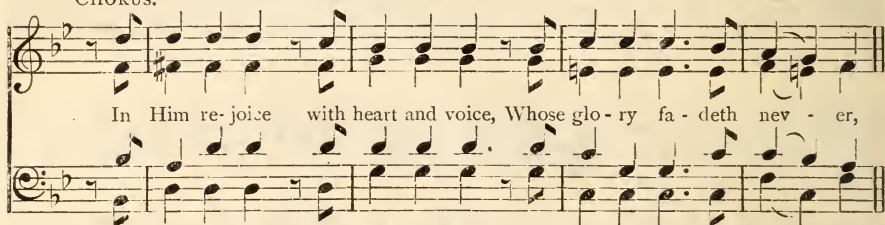
Like an acorn by the wayside,
 Growing up a stately tree.
 Wretched homes of want and sorrow,
 When our tearful eyes behold,
 We can bring the helpless children
 To our Saviour's precious fold.

3 While we sing to those around us
 Of our glorious home above,
 We may lead a careless wanderer
 To a Saviour's pardoning love.
 We can help to send the gospel
 O'er the ocean far away,
 If we love our gentle Saviour,
 We must labour while 'tis day.

Fanny J. Van Alstyne.



CHORUS.



- 1 **A** GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
And thankfully we gather,
To bless the love of God above,
Our everlasting Father.

(Chorus.) In Him rejoice with heart and voice,
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever.
We come, we come,
Our glad thank-offerings bringing :
And one in heart we praise the Lord,
And one in voice of singing.

- 2 From shades of night, He calls the light,
And from the seed the flower ;
From every cloud His blessings break,
In sunshine, or in shower.

- 3 Full in His sight His children stand,
By His strong arm defended,
And He, whose wisdom guides the world,
Our footsteps hath attended.

- 4 For nothing falls unknown to Him—
O'er care, or joy, or sorrow,
And He whose mercy ruled the past,
Will be our stay to-morrow.

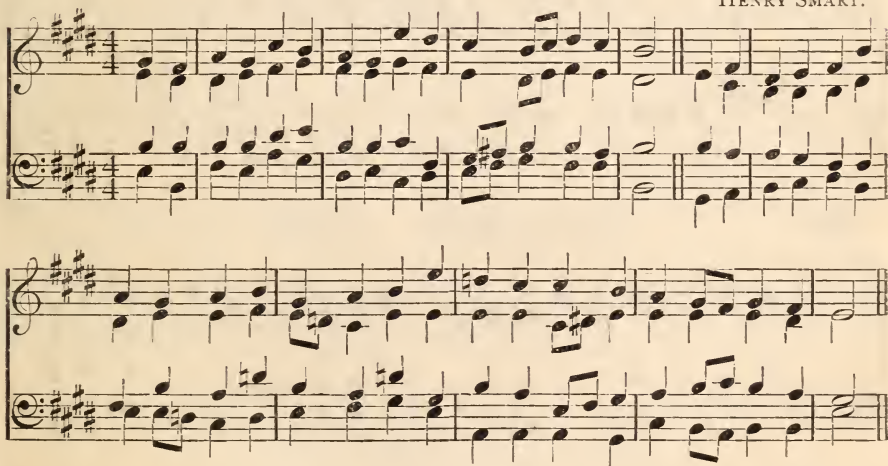
- 5 Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great name give glory,
And of His never-changing love,
Repeat the wondrous story !

A. N. Blatchford.

247

Seraphim. 8.7.8.8.7.

HENRY SMART.



- 9
1 **A** NGELS holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 2 Sun and noon bright, night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored ;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 3 Ocean hoary tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 4 Rock and high land, wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared ;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 5 Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth, with people widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 6 Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver ;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

J. S. Blackie.

Musical score for 'Abendlied' by Wilfrid Bendall. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Musical score for 'Evening Hymn' by W. Jackson. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

276

1 FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of Thy mercy large and free :
 Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
 Through the day Thy care hath led us,
 With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour ;
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity :
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O Thou Lamb of Cavalry !

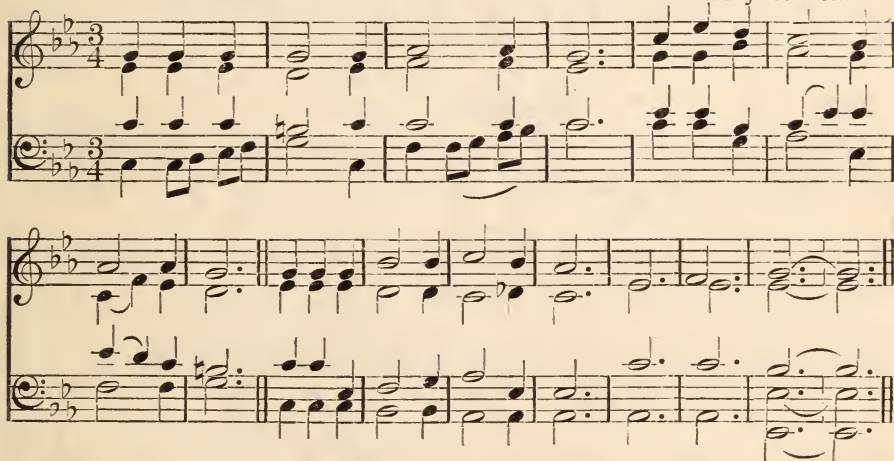
3 While the night dews are distilling,
 Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
 With Thine own serenity :
 Softly may our eyes be closing,
 Loving souls on Thee reposing,
 Ever-blessèd Trinity.

G. Rawson.

250

St. Ælred. . 8.8.8.3.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.



64

1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
 But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
 Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
 "Oh, save us in our agony !"
 Thy word above the storm rose high,
 "Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed ; the angry deep
 Sank, like a little child to sleep ;
 The sullen billows ceased to leap
 At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 "Peace, be still."

G. Thring.

*In bold, march style, not too quickly.**mp*

CAREY BONNER.

252

Southport. 8.8.8.4.

G. LOMAS.

236

1 FROM north and south and east and west,

When shall the peoples long unblest,
All find their everlasting rest,
O Christ, in Thee?

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee?

3 When, on each southern balmy coast,
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in Thee?

4 O when in all the orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands,
Shall men lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee?

5 O when shall heathen darkness roll
Away in light, from pole to pole,

And endless day by every soul
Be found in Thee?

6 Bring, Lord, the long-predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their Refuge, Tower,
And Home in Thee!

G. T. Coster.

494

1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee.
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare,
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone.
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power.
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven.
For means of grace and hopes of heaven.
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?
- 7 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth.

532

- 1 **T**HROUGH good report and evil, Lord !
Still guided by Thy faithful Word.

Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow Thee.

- 2 In silence of the lonely night,
In fullest glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or
bright,
We follow Thee.

- 3 Great Master ! point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray :
Then in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

- 4 Thou hast passed on before our face ;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace ;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace,—
We follow Thee.

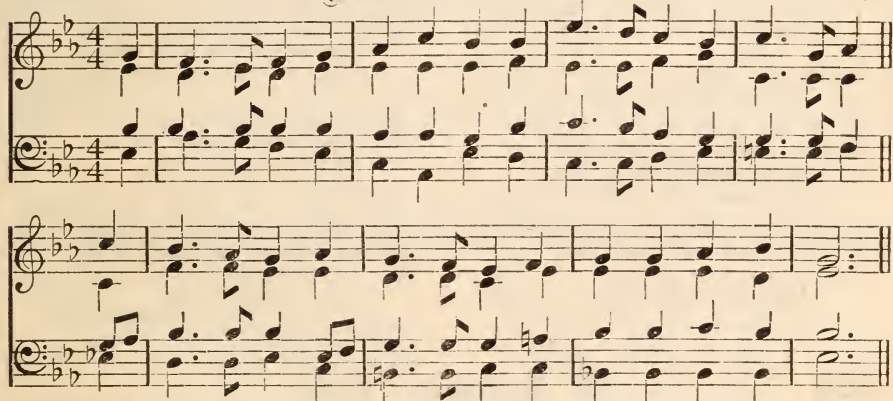
- 5 Whom have we in the heaven above ?
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love ?
Still in Thy light we onward move,
We follow Thee.

H. Bonar.

253

Innocents. 8.8.8.6.

Dr. C. VINCENT.



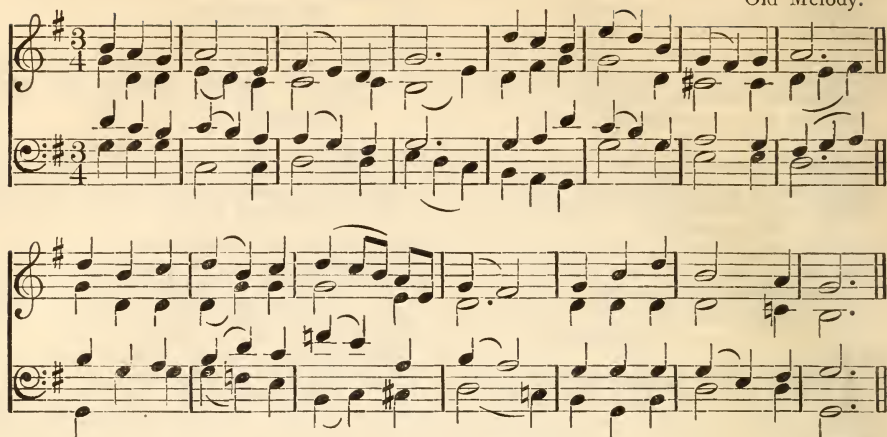
337

- 1 **I**T fell upon a summer day
When Jesus walked in Galilee.
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to His knee.
- 2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head ;
" Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.
- 3 " Forbid them not ; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."
- 4 Master, I fain would enter there ;
O let me follow Thee and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.
- 5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,

Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

- 6 All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine heaven.
- 7 O happy thus to live and move !
And sweet this world where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere—His love—
His good in all mankind.
- 8 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart.
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
Life-giving, strong to heal.
- 9 So when, far fled from earth, I come
Before Thee, happy and forgiven,
The heavenly host may cry with joy,
" A child is born in heaven."

Stofford A. Brooke.



137

LORD ! I obey Thy kind command
To follow Thee to heaven's bright
land—

But need Thy guiding, strengthening hand ;
Help me to follow Thee.

2 My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

3 By meakness, patience, kindness, prayer,
By works of love and friendly care,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help me to follow Thee.

4 When fears and foes beset my way,
When darkest clouds obscure my day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
Help me to follow Thee.

5 Courageously, in spite of foes,
With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose,
Unto my journey's final close,
Help me to follow Thee.

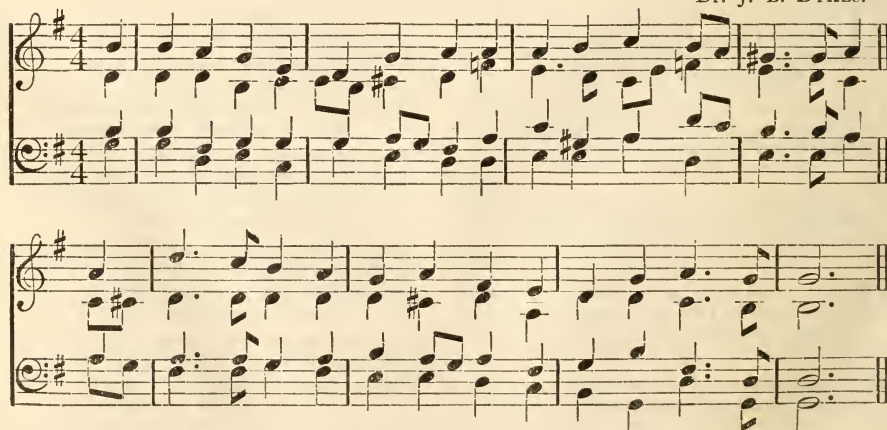
6 Along the heavenly pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight ;
By victory crowned, and robed in white,
I'll ever follow Thee.

Newman Hall.

255

St. Barnabas. 8.8.8.6.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.



1 **F**ORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
The risen Lord gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked him, "Lov'st thou Me?"

2 When Peter saw His Master's look,
He went and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

3 How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

4 How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy Name!
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came!

5 O, oft forsaken, oft denied!
Pardon our shame, forgive our sin,
Look on us from Thy Father's side,
And let that sweet look win.

6 Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more.

Mrs. Alexander. v. 2 altd.

256

St. Crispin. 8.8.8.8.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.

136

1 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

143

1 **J**UST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come!

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

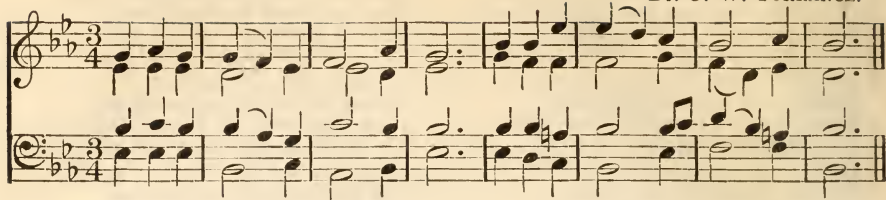
3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore, to Thee I come.

4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold;
For my whole life, I come.

6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down;
O Master, Lord, I come!

Marianne Farningham.



319

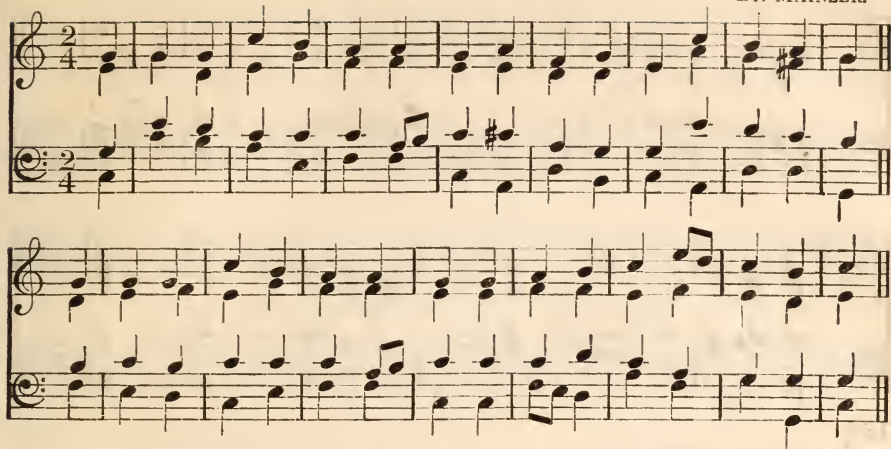
- 1 GOD speaks to us in bird and song ;
In winds that drift the clouds along ;
Above the din of toil and wrong,—
A melody of love.
- 2 God speaks to us in far and near ;
In peace of home and friends most dear ;
From the dim past, and present clear,
A melody of love.
- 3 God speaks to us in darkest night ;
By quiet ways through mornings bright,
When shadows fall with evening light,
A melody of love.
- 4 God speaks to us in every land,
On wave-lapp'd shore and silent strand ;
By kiss of child, and touch of hand,
A melody of love.
- 5 O voice Divine, speak Thou to me !
Beyond the earth, beyond the sea ;
First let me hear, then sing to Thee
A melody of love.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died :—
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care.
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share ;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

*G. Thring.**Joseph Johnson.*

358

- 1 O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.
- 2 And Thou, who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 1 O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.
- 2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er ;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

Jane Cawdson.



111

1 COME, gracious Spirit, Source of love,
With light and comfort from above,
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside

2 Defend us, with a Father's care,
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to Thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road,
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

S. Browne.

217

1 O LORD, another year has flown;
And we, in hymn of humble tone,
Would join the angel host above,
To sing Thy power and bless Thy love.

2 On us Thy sun hath shed its light,
And we have slept in peace at night;
Thy hand hath led us all our way,
Thy love hath fed us day by day.

3 And we have heard that Jesus died;
That heaven's bright gate is open wide;
Our lips have learned to praise and pray,
Our steps are near the narrow way.

4 For these, Thy mercies, Lord, we raise,
With loving hearts, our hymns of praise;
Through Christ, Thy Son, O God of grace,
Hear us in heaven Thy dwelling-place.

Jonathan Leas.

428

1 COME to us, Lord, who come to Thee;
Come in Thy love, to calm our fears;
Come in Thy Strength, that we may be
Thine own through all the after-years.

2 We do not come as those who know
Their purpose firm to keep Thy way,
Nor yet as those who hitherto
Have served Thee wholly day by day.

3 We come because our lives have been
Unworthy, and are worthless still;
But if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean,—
Put forth Thine hand, and say, "I will."

4 We come because our hearts are weak,
Our hands are helpless, and our feet
Too prone to wander; and we seek
Thy power, to make our will complete.

5 And yet we come as those Thine own
Already; by redeeming love
Washed in the blood that doth atone,
And given the guiding heavenly Dove.

6 Thou callest, who all-fatherly
Hast blessed us from our feeblest days;—
Come to us, Lord!—we come to Thee—
And seal Thy children with Thy grace.

W. St. Hill Bourne.

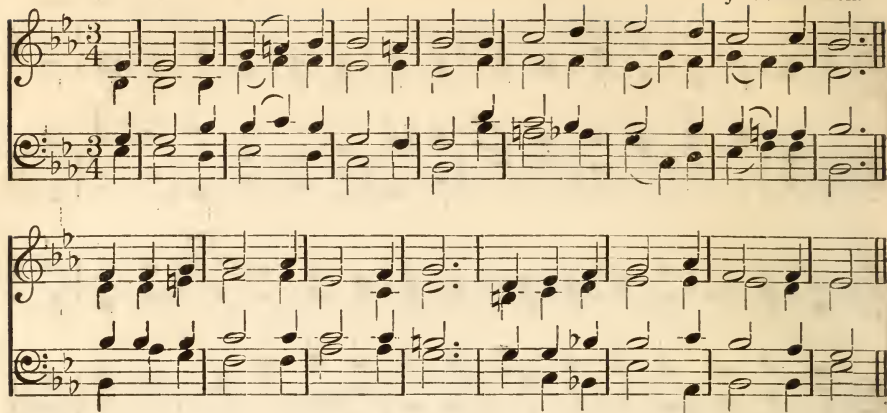
530

1 THOU in whose Name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thy own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord.

2 Thou, by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

3 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share,
Give steadfast wills Thy Cross to bear;
And, when life's working days are past
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

J. Ellerton.



188

1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O, in what divers pains they met!
O, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well;
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in the solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

190

1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Thou Framers of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

360

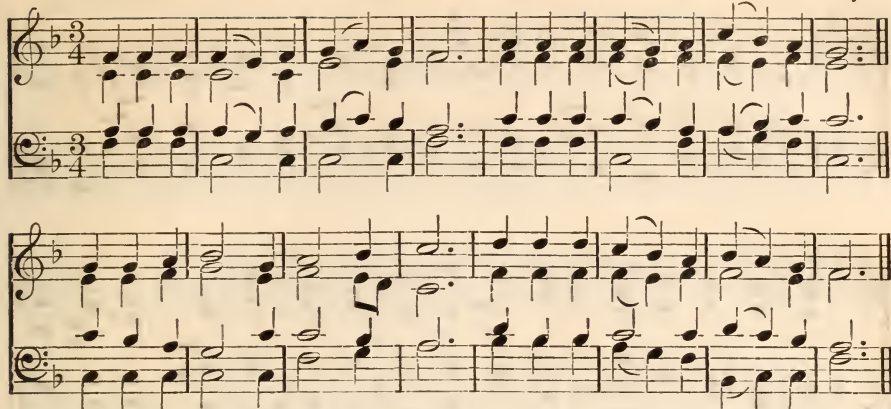
1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord
While youthful days are bright and fair;
Who love to read His holy Word,
And hearken to His teaching there.

2 O, happy they who trust the Lord,
Whose faith upon its Saviour leans;
His rod and staff shall help afford,
And guide them through life's changeful scenes.

3 O, happy they who fear the Lord
When pleasure chants her guileful song;
With purer joys their souls accord,
And scorn to join her giddy throng.

4 O, happy they who serve the Lord,
From youth to age His word obey;
His smile shall be their rich reward,
And crowns that cannot fade away.

W. H. Groser.



362

1 **O** HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place ;
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

2 Lead every child that bears Thy name
To walk in Thine own guileless way.
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

3 O, let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both God and man.

W. W. How.

435

1 **G**O, labour on : spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will :
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labour on, 'tis not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises :—what are men ?

3 Go, labour on : enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labour on while it is day :
The world's dark night is hastening on :

Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Go, labour on : your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown !

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For work comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold, I come ! "

H. Bonar.

460

1 **J**ESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

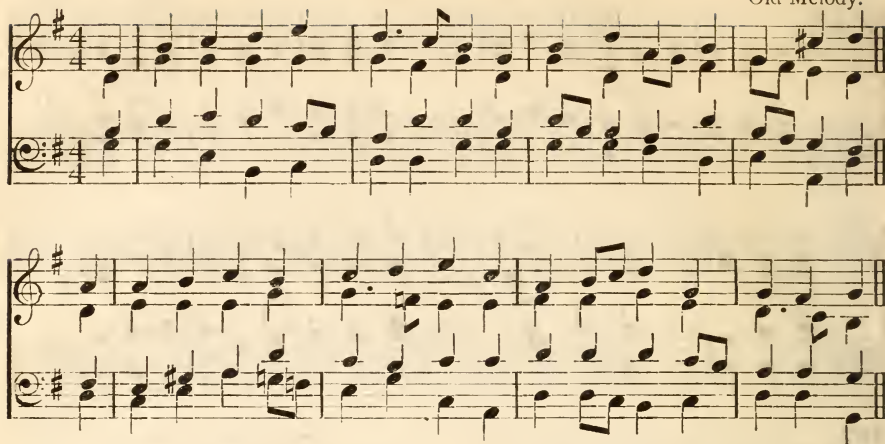
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head.
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away :
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. Ray Palmer.



37

1 GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

2 Art Thou my Father ? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a sinful one can raise ?

3 Art Thou my Father ? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee :
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father ? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

Ann Gilbert.

71

1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die ;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about—He was so kind—
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

3 And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do ;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

4 But such a cruel death He died !
He was hung up and crucified !

And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died !—and this is why
He came to be a man and die ;
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been,
He knew that God must punish sin ;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

Ann Gilbert.

77

1 THE sufferer had been heard to say,—
“ I am the unhappiest in the land ; ”
But comforted went on his way,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

2 The poor man had been oft passed by
By many people rich and grand,
But found at last prosperity,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

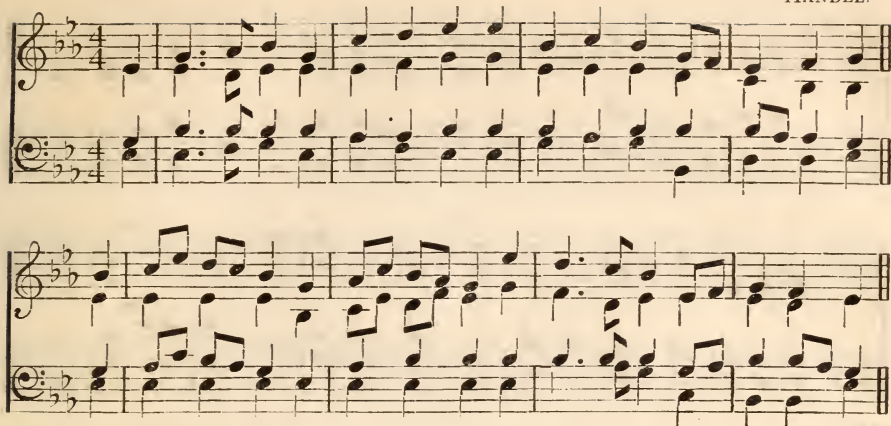
3 The sinner, in unpitied blame,
Was perishing—an outcast banned ;
But rose and left behind his shame,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

4 And many, of whom all men said,
“ They've fallen, never more to stand,”
Have risen, though they seemed as dead,
When Jesus took them by the hand.

5 O ye, who in the journey's length
Must often tread the weary sand,
Your fainting limbs will gather strength,
When Jesus takes you by the hand.

6 “ Come unto Me,” the Saviour cries,
In words a child can understand ;
“ Hard is the way,” He says, “ but rise,”
And then He takes us by the hand.

T. T. Lynch (v. 6, l. 2 altd.).



258

1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, God of Love.
Look down in mercy from above :
And be Thy gracious hands outspread,
In blessing o'er Thy children's head.

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

2 We thank Thee for the care which kept
Our homes in safety while we slept ;
And now we pray that through the day
Thy loving eye would guide our way.

5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

3 Preserve our feet from every snare,
Help us to keep our hearts with care ;
That though our evil foes assail,
They may not over us prevail.

6 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take ;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Mrs. Alexander.

4 As children guarded by Thine arm,
We feel ourselves secure from harm ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Thy presence all our joy and stay.

5 Then when the evening comes once more,
We will again Thy grace implore ;
And lay us down in peace and sleep,
For Thou wilt watch around us keep.

E. Wigglesworth.

386

1 **W**E are but little children weak,
Not born to any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great ?

2 O ! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;

475

1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died ;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

P. Doddridge.



49

1 YES, God is good ; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
" God made us all, and God is good."

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, " God is good."

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, " God is good."

5 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued :
And man in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord ;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word ;
These prompt our song that God is good.

Eliza Follen and J. H. Gurney.

86

1 IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be, [heaven,
That God's own Son should come from
And die to save a child like me.

2 And yet I know that it is true :
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin ;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

4 I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me :

5 But, even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great Love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

6 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me, so free and sure ;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

7 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord ;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

W. W. How.

267

1 O GOD, who, when the night was deep,
Didst keep me safe, and lend me sleep,
Now with Thy sun Thou bidd'st me rise,
And look around with older eyes.

2 Each blessed morning Thou dost give,
I have one morning less to live :
O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end.

3 O bid all evil wishes fly,
The fretful word, and idle eye ;
Help me to think, in all I do,
" God sees me : would He have it so ?"

4 Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me ;
And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for God's pardon when I die.

5 Be with me when I work and play,
Be with me now ; and every day
Be near me ; when I pray Thee, hear ;
And when I pray not, Lord, be near.

F. T. Palgrave.



274

1 **E**RE evening shadows round me close,
And ere I seek my night's repose.
To Thee, O Lord, I humbly raise
My hymn of love and grateful praise.

2 O give my voice sweet melody,
To sing my evening hymn to Thee,
And in my heart pour Thy sweet love,
That it may reach Thine ear above.

3 O take this youthful heart of mine,
And teach it from Thy heart divine
To praise Thy mercy and Thy power,
From morning's dawn to evening's hour.

4 O'er me, dear Lord, Thy night-watch keep,
And be my safety while I sleep;
And when the rays of morn I see,
My waking thoughts shall turn to Thee.

Formby's School Songs.

361

1 **O**HELP me, Lord, this day to be
Thy own dear child, and follow Thee;
And lead me, Saviour, by Thy hand
Right onward to Thy holy land.

2 When Thou didst leave Thy throne on high
To dwell with men, for men to die,
All childhood's troubles Thou didst feel,
That Thou our childish wounds might heal.

3 The simple cross which I may bear
Is not too small for Thee to share,
And Thou canst make me kind and true
In everything I say or do.

4 And help me, more than all, to love
Thy Father, Lord, and mine above,
And then, as Thou wouldst have me do,
Honour my earthly parents too.

5 Thus lead and teach me that I may
Grow more like Thee with each new day;
So day by day Thy love shall guide
Thy child still nearer to Thy side.

From the Children's Hymn-book.

426

1 **A**SHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be;
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose feet the way of sorrows trod
To bring me to Thy home above!

3 Ashamed of Thee!—of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

4 Ashamed of Thee!—whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place.

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be;
And in Thy last great Advent-day,
O be not Thou ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, recast by W. W. How.

484

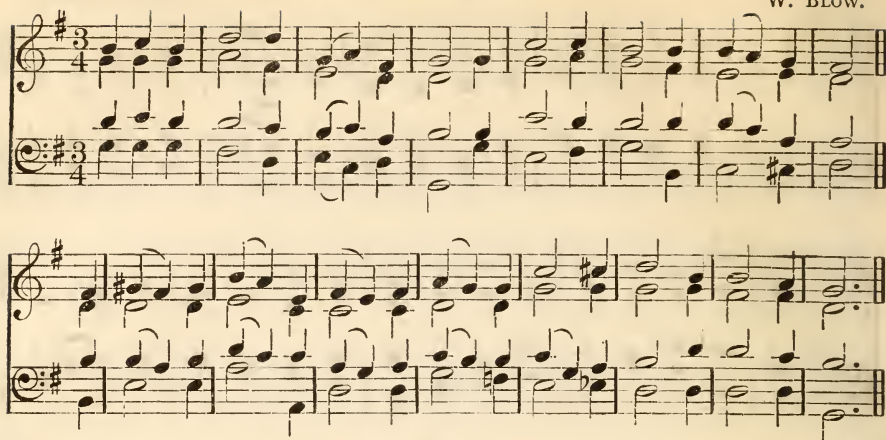
1 **O**GOD! who know'st how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good de-
parts;

We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

2 Let not the choking cares of earth
Its precious springs of life o'ergrow;
But, ever guarded by Thy love,
Still purer may its waters flow.

3 To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

W. Gaskell.



14

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all His ways :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
 The King of kings with glory crown ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 He sent His Son with power to save
 From guilt and darkness and the grave ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

Dr. Watts.

We toil in rowing on life's deep ;
 But where thou art is no more sea.

4 The Shepherd hath Himself removed
 The lamb which to His care was given ;
 For He on earth whom children loved
 Hath called His child from earth to heaven.

5 No cloud is there, no sound of woe,
 But heavenly peace serene and deep ;
 We know thou art with Christ ; for so
 He giveth His beloved sleep.

Mrs. H. Brock.

256

1 **P**RAISE to our God, whose bounteous
 hand,
 Prepared of old our glorious land ;
 A garden fenced with silver sea ;
 A people prosperous, bold, and free.

2 Praise to our God ; through all our past
 His mighty arm hath held us fast,
 Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
 Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God ; His power alone
 Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
 Sustained by counsels wise and just,
 And guarded by a people's trust.

4 Praise to our God ; who still forbears,
 Who still this guilty nation spares ;
 Who calls us still to seek His face,
 And lengthens out our day of grace.

5 Praise to our God ; though chastenings stern
 Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
 His rod and staff, from age to age,
 Shall rule and guide His heritage.

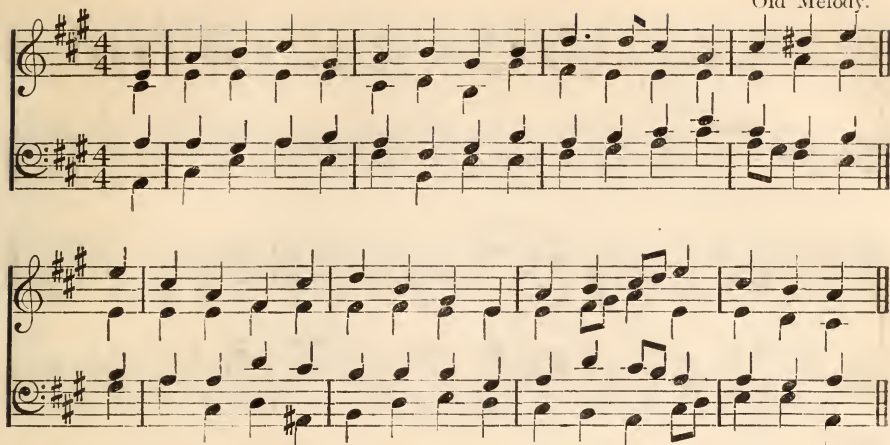
J. Ellerton.

219

1 **B**LESSED art thou, who, passed before,
 Hast found through death thy greatest
 gain ;
 Whose opening life, so quickly o'er,
 Is hidden where is no more pain.

2 Blessed art thou, whose childish feet
 Stray where the living waters flow ;
 For thee no glow of summer heat,
 No chilling touch of winter's snow.

3 Blessed art thou ; no storm can sweep
 Where love so soon hath wafted thee ;



366

1 **O** LORD, the children come to Thee,
For Thou the children's life didst share.
Its thoughts and feelings Thou didst know.
And Thou wilt hear Thy children's prayer.

2 We thank Thee for our happy homes,
For daily mercies ever new ;
But much we need Thy love within,
To keep us loving, pure, and true.

3 We know not all Thy glorious truth,
It o'ten seems beyond our powers ;
But this we know, Thou callest us
To serve Thee in our youthful hours.

4 We cannot see the way we take,
Its snares are hid, its griefs unknown ;
But since Thou art a life-long Friend,
We shall not meet our foes alone.

5 And when the days of youth are gone,
And life grows full of toil and care,
In Thy dear presence may we have
The answer to our childhood's prayer.

F. W. Goadby.

465

1 **L**OOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might ;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,

A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart.
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. Cullen Bryant.

485

1 **O** GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

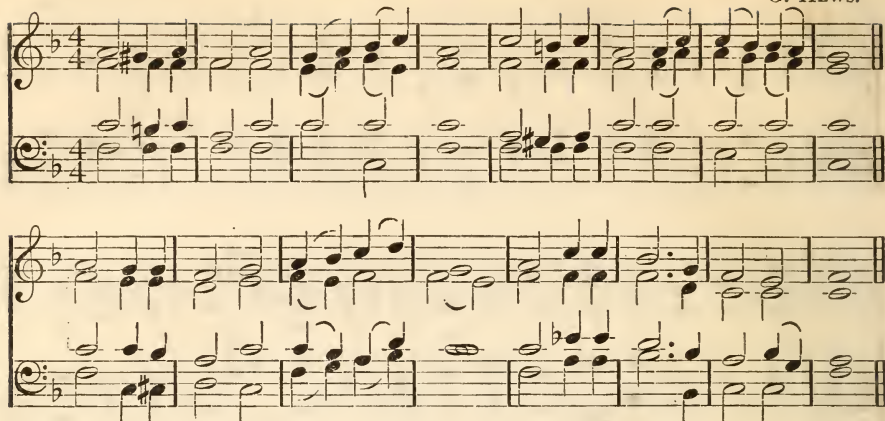
2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart ;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain.
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very Cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttielt.



264

1 LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy slumber gifts our strength restore,
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.

3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in brightest skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of light ! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Sun of God ! we cry for Thee.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of evermore.
F. T. Palgrave.

277

1 FATHER, Thy children come to-night,
And thank Thee for Thy care this day;
Our deeds are ever in Thy sight,
All that is evil take away.

2 If in Thy fear we aught have done,
Accept it, though it be but small;
O Jesus ! leave us not alone,
Without Thee we must daily fall.

3 Kind Saviour, pardon all the wrong—
That Thou in us hast seen to-day;
So weak are we ! O make us strong !
That we may walk the narrow way.

4 Cheer Thou the poor, the sick, the sad,
Give them to-night refreshing sleep;
O make Thy mourning people glad,
And dry the tears of those who weep.

5 All those at sea to-night defend;
Be Thou their pilot o'er the wave,
To bring them to their journey's end:
For only Thou art strong to save.

6 As Guide, and Comforter, and Friend,
Kind, loving Jesus near us be:
That when our last long night shall end,
We may awake to live with Thee.

W. G. Wills.

306

1 DEAR Jesus, I have learnt to know
That Thou dost always list to me,
And that wherever I may go
I still am always seen by Thee.

2 O, keep me innocent and free
From every fault, from every sin,
That Thou, my God, mayst never see
An evil thought my breast within.

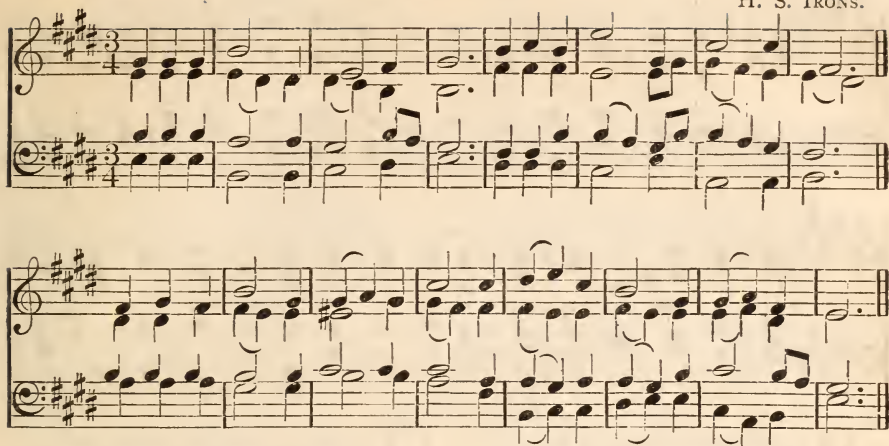
3 Teach me, dear Lord, what I should say;
Let truth direct my every word;
Nor let me speak throughout the day
Aught that should not by Thee be heard.

4 Dear Jesus, let me be Thine own—
To come to Thee my life was given;
Like flowers that in the earth are sown,
To grow and bear their sweets to heaven.

Forbmby's School Songs.

468

1 LORD, I was blind : I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.



2 Lord, I was deaf : I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb : I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy Name :
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead : I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live ; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.
W. Tidd Matson.

469
1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone :
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

523

1 **T**EACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.

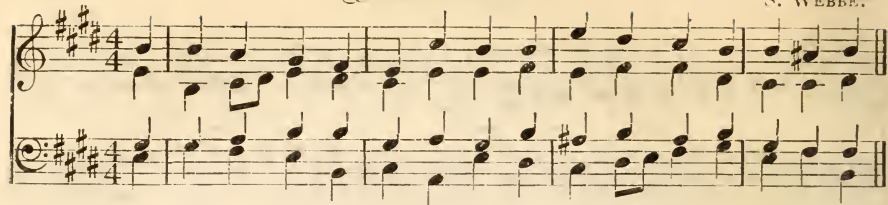
2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessed land.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong ;
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee ;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me ;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

W. Tidd Matson.



72

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will;
Such love and meekness so divine,
I'd imitate and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Dr. Watts.

170

1 THERE is a lamp that sheds a light
O'er earthly scenes when dark as night;
By it the pilgrim-fathers trod;
It is the blessed Word of God.

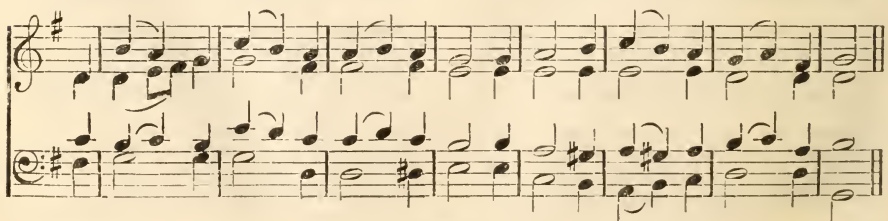
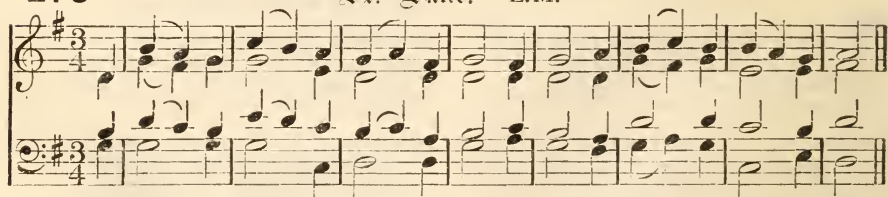
2 "Thy Word, O Lord, doth light my feet,"
So David sang in music sweet;
And still as brightly beam its rays
As to the seers in ancient days.

3 Yes, brighter now its pages shine,
For Jesus sheds His light divine
On pages which before were dim,
But now are clearly seen through Him.

4 O blessed Word, be thou our guide!
Then, though dark clouds our pathway hide,
The way that leads through darkest night
Shall end in everlasting light.

270

St. Luke. L.M.



76
1 THE Son of God, in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.

2 In love, the Father's sinless Child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the Undeiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.

3 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a Man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I, through Him, enriched might be.

4 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
He drank my cup of wrath and woe,
And bled in dark Gethsemane.

5 The ever-bless'd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

6 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

H. Bonar.

82
1 WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And showed His works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

2 Jesus who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind—
O ! must I not have loved Him then ?

3 But where is Jesus ?—is He dead ?
O no ! He lives in heaven above ;
And blest are they, the Saviour said,
Who, though they have not seen Me, love.

4 He sees us from His throne on high,
As well as when on earth He dwelt ;
And when to Him His children cry,
He feels such love as then He felt.

5 And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much I will love Him and adore ;
But when in heaven I see His face,
'Twill be my joy to love Him more.

Jane Taylor.

271

Melanesia. L.M.

SAMUEL SMITH.



536
1 UPLIFT the banner ! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and
wide ;

The sun shall light its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Uplift the banner ! Angels bend
Wondering in silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Uplift the banner ! Heathen lands
Far off shall see the glorious sight,

And nations gathering at the call,
Their souls shall kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner ! Let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner ! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours :
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane.



259

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought surveys.

3 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, evermore, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

4 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

273

Old Hundredth. L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



8

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Keeth.

13 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy Word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Dr. Watts.

274

Tallis' Canon. L.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1565.



273

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

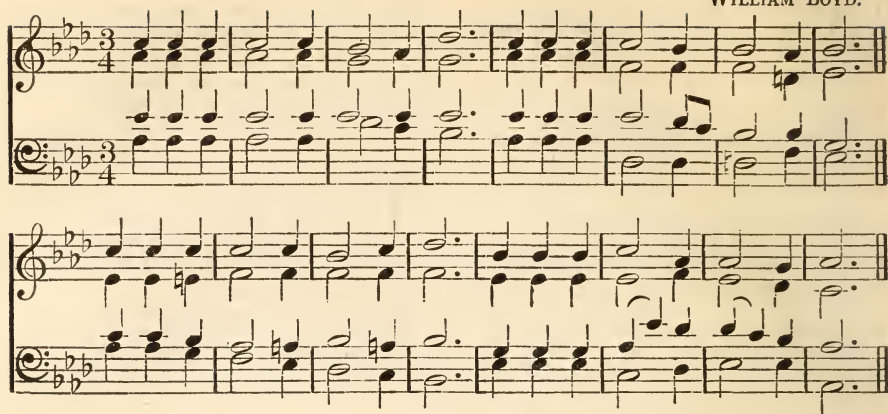
2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.



152

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race, through God's good
grace
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before thee lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and Thy trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is thy life, and Christ thy love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near:
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

243

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And children's voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns!
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Dr. Watts.

295

AROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand:
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will,
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord! give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell when life is past
With angels round Thy throne at last.

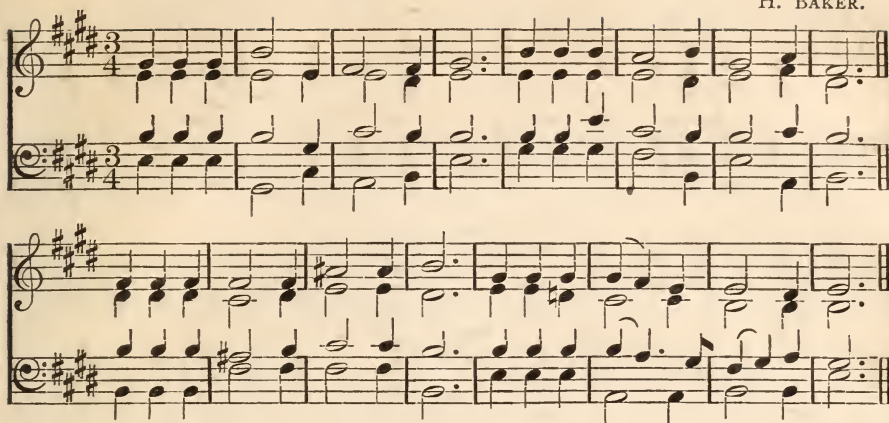
J. M. Neale.

334

I WANT to live and be a man,
Both good and useful all I can,
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow men to help and save.

2 I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels' work prepare.

3 I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face,
And follow Him in earthly strife,
Before I share His heavenly life.



4 Lord, grant me this—to live and serve,—
And never from Thy laws to swerve ;
Then, after years of service free,
In ripe old age to go to Thee.

5 But should it be Thy loving will
To call me early,—Lord, fulfil
In fewer years Thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see Thy face.

Newman Hall.

336

1 **I**N vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the heart of Christ we share.
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and known.

2 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the faith of Christ we share.
Not words alone, but deeds shall prove
The living faith that works by love.

3 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the Cross of Christ we share.
The path that leads us to the skies
Demands love's perfect sacrifice.

4 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the love of Christ we share ;
That love that bids the dying live,
And whispers on the Cross, "Forgive."
T. L. Harris.

521

1 **T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still ;
The Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And point to glory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest.

543

1 **W**E who would lead Thy flock must be,
Shepherd of Israel, led by Thee ;
We, who would feed Thy lambs be fed,
With Thee, O Christ, the Living Bread.

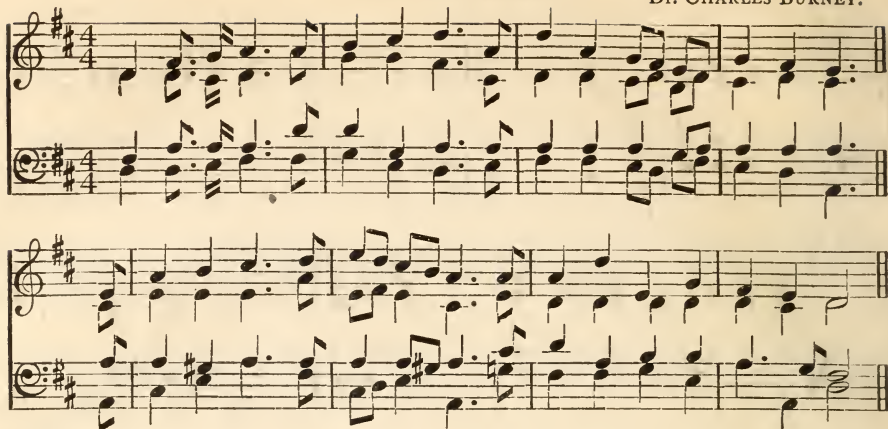
2 Thou, Father, must our spirits bless,
Thou, Saviour, be our righteousness,
Thou, Holy Spirit, be our light,
Ere we can teach one child aright.

3 Great God, we feel our helplessness,
Do Thou our work assist and bless ;
O breathe upon us from above,
And fill our hearts with ardent love.

4 O make us gentle, patient, kind ;
Teach us to guide the opening mind,
By winning words of sacred truth
To Jesus in its early youth.

5 O may each teacher, young or old,
Gather some lambs within Thy fold,
That they, with us, may praise Thy love,
For ever in Thy fold above.

E. Symons.



519

- I** **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;
- 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why :
He thinks he was not made to die :
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.
- 3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how :
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
- 4 Our little systems have their day :
They have their day and cease to be :

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

- 5 We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.
- 6 [Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell :
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
- 7 But vaster. We are fools and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear ;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.]

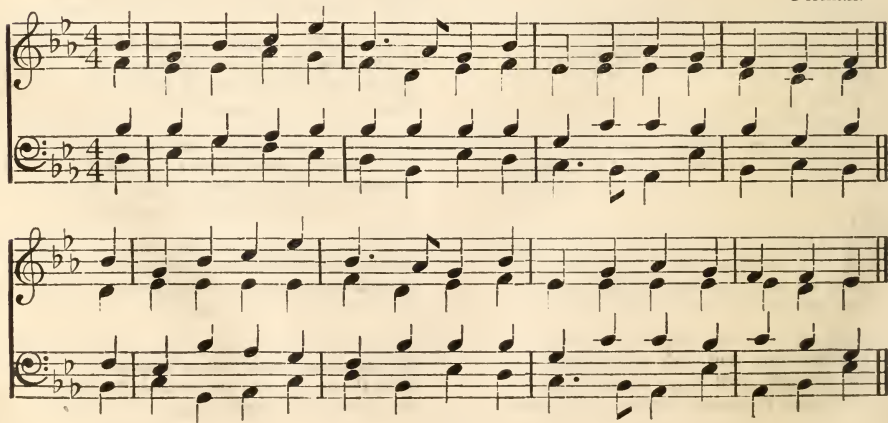
Lord Tennyson,

by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

278

St. Gregory. L.M.

German.



- 1 **G**OD hath two families of love ;
One is on earth and one above ;
One is in battle sharp and sore ;
And one at rest for evermore.
- 2 The Church on earth maintains the fight
Against the devil and his might ;
The Church at rest with war hath done ;
And yet the two are only one.
- 3 For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in God's true faith and fear,

Are waiting now in Paradise,
The blessed Church beyond the skies.

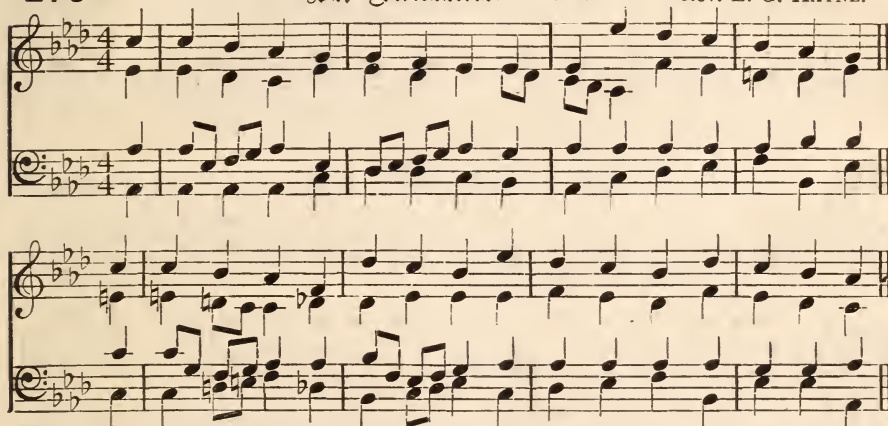
- 4 We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reached that happy place ;
O, teach us so to live that we
May follow them, as they did Thee.
- 5 Teach us to live in faith and love
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and stand
Before Thee in the heavenly land.

J. M. Neale.

279

St. Lawrence. L.M.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE.



208

- 1 **T**O Thee the Giver of all good,
With glad and thankful hearts we come
To praise Thee for the sweet new gift
Which Thou hast sent to bless our home.
- 2 With trembling joy we take the trust,
To cherish and to keep for Thee ;
O grant us all the help we need
To guard the treasure faithfully.
- 3 Our little ones we know are Thine,
But while they share Thy tender care,
'Tis ours the happy task to show
The way to heaven and lead them there.
- 4 May the true Light of love and peace
In our own hearts more brightly shine,
That ever through our human love,
They may be led to the divine.
- 5 We thank Thee for this precious gift,
A sacred pledge of heavenly love,
And pray that we and ours at last
May gather in Thy home above.

H. P. H.

And trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee :
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

507

- 1 **O** ! WALK with Jesus, wouldst thou know
How deep, how wide His love can flow,
They only fail His love to prove
Who in the ways of sinners rove.
- 2 Walk thou with Him, that way is light,
All other pathways end in night.
Walk thou with Him, that way is rest,
All other pathways are unblest.
- 3 O ! walk with Jesus, to thy view
He will make all things sweet and new,
Will bring new fragrance from each flower,
And hallow every passing hour.
- 4 Jesus, a great desire have we
To walk life's troubled path with Thee :
Come to us now, in converse stay ;
And O ! walk with us day by day.

E. Paxton Hood.

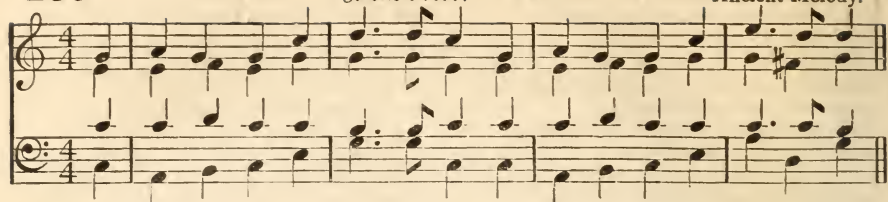
504

- 1 **O** THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;

280

Selborne. L.M.

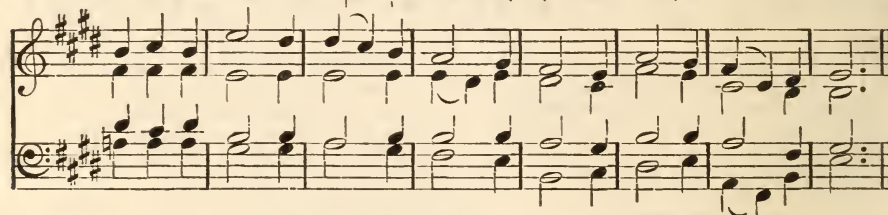
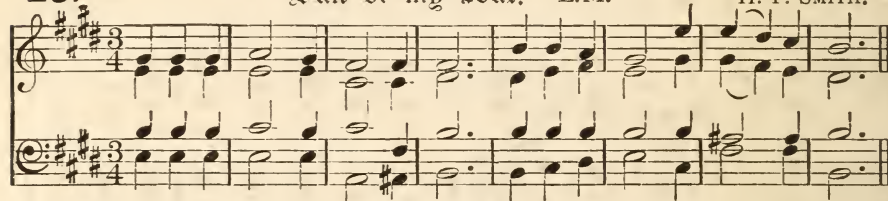
Ancient Melody.



281

Sun of my soul. L.M.

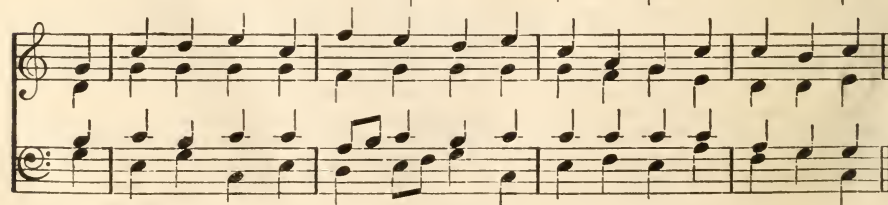
H. P. SMITH.



282

Winchester New. L.M.

BARTHOLOMEW CRASSELIVS, 1704.



1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven.

G. E. L. Cotton.

73

1 **O** LOVE, how deep ! how broad ! how high !
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought ;
By words and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

4 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death ;
For us at length gave up His breath.

5 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here,
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

6 To Him, whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity.

Latin, tr. J. M. Neale.

489

1 **O** JESUS, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, what'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,

O ! may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And, week by week, this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the crown.

W. W. How.

505

1 **O** THOU who sendest sun and rain
On wilderness and peopled plain !
Shed Thou Thy grace on heart and tongue,
And bless our teaching of the young.

2 We ask for no reward of praise,
No mere success in outward ways ;
But may we, Lord, successful be
In leading these young souls to Thee.

3 Grant Thou our hands the seed to sow
Which to eternal life shall grow ;
Without Thine aid our toil must fail,
But with it, Lord, we shall prevail.

506

1 **O** THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their wearied way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day.

2 When from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
Most Holy Father ! unto Thee
May not our humble prayer be given ?

3 For those to whom this day can bring,
As unto us, no joyful thrill ;
For those who, under Freedom's wing,
Are bound in Satan's fetters still ;

4 Thy children all, though hue and form
Are varied in Thine own good will,
With Thine own holy breathings warm,
And fashioned in Thine image still.

5 For those to whom Thy written word
Of light and love is never given ;
For those whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of Heaven !

6 For broken heart, and clouded mind,
Whereon no human mercies fall ;
O, be Thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a Father, pitiest all !

7 And grant, O Father ! that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of Thy love shall hear.

J. G. Whittier.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two voices, Soprano and Alto, and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating chorus. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation. The score is presented in a clear, legible format with standard musical notation.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand ! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand ;

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are: 'Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand ! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand ;'. The music is a simple, hymn-like melody.

Stand up, His righteous cause de - fend ; Stand up for Je - sus, your best friend.

Ped.

162

STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand,
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul !

(*Chorus.*) Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand !
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand ;
Stand up, His righteous cause defend ;
Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land !

Spread ye His glorious name abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Lift high the Cross with steadfast hand ;
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Soon with the blest, immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore.

R. Torrey.

ORGAN. *Sw. pp*

pp Tenderly, with careful expression.

For all be - neath the o - pen sky, For all the tempt - ed and the glad,

mf *pp*

The home - less chil - dren and the poor, For all the weak, the sick, the sad,

He car - eth, He car - eth. *Org. Sw. after all verses.*

285

Our Father's Care. L.M. and Refrain.

JOHN E. WEST.

The musical score for 'Our Father's Care' is written for organ in 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff, and the second system also has a treble and bass staff. The music is characterized by a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

31

- 1 FOR all beneath the open sky,
For all the tempted and the glad,
The homeless children and the poor,
For all the weak, the sick, the sad,
He careth, He careth.
- 2 Across the dark and stormy sea,
In fearful hours of starless night,
Through lonely days and friendless years,
From setting sun to morning light,
He careth, He careth.

- 3 When first we draw our earliest breath,
Through all our childhood and our play,
From man's first want to his last need,
In every wild and rugged way,
He careth, He careth.
- 4 Father of every orphan soul,
On Him we cast our anxious care,
And, restful, trust His perfect grace;
Because His love is everywhere,
He careth, He careth.

286

Hapsford. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

A. MORRIS EDWARDS.

287

Magdalen. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

288

Portslade. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

C. E. KETTLE.

1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. Moore.

222

1 **G**OD of the living, in whose eyes,
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are Thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapt in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into men of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit, be
For ever living unto Thee.

J. Ellerton.

307

1 **D**EAR Saviour, who of old didst call
The little children to Thy side :
And hadst a blessing for them all,
Though some in anger sought to chide ;
Lord, we would come to Thee to-day,
Forgive and bless us now we pray.

2 We cannot see Thy glorious face,
As did those little ones of yore :
But we can trust the wondrous grace,
That all our sins and sorrows bore :
And if on earth we trust Thy love,
We, too, shall see Thy face above.

3 O, grant that each before Thee now
May be a jewel, shining bright,
Within the crown that on Thy brow,
Shall flash in heaven's dazzling light.
And, while in this dark world we stay,
Help us to shine for Thee each day.

Maude Harvey.

309

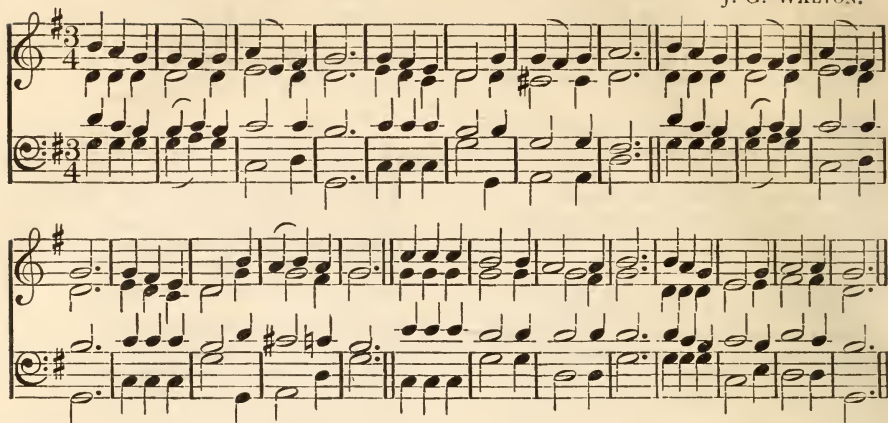
1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace :
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting.



234

1 **Y**ES, there are little ones in heaven ;
Children like us, around the throne ;
To whom the King of kings has given
Eternal glory like His own :
Jesus ! Thy mercy rich and free
Has suffered them to come to Thee.

2 O let us think of them to-day—
Their sweet and everlasting song ;
We hope to sing as loud as they
In the same glorious heaven are long :
Jesus ! may this our portion be—
O suffer us to come to Thee !

3 To come with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith and earnest prayer,
To seek Thy precious cross, and find
Peace, safety, joy, salvation there.
O set our sin-bound spirits free,
And suffer us to come to Thee !

4 To come while we are young and gay,
While life, and joy, and hope run high,
To come in sorrow's gloomiest day,
To come at last, when death is nigh.
Lord, in that day our Guardian be,
And suffer us to come to Thee.
T. Rawson Taylor.

287

1 **S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

(Refrain.) Through life's long day, and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never may our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call :
O, let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

F. W. Faber.

457

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace :

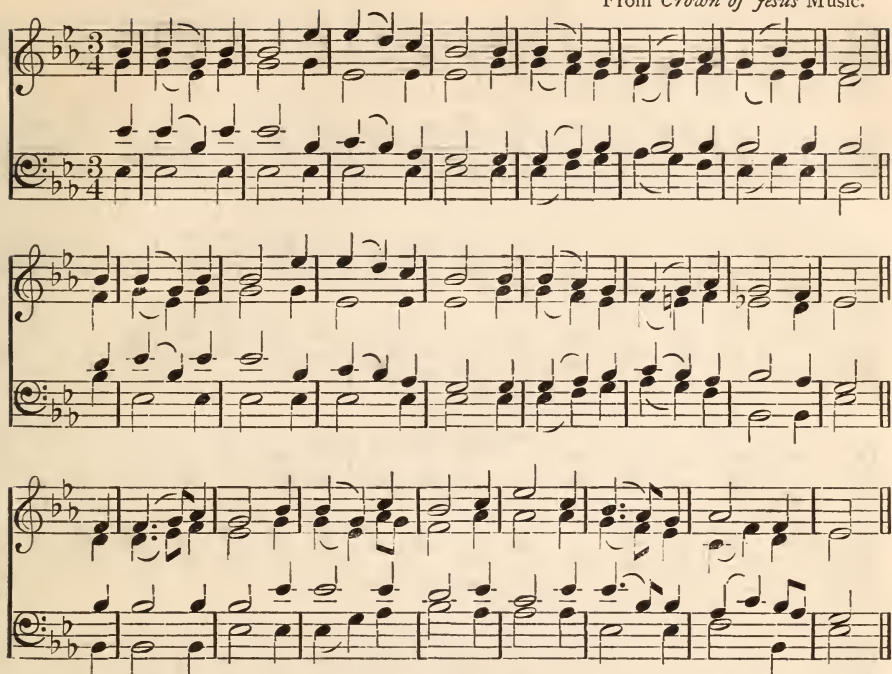
(Refrain.) Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I have, or am, is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

H. Collins.



461

1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue
 declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there ;
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am :
 Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone :
 O may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 All coldness from my heart remove,
 May every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er Thy healing beams arise ;
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;
 In weakness, be Thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

P. Gerhardt, tr. C. Wesley,

541

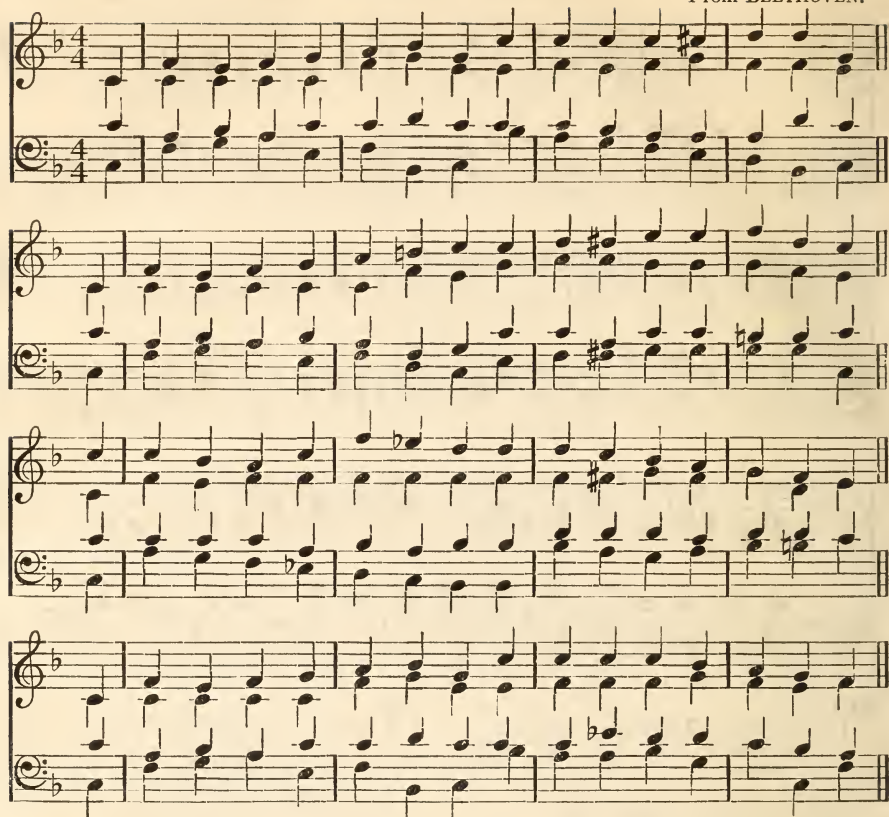
1 WE have not known Thee as we ought,
 Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace,
 and power ;
 The things of earth have filled our thought,
 And trifles of the passing hour.
 Lord, give us light, Thy truth to see,
 And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
 Nor cared that we are loved by Thee ;
 Thy presence we have coldly sought,
 And feebly longed Thy face to see.
 Lord, give a pure and loving heart
 To feel and own the love Thou art.

3 We have not served Thee as we ought,
 Alas ! the duties left undone,—
 The work with little fervour wrought,
 The battles lost or scarcely won !
 Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
 For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

4 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
 And fear, and love, and serve aright ?
 When shall we, out of trial brought,
 Be perfect in the land of light ?
 Lord, may we day by day prepare
 To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

T. B. Pollock.



25

1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
 To us His gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise.

(Chorus.) For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore.

- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
 For help and nightly care,
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 And praise His name, for it is fair.
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
 His truth to prove, His will to do;
 Praise ye our God, for He is great;
 Trust in His name, for it is true.
- 4 For joys untold that from above
 Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
 Sing to our God, for He is Love;
 Exalt His name, for it is joy.

- 5 For life below, with all its bliss,
 And for that life, more pure and high,
 That inner life which over this
 Shall ever shine, and never die.

J. S. B. Monsell.

106

- 1 O GOD of God ! O Light of Light !
 Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of
 kings ;
 To Thee, where angels know no night,
 The song of praise for ever rings :—
 To Him who sits upon the throne,
 The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
 Be honour, might ; all by Him won ;
 Glory and praise ! Amen, Amen.
- 2 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
 That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn ;
 These all are past, and now above,
 He reigns our King ! once crowned with
 thorn.

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
 So sang His hosts, unheard by men ;
 "Lift up your hearts, for you He waits."
 "We lift them up !" Amen, Amen !

Burst Satan's bonds, O God of Might,
 Set all men free !" Amen, Amen !

- 3 Nations afar, in ignorance deep ;
 Isles of the sea, where darkness lay ;
 These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
 And throng with joy the upward way.
 They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,
 O Lamb, once slain for sinful men ;

- 4 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
 Sing to His name, His love forth tell ;
 Sing on, heaven's host, His praise prolong ;
 Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell :—
 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 From angels, praise ; and thanks from
 men.
 Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
 Glory and power ! Amen, Amen.

J. Julian.

292

Sunset. D.L.M.

MEYER LUTZ.

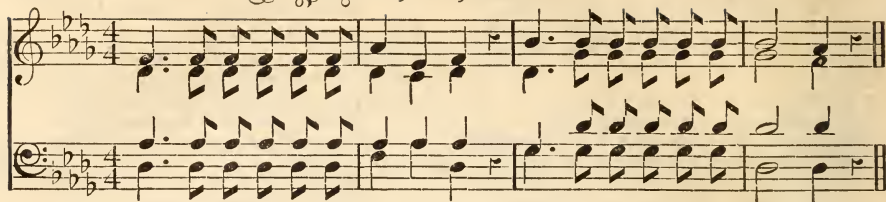


496

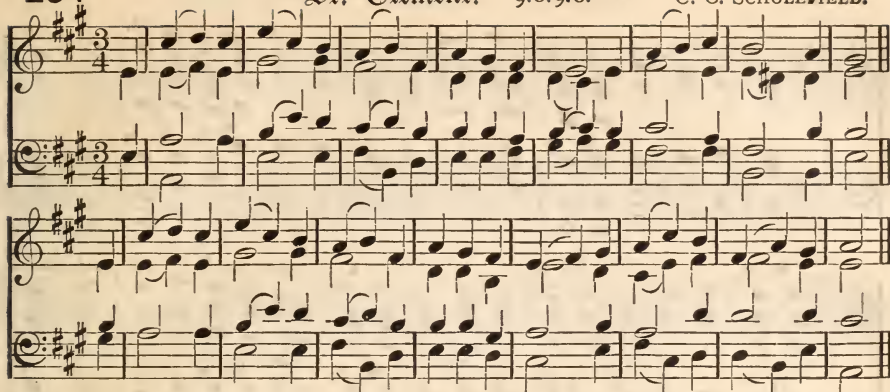
- 1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
 In lowly paths of service free ;
 Tell me Thy secret ; help me bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
 Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear winning word of love ;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward way.

- 2 Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee
 In closer, dearer company,
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
 In trust that triumphs over wrong,
 In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way,
 In peace that only Thou canst give,
 With Thee, O Master, let me live !

W. Gladden.



- 184
- 1 GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels, guide, uphold you;
With His sheep, securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.
(Chorus.) Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting, hide you;
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
With the oil of joy anoint you;
Sacred ministries appoint you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 5 God be with you till we meet again,
Sicknesses and sorrows taking,
Never leaving, nor forsaking;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 6 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.



191

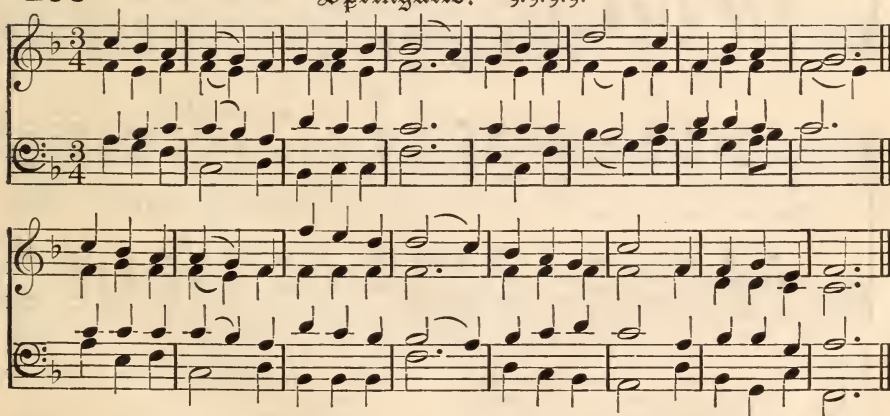
- 1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day nor night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,

- The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires pass away ;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton.

295

Springfield. 9.9.9.9.



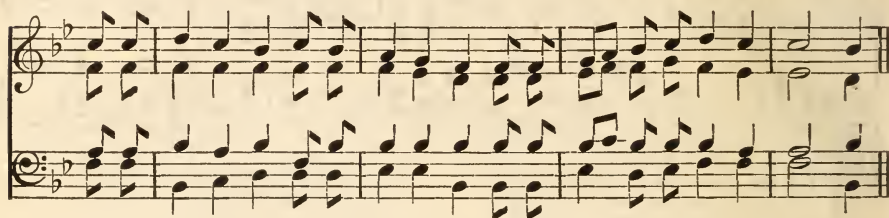
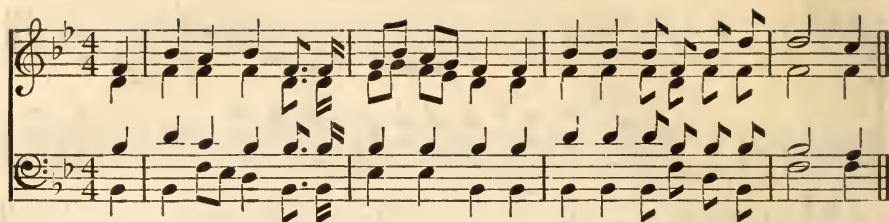
266

- 1 NOW while the morning brightens the skies,
Father ! our praises early shall rise ;
Smile on Thy children seeking Thy face,
Give us Thy blessing, fill us with grace.
- 2 Safe hast Thou kept us through the dark night,
Crowned us with mercies new with the light,
Health, strength, and reason, clothing and food,
Father, we thank Thee, loving and good.
- 3 O let Thy favour be our day's sun,
Shining upon us till it be done,

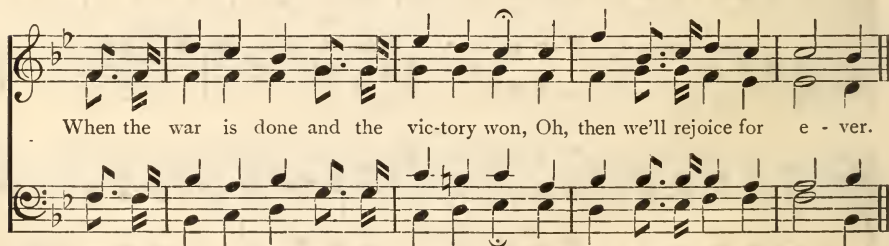
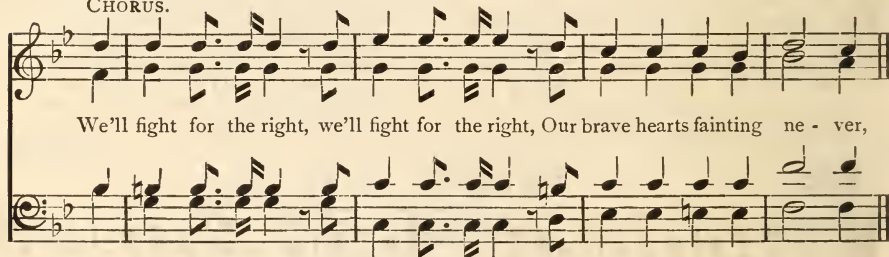
- Soothing our sorrow, brightening our joy,
Giving the gladness nought can destroy.
- 4 Thus may Thy presence all through life's day,
Guide us and keep us safe on our way,
Till all its perils ended and past,
Thou shalt receive us home at the last.
- 5 Home to the mansions peaceful and bright ;
Home to the angels clothed in white ;
Home to the dear ones gone to their rest :
Home to the Saviour whom we love best.

T. A. Stowell.

s 2



CHORUS.



154

GO forth, go forth, in our armour clad,
The trump of battle now is sounding,
'Tis a holy war, and we hear a shout
From the host of the Lord resounding.

Chorus. We'll fight for the right, we'll fight
for the right,
Our brave hearts fainting never,
Then the war is done and the victory
won,
Oh, then we'll rejoice for ever.

2 Our foes are strong, but the Lord our King,
The Lord Himself has gone before us.

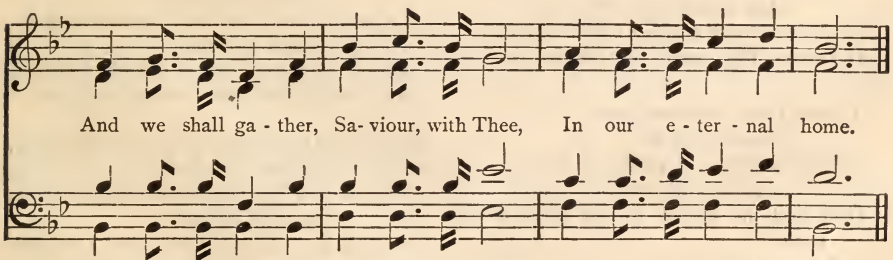
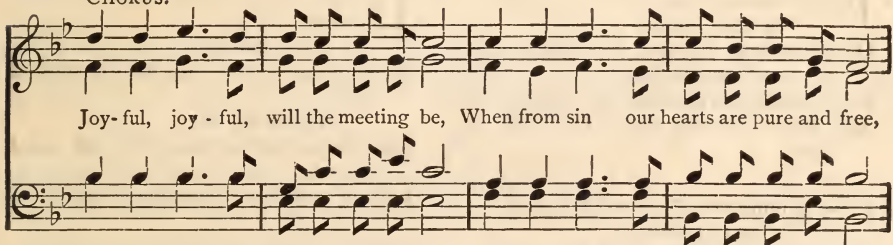
In His own right hand is our strength and
might,
And His banner of love is o'er us.

3 The shield of faith we have girded on,
The sword of the Spirit we are bearing,
And we take our place in the foremost ranks,
Every danger with boldness daring.

4 March on, march on, for the day is ours,
Oh, soon we'll tell the joyful story
At the Saviour's feet, and His praise repeat,
In the realms of eternal glory.



CHORUS.



125

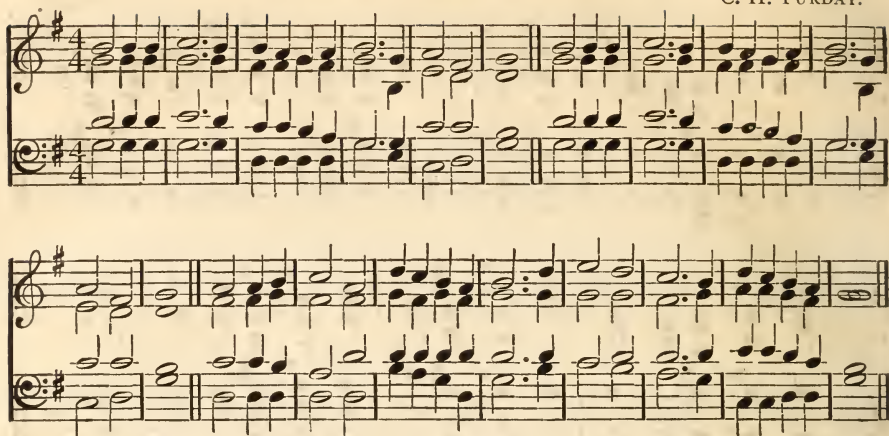
COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
Here in His Word He has shown us
the way :
Here in our midst He standeth to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come !"

(Chorus.) Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure
and free, [Thee,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children !" O, hear His voice !
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice !
And let us freely make Him our choice !
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day ;
Heed now His blest command, and obey,
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come ?"

G. F. Root.



135

1 JESUS, who calledst little ones to Thee,
 To Thee I come,
 O take my hand in Thine, and speak to me,
 And lead me home ;
 Lest from the path of life my feet should stray,
 And Satan prowling make Thy child his
 prey.

2 I love to think that Thou with holy feet
 My path hast trod,
 Along life's common lane and dusty street
 Hast walked with God,
 On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath,
 And served Thy parents dear at Nazareth.

3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine
 (Now full of sin)
 As holy, harmless, undefiled, as Thine,
 And dwell therein :
 Then God my Father I, like Thee, shall
 know,
 And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

4 To Thee, my Saviour, then, with morning
 light
 Glad songs I'll raise,
 My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
 With silent praise ;
 And should my work or play my thoughts
 employ,
 Thy will shall be my law, Thy love my joy.

C. C. Bell.

464

1 LIGHT of the world ! whose kind and
 gentle care
 Is joy and rest,
 Whose counsels and commands so gracious
 are,
 Wisest and best,
 Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard
 the way,
 Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

2 Lord of my life, my soul's most pure desire,
 Its hope and peace !
 Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
 Falter, or cease ;
 But be to me, true Friend, my chief delight,
 And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessed Lord, what bliss to feel Thee near,
 Faithful and true ;
 To trust in Thee, without one doubt or fear,
 Thy will to do ;
 And all the while to know that Thou, my
 Friend,
 Art blessing, and wilt bless me to the end.

4 And then, O then ! when sorrow's night is
 o'er,
 Life's daylight come,
 And I am safe within heaven's golden door,
 At home, at home !
 How full of glad rejoicing will I raise,
 Saviour, to Thee my everlasting praise.

H. Bateman.



452

1 IN the march of life, through the toil and strife

Of the winding path before us,
We have nought to fear with a Saviour near,
And His banner waving o'er us.

If the tempest rise in the darkening skies,
We will yield to no repining;

Though the storm roar loud, through the rifted cloud

There's a golden sun still shining.

2 In the Christian race, if we take our place,

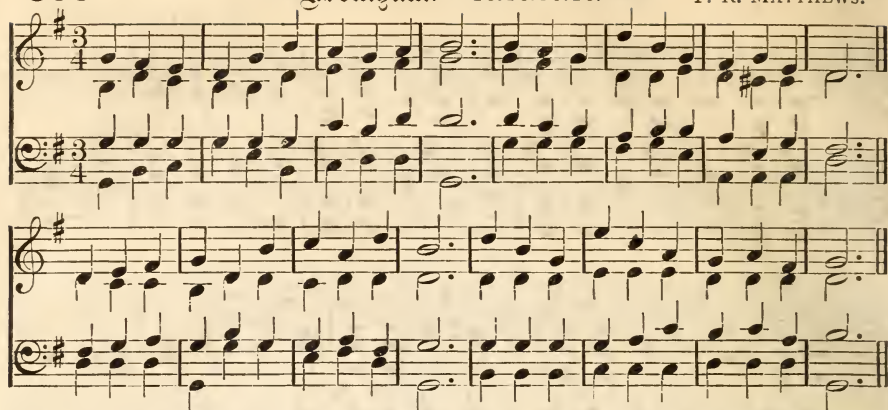
We may run and weary never;
Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
Unto Jesus looking ever.

Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
He will keep our feet from falling;

We'll the crown obtain, nor have run in vain

For the prize of God's high calling.

Fanny J. Van Alstyne.



321

- 1 **G**OD will take care of you. All through the day
 Jesus is near you to keep you from ill,
 Waking or resting, at work or at play,
 Jesus is with you, and watching you still.
- 2 He will take care of you. All through the night
 Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;
 Darkness to Him is the same as the light,
 He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.
- 3 He will take care of you. All through the year,
 Crowning each day with His kindness and
 Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
 Leading you on to the bright home above.
- 4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end
 Nothing can alter His love for His own;
 Children, be glad that you have such a Friend:
 He will not leave you one moment alone.

Frances R. Havergal.

301

Singing for Jesus. IO. IO. IO. IO. H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Singing for Je-sus, our Saviour and King, Singing for Je-sus, the Lord whom we love!

Org.

All a-dor-a-tion we joy-ous-ly bring, Longing to praise as they praise Him a-bove.

371

1 SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love !
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as they praise Him above.

2 Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace,—
Love from eternity, love to the end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

3 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song ;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

4 Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light ;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark,
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

5 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives,
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives !

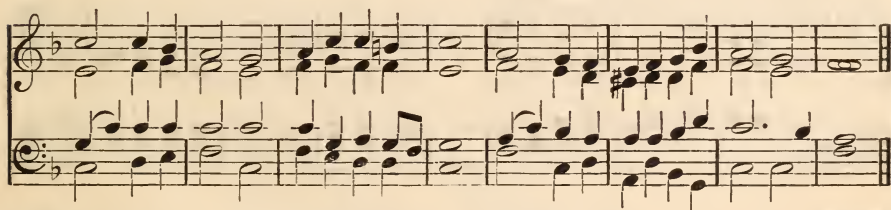
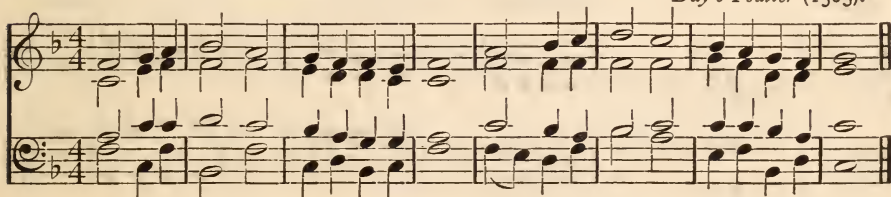
6 Singing for Jesus, O, singing with joy ;
Thus will we praise Him, and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

Frances R. Havergal.

302

Toulon.

10.10.10.10.

Day's Psalter (1563).

272

1 ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

3 Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free ;
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

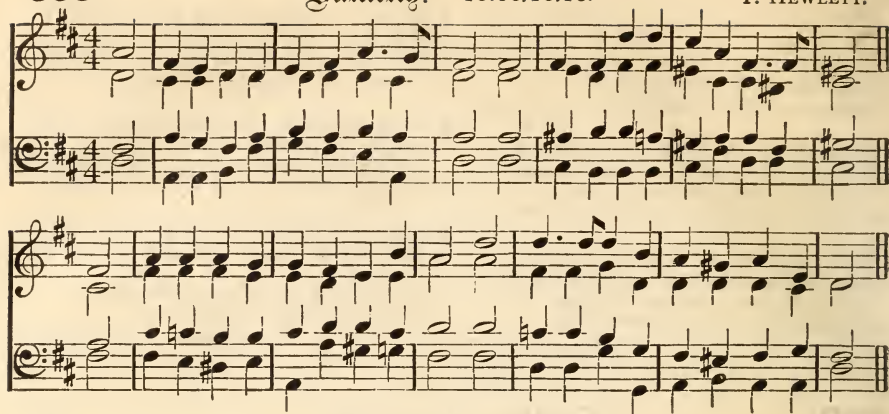
5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte.

303

Dalketh. IO. IO. IO. IO.

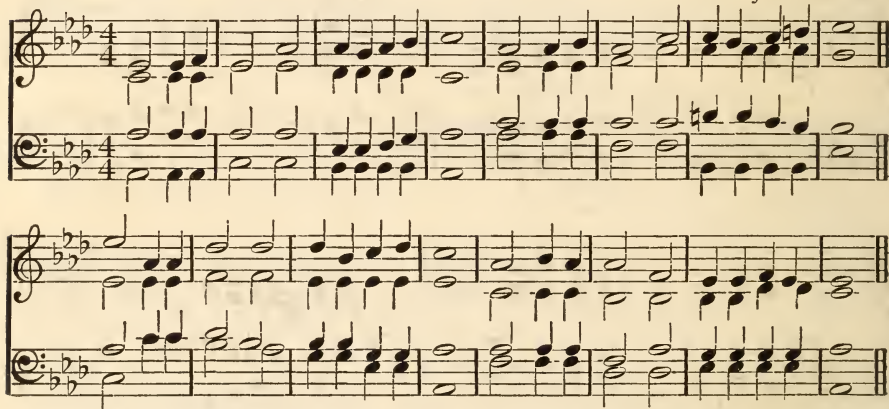
T. HEWLETT.



304

Ellers. IO. IO. IO. IO.

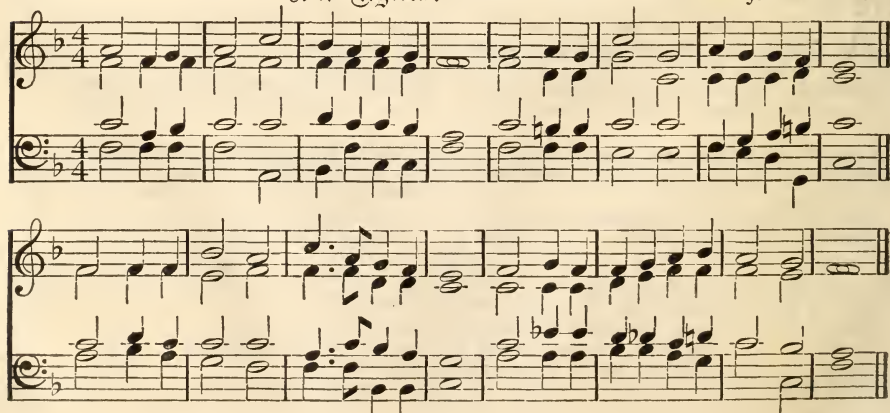
Dr. E. J. HOPKINS.



305

St. Agnes. IO. IO. IO. IO.

J. LANGRAN.



1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
 cease :
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
 peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
 way
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
 day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
 from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy
 name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
 coming night :
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children
 free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
 life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
 cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thy eternal peace.
J. Ellerton.

1 FATHER of lights, again these new-
 born rays
 That flush the kindling east bespeak Thy
 praise :
 Shine on our hearts, true Light of Life, that
 we
 May mirror back Thy light and shine for Thee.

2 God of the day ! teach us to walk in light
 With guileless hearts, as in our Father's sight ;
 To hate the works of darkness, and to be
 True to ourselves, our fellow-man, and Thee.

3 God of our time ! Thy latest gift—this day,
 We render back to Thee, and humbly lay
 Upon Thine altar ; consecrate its hours,
 That we may work Thy will with all our
 powers.

4 God of our homes ! we own Thee Master
 there,
 May all be ordered in Thy faith and fear ;
 Unseen but felt, O ! may Thy presence prove
 The bond of peace, the pledge of joy and love.

5 And when at last, life's eventide shall come,
 And the night gathers round our earthly home,
 O be Thy face unveiled, our morning star,
 Herald of dawn in sunnier climes afar.

W. Hay M. H. Aitken.

1 DRAWN by Thy love that found me
 when a child,
 And never for a moment let me go,
 Still, still Thine own, though soiled and sin-
 defiled,
 I come, and Thou wilt make me clean, I
 know.

2 O, feed me with Thyself, until I grow
 Into the stature of the life divine ;
 My right to plead, my privilege to know
 That Christ is God's, and I, O Christ, am
 Thine.

3 Feed me and set me up upon the Rock
 Higher than I, my shelter and my stay
 Against the rudest winter-tempest's shock,
 Against the fiercest sultry summer's day.

4 Thus let my life in ceaseless progress move,
 On into deeper knowledge, Lord, of Thee ;
 The length, the breadth, the height, the
 depth of Love,
 That first could care for, then did stoop to me.
J. S. B. Monsell.

1 I HAVE no help but Thine, nor do I need
 Another arm, save Thine, to lean upon ;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
 My strength is in Thy might—Thy might
 alone.

2 I have no wisdom, save Thy full supplies,—
 My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one ;
 No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
 No teaching do I crave, but Thine alone.

3 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing
 blood ;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my
 God !
H. Bonar.

1 LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of
 peace ;
 Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appal and sorrows still increase ;
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living
 Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth ;
 Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
 While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
 And age comes on uncheered by faith and
 hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night :
 Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the path may be,
 Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.



CHORUS.



327

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has
given ;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see :
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

(Chorus.) I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

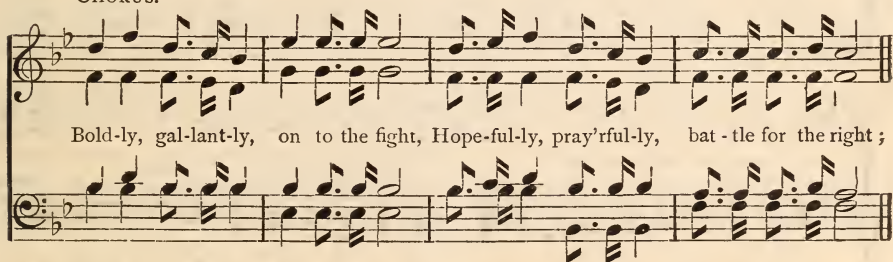
2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me, wherever I stray ;
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him :
Love brought Him down my poor soul to
redeem ;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree !
O, I am certain that Jesus loves me !

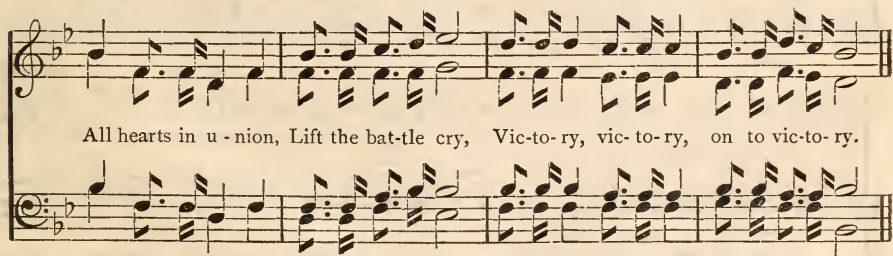
E. A. Oakley.



CHORUS.



Bold-ly, gal-lant-ly, on to the fight, Hope-ful-ly, pray'r-ful-ly, bat-tle for the right ;



All hearts in u-nion, Lift the bat-tle cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, on to vic-to-ry.

250

1 ON to the conflict, battle for the right,
Stand like a hero in the noble fight ;
Lift up the fallen, set the captive free,
Victory ! victory ! on to victory !

(Chorus.) Boldly, gallantly, on to the fight,
Hopefully, prayerfully, battle for the
right ;
All hearts in union, lift the battle cry,
Victory ! victory ! on to victory.

2 On to the conflict, rally for the fray,
Fear not the foeman, truth shall gain the
day ;

Up with the banner of the pure and free,
Victory ! victory ! on to victory !

3 On to the conflict ! ruin, want, and woe,
Fetter the victims of the heartless foe ;
God of the tempted, hear their bitter cry,
Victory ! victory ! give the victory.

4 On to the conflict, fair Britannia's land,
Rescue for ever from the tyrant's hand,
Let all the people join the joyful song,
"Victory ! victory ! right has conquered
wrong."

VOICES. *p With careful expression.*

Introduction to each verse. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When

ORGAN. *Sw. pp* *p*

cres *cen* *do.*

Je - sus was here a - mong men, . . . How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should

mf *cres* *cen*

like to have been with them then; . . . I . . . wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His

p *pp* *cres.*

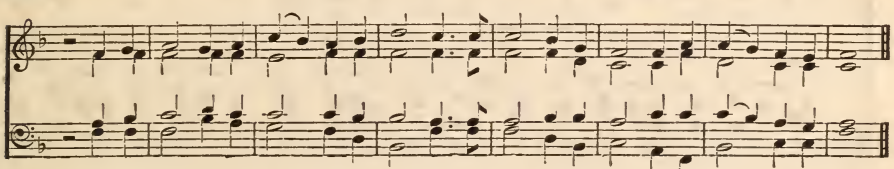
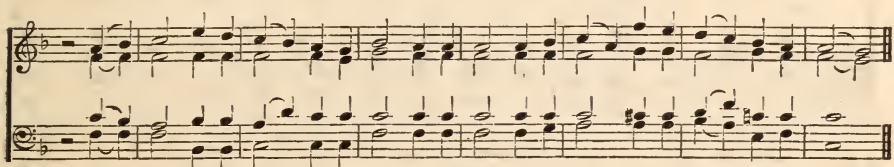
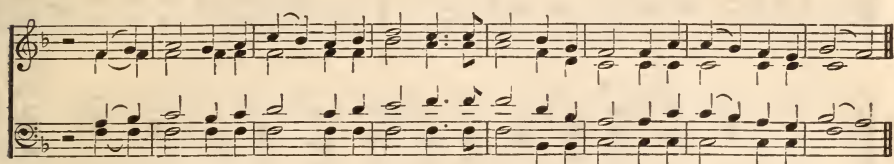
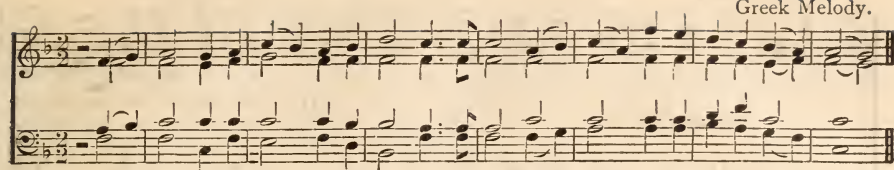
do. *mp* *rit.* *tempo. pp*

arms had been thrown a - round me, . . . And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the

mp *rit.* *pp*

lit - tle ones come un - to Me." . . . *After last verse only.*

pp *rit.*



70

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,

I should like to have been with them then ;

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,

That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,

I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

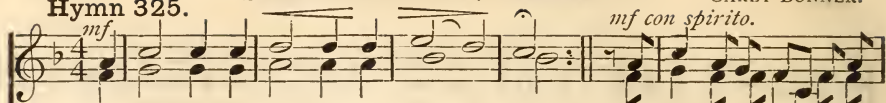
3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,

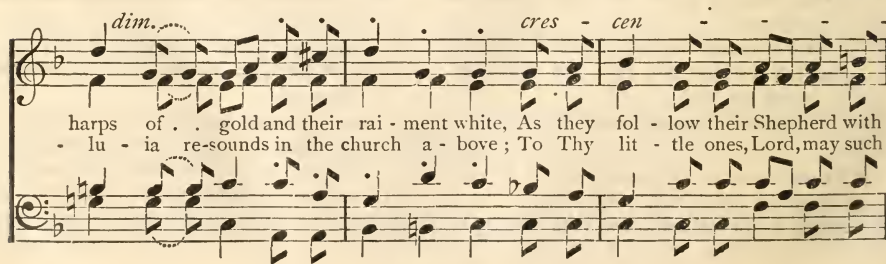
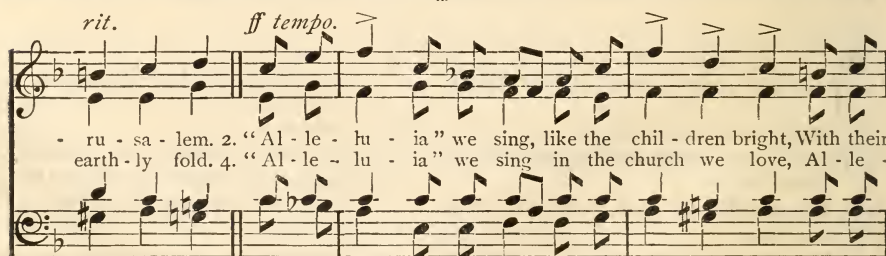
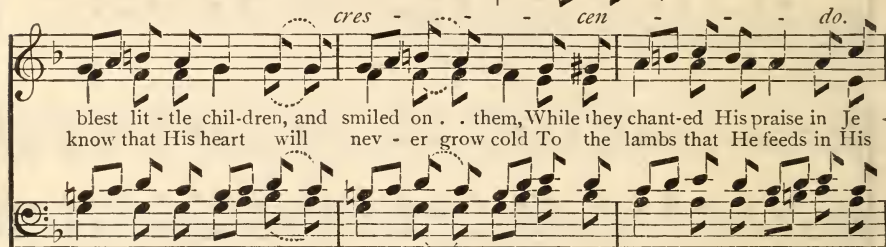
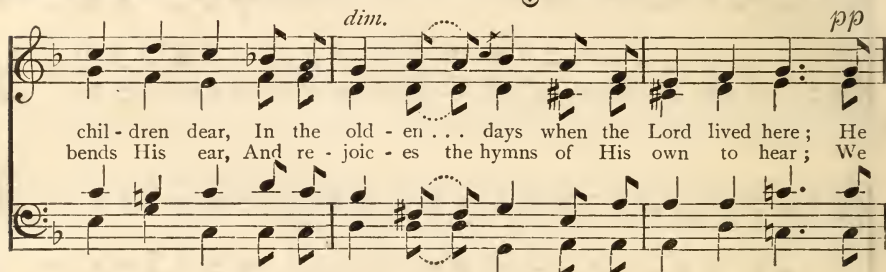
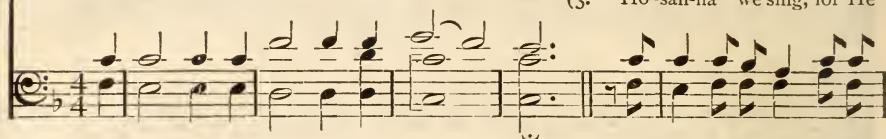
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Mrs. Luke.

Hymn 325.

mf con spirito.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na! {1. "Ho - san - na" we sing, like the
3. "Ho - san - na" we sing, for He



do. rall. e dim. 1st verse. 4th verse.

lov-ing eyes Thro' the beau-ti-ful val-leys of Pa-ra-dise.
 grace be giv'n, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

f tempo. cres. *ff*
 Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

311

Panherne.

II. IO. II. IO.

HENRY HAYMAN.

478

- 1 **O** BROTHER man! fold to thy heart
 thy brother [there;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a
 prayer.
- 2 For he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken:
 The holier worship which He deigns to
 bless

Restores the lost and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

- 3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was "doing
 good";
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's
 temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.



260

1 **B**RIGHTLY, O Father, when morning
is breaking,
Shed o'er Thy children the beams of Thy
love,
Scatt'ring the night-clouds of sorrow and
darkness,
Lifting our spirits to glories above.

2 Teach us, O Father, to work in the day-
time,
Soon, O, too soon, is the night coming on ;
Help us, while earnestly, actively striving,
To finish our work ere the daylight be
gone.

3 Bravely, O Father, in life's daily conflict,
Help us, Thy soldiers, to combat each ill,
Crushing each foe that impedes our march
onward,
Each impulse within us opposed to Thy
will.

4 Help us, O Father, in watching or waiting,
Teach us in all things, Thy way is the
best ;
Guide us and keep us throughout our life's
journey,
Lead us at last to the mansions of rest.

G. Thring.

285

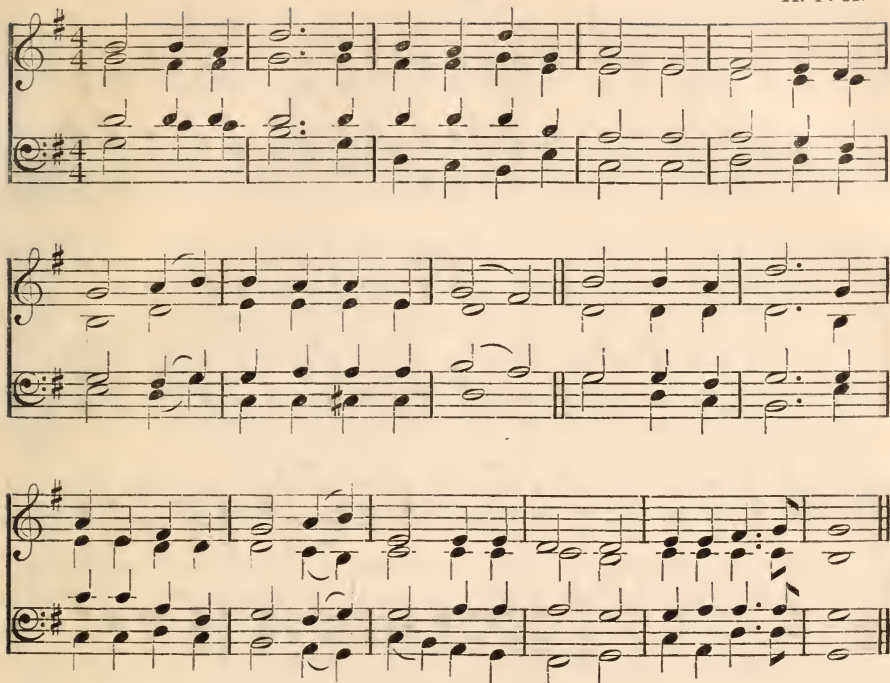
1 **P**EACEFULLY round us the shadows
are falling,
Glad be our praises and trustful our prayer !
Hear us, O Lord ! on Thy providence calling,
Lighten our darkness,—and banish our
care !

2 Hushed are the sheep-bells afar on the moor-
land,
O'er the still meadows the night breezes
sweep,
Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet,
Safely the children are folded in sleep.

3 Softly may weary ones rest from their duty,
Bright be the dreams of the troubled and
worn !
While, through the shade, beam the stars in
their beauty,
Watching the world till the breaking of
morn.

4 Lord of the night ! Let Thine angels befriend
us !
Sunshine and gloom are alike unto Thee.
Lord of the day ! let Thy Spirit attend us,
Bless us, and keep us wherever we be !

A. N. Blatchford.



487

1 **O** HAPPY home ! where Thou art loved
 , the dearest,
 Thou truest Friend, and Saviour of our
 race,
 And where among the guests there' never
 cometh,
 One who can hold such high and honoured
 place.

2 O, happy home ! whose little ones are given
 Early to Thee in humble faith and prayer,
 To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights
 of heaven
 Guides them, and guards with more than
 mother's care.

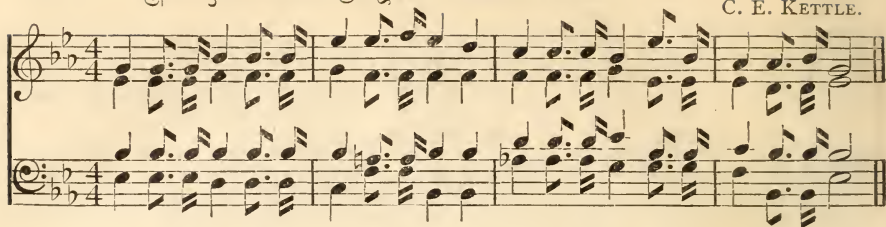
3 O, happy home ! where all the little voices
 Their glad hosannas early learn to raise,
 And even childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
 To bring to Thee new songs of love and
 praise.

4 O, happy home ! and servitude most blessed,
 Where all alike one gracious Master own,
 And daily duty, in Thy strength encountered,
 Never too hard or difficult is known.

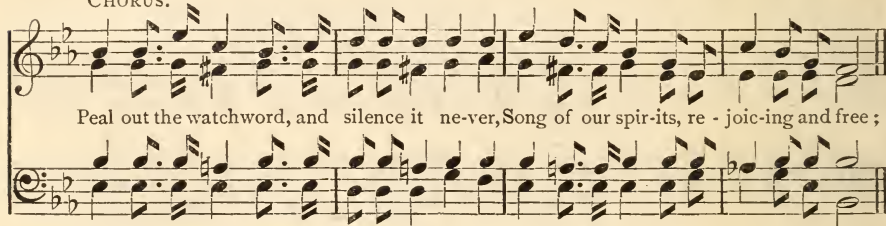
5 Where every one can serve Thee, meek and
 lowly,
 Whatever their appointed portion be,
 Till every common task seem great and holy,
 When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

6 O, happy home ! where Thou art not for-
 gotten,
 Where joy is overflowing, full and free ;
 O, happy home ! where every wounded spirit
 Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.

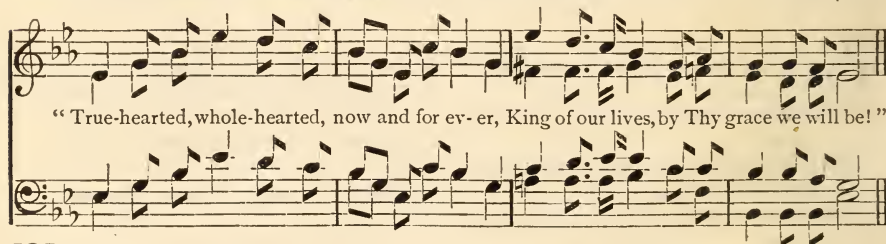
7 Until at last, when earthly work is ended,
 All meet Thee in Thy blessed home above,
 From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast
 ascended,
 Thine everlasting home of peace and love.
From Hymns from the Land of Luther.



CHORUS.



Peal out the watchword, and silence it ne-ver, Song of our spir-its, re - joic-ing and free ;



" True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be ! "

535

TRUE - HEARTED, whole - hearted !
faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for
Thee !

(Chorus.) Peal out the watchword, and silence
it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and
free ;

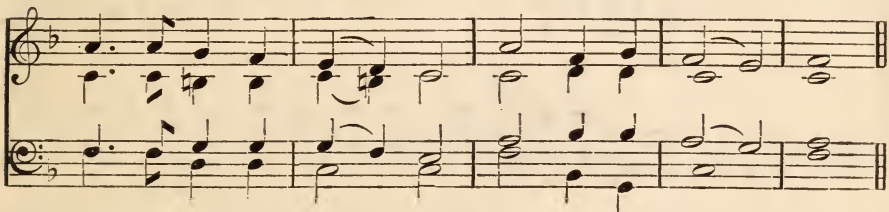
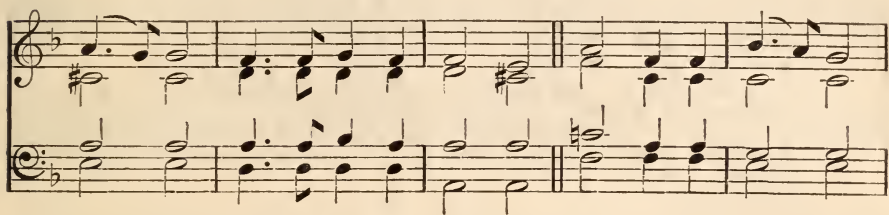
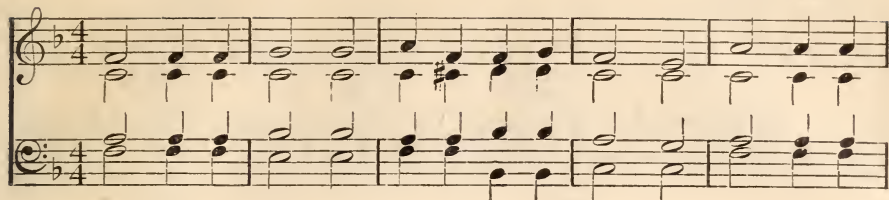
" True-hearted, whole-hearted, now
and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace
we will be ! "

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted ! Fullest alle-
giance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King !

Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our
story,
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy
feet,
Sinful and treacherous ! yet, for Thy glory
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and
deceit.

4 Holy Redeemer, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou
alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious—
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.
Frances R. Havergal.



283

1 NOW God be with us, for the night is closing,

The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,

For He will shield us.

3 As Thy beloved, soothe the sick, and weeping;
And bid the sufferer lose his griefs in sleeping;

Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,

Do Thou befriend them.

2 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-takes us;

Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;

All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;

But Thy dear presence will not leave us lonely

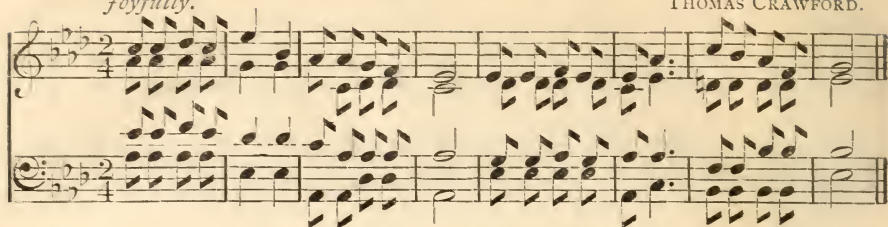
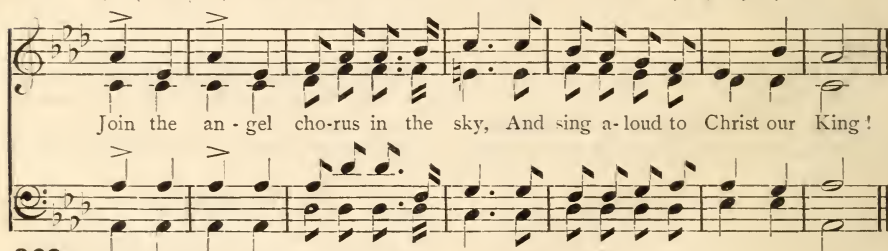
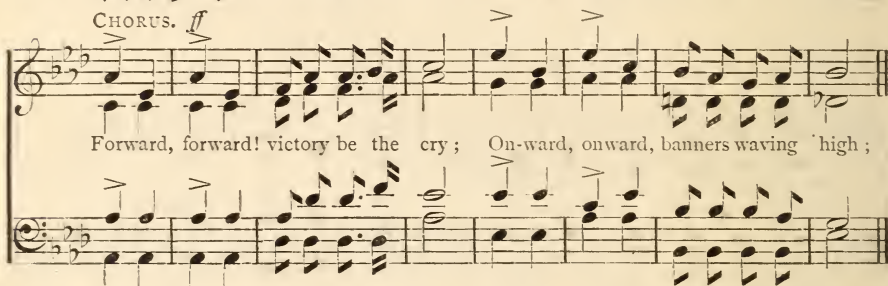
Who seek Thee only

5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Catherine Winkworth.

Joyfully.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.

CHORUS. *ff*

368

1 **R**AISE the song of triumph, swell the strains of joy,

Hymns in praise of Jesus let our lips employ;

As our Saviour greet Him, grateful tribute bring,

Praises to our Captain, praises to our King.

(Chorus.) Forward, forward! victory be the cry;
Onward, onward, banners waving high;

Join the angel chorus in the sky,

And sing aloud to Christ our King!

2 Day by day we're passing through this world of care, [and fair.

Year by year approaching heaven so bright
Old and young together join the pilgrim band

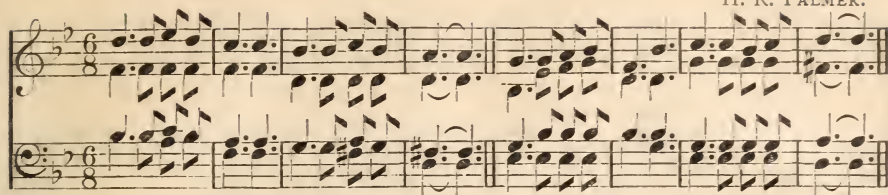
Marching on to victory and the promised land.

3 Tenderly the Shepherd every lamb doth guide;

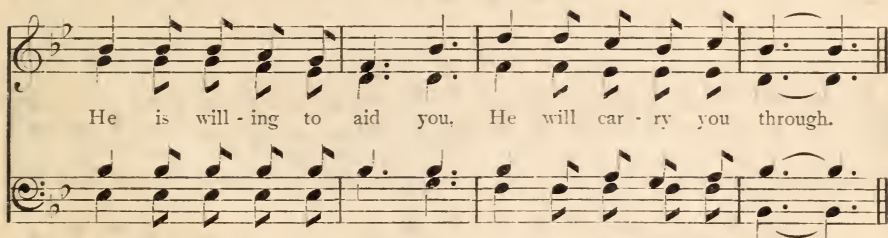
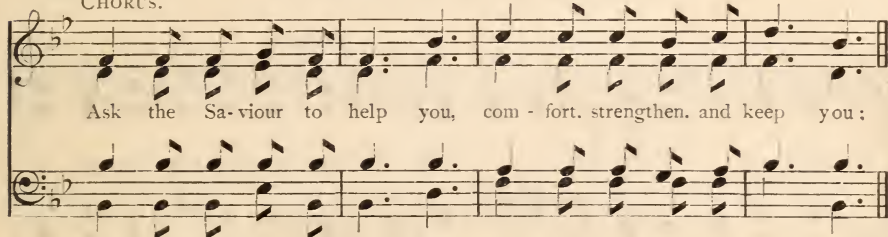
Keep us then, dear Jesus, safely by Thy side:
Faithful to Thy promise, storms can ne'er dismay,

Mighty Captain, lead us still in Zion's way.

Thomas Crawford.



CHORUS.



167

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is
sin.

Each victory will help you some other to
win.

Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

(Chorus.) Ask the Saviour to help you,
comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will
carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in
vain.

Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and
true;

Look ever to Jesus. He'll carry you through.

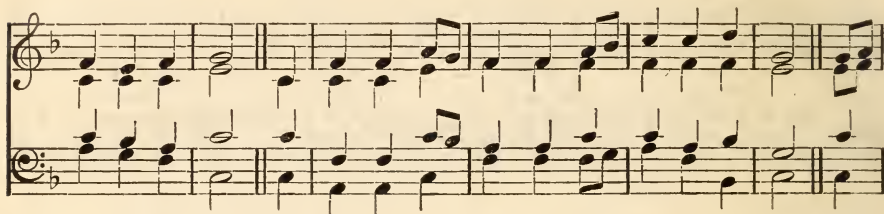
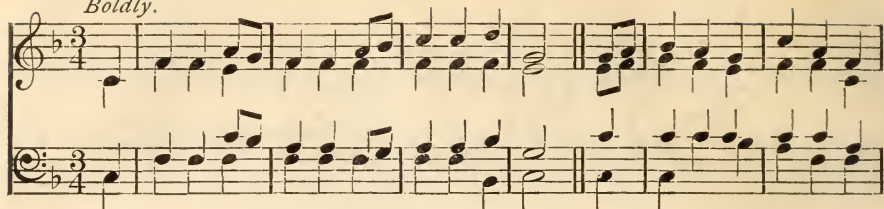
3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a
crown;

Through faith we shall conquer, though often
cast down.

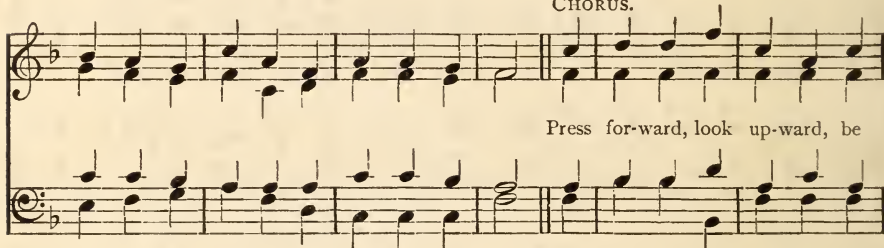
He, who is the Saviour, our strength will
renew;

Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

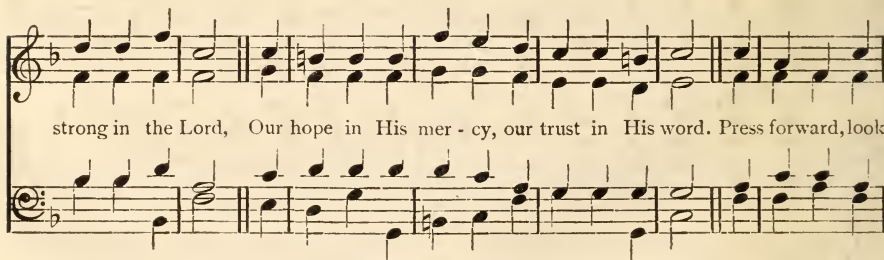
H. R. Palmer.

Boldly.

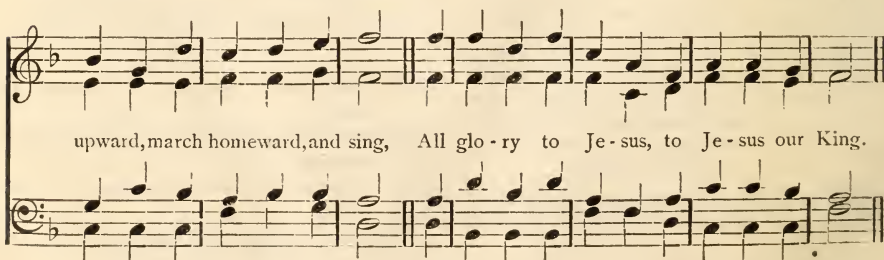
CHORUS.



Press for-ward, look up-ward, be



strong in the Lord, Our hope in His mer - cy, our trust in His word. Press forward, look



upward, march homeward, and sing, All glo - ry to Je - sus, to Je - sus our King.

MARCH onward, march onward, our
 banner of light
 Is waving before us majestic and bright ;
 March onward through trial, temptation, and
 strife,
 No rest from the conflict—the battle of life.

(Chorus.) Press forward, look upward, be
 strong in the Lord,

Our hope in His mercy, our trust in
 His word.

Press forward, look upward, march
 homeward, and sing,

All glory to Jesus, to Jesus our
 King.

2 March onward, undaunted, whate'er may
 oppose,
 The sword of the Spirit will vanquish our
 foes ;

Though legions of darkness our pathway
 assail,
 If prayer be our watchword, they cannot
 prevail.

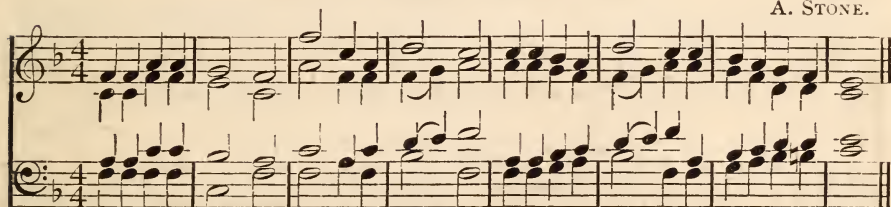
3 The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in
 vain,
 Our buckler of faith in Immanuel's name ;
 The storm-cloud may gather, the thunder
 may roll,
 Yet God is the Refuge and Rock of the
 soul.

4 March onward, O vision of rapture untold !
 The victors for Jesus ere long shall behold
 The land of our promise, the home of our
 rest,
 And dwell with our Captain eternally blest.

319

Trinity. II. I. 2. I. 2. I. 0.

A. STONE.



5

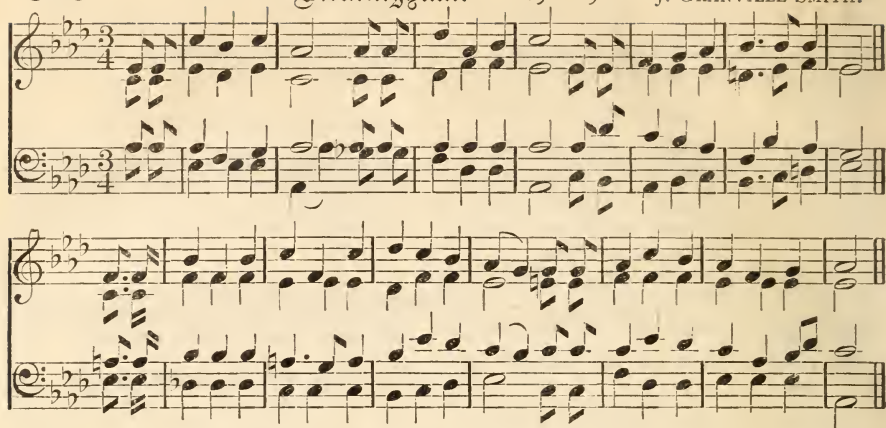
HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 Gratefully adoring, our song shall
 rise to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide
 Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
 not see,
 Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside
 Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore
 Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around
 the glassy sea ;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in
 earth and sky and sea,
 Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

R. Heber.



321

Soldiers of Christ.

12.9.12.9.

A. MORRIS EDWARDS.



539

1 WE are soldiers of Christ, who is mighty
to save,
And His banner the Cross is unfurled;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast
and brave
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

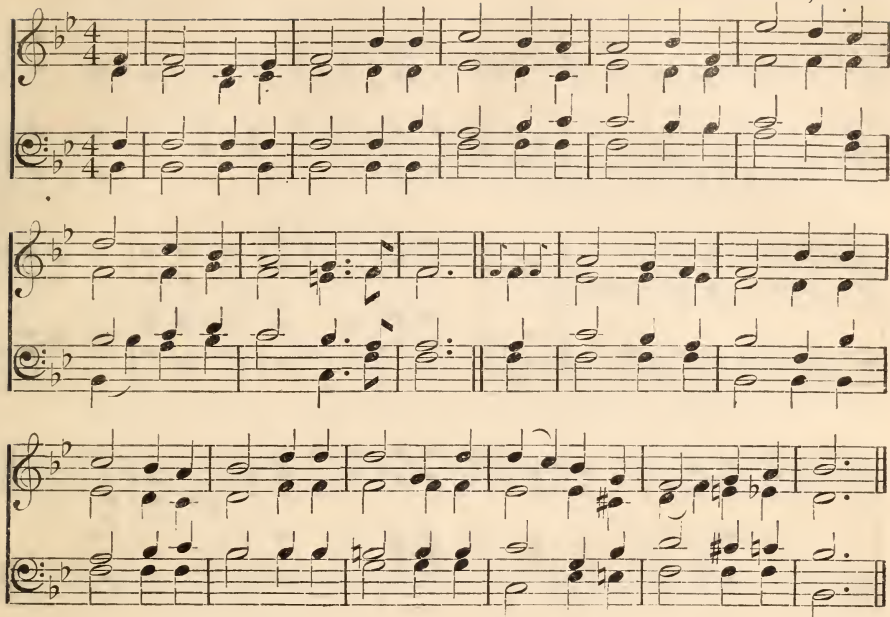
2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand
side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same;
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus
has died,
When we bear the reproach of His name.

3 We will watch ready armed if the tempter
draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries
hear,
Nor be taken by storm nor by wile.

4 For the world's love we live not, its hate we
defy,
And we will not be led by the throng;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on
high,
And the bright world to which we belong.

5 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts
beat as one, [way,
While we follow where Christ leads the
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to
shun, [pray,
We will fight, and will watch, and will

6 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be
sore,
In the might of our God we will stand;
O, what joy to be crowned and be pure
evermore
In the peace of own Fatherland!



11

1 COME, let us adore Him, the bountiful
Giver,
Who maketh His blessings like raindrops
to fall ;

Come, let us adore Him, and crown Him
with honour,
The Son of the Highest, the Saviour of all.

2 Come, let us adore Him, and worship before
Him,

In songs of devotion His mercy recall ;
Oh, tell of His greatness, His wonderful
greatness,
Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour of all.

3 Come, let us adore Him, the gentle Protector,
So tenderly guarding our pathway below ;
How sweet to remember His love like a
banner
Is over His children wherever they go.

4 Come, let us adore Him, His truth is eternal,
His Word is the anchor where firmly we
trust ;

To Him be the glory for ever and ever,
Our blessed Redeemer, the Faithful and
Just.

Fanny J. Van Alstyne.

Its fresh flush of gladness the landscape
adorning,
A gladness which nothing but morning
can bring.

2 The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,
The river and forest, the mountain and
plain ;
The city is stirring its living commotion,
The pulse of the world is reviving again.

3 And we too awake, for our Heavenly
Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His
breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to
gather
Around us, now calls us again from our
rest.

4 But, ere to our labours and duties returning,
We hasten to give Him the praise that is
meet ;
In solemn devotion the first hours of morning,
Our freest and freshest, we lay at His feet.

5 O, now let us haste to our Heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be
dim,

We come with glad hearts, let us come all
together,
The morn of our youth let us hallow to
Him.

H. Bonar.

269

1 THE morning, the bright and the beauti-
ful morning
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing ;

1 O COME to the merciful Saviour who
 calls you, [forgets,
 O come to the Lord who forgives and
 Though dark be the fortune on earth that
 befalls you,
 There's a bright home above where the
 sun never sets.

2 O come, then, to Jesus, whose arms are
 extended
 To fold His dear children in closest
 embrace;
 O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
 And Jesus will show you His beautiful
 face.

3 Then, come to the Saviour, whose mercy
 grows brighter [love;
 The longer you look at the depth of His
 And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares
 grow lighter
 As you think of the home and the glory
 above.

4 O come, then, to Jesus, and say how you
 love Him,
 And vow at His feet you will keep in
 His grace;
 For one tear that's shed by a sinner will
 move Him,
 And your sins will be lost in His tender
 embrace.

5 O come to His feet, and lay open your
 story [shame;
 Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt, and of
 For the pardon of sin is the crown of His
 glory,
 And the joy of our Lord to be true to His
 name.

F. W. Faber.

1 O THOU! who young children didst
 take to Thy bosom,
 And say that of such is Thy kingdom
 above, [morning,
 To Thee we would offer our lives in their
 Rejoicing while young, in the light of Thy
 love.

2 To Thee with the fervour of youthful
 emotion,
 Ourselves would we give, Lord, to serve
 and obey;
 Thou wilt not disdain to accept the devotion
 Of any who seek Thee, and bow to Thy
 sway.

3 O teach us to copy Thine own sweet be-
 haviour,
 When Thou wast on earth, full of goodness
 and truth,
 Remembering the steps that were trod by
 our Saviour,
 How holy Thy childhood! how spotless
 Thy youth!

4 We feel we are weak and exposed to temp-
 tation;
 We know we have hearts that incline us
 to sin;
 But, trusting in Thee as our Strength and
 Salvation,
 Thy grace, our way onward, will aid us to
 win.

5 With Thee for our Helper, our Guide, and
 Defender,
 Our course will be steadfast, our souls will
 not stray,
 Thy care ever watchful, Thy hand ever
 tender,
 Will guard us from evil, and point us the
 way. *W. Tidd Matson.*

1 THE Master hath come, and He calls us
 to follow
 The track of the footprints He leaves on
 our way;

Far over the mountain and through the deep
 hollow,
 The path leads us on to the mansions of
 day.

2 The Master hath called us, the children who
 fear Him,
 Who march 'neath Christ's banner, His
 own little band;
 We love Him, and seek Him, we long to be
 near Him,
 And rest in the light of His beautiful land.

3 The Master hath called us; the road may be
 dreary,
 And dangers and sorrows are strewn on
 the track:
 But God's Holy Spirit shall comfort the
 weary—
 We follow the Saviour, and cannot turn
 back.

4 The Master hath called us: though doubt
 and temptation [sing,
 May compass our journey, we cheerfully
 "Press onward, look upward," through
 much tribulation
 The children of Sion must follow their
 King.

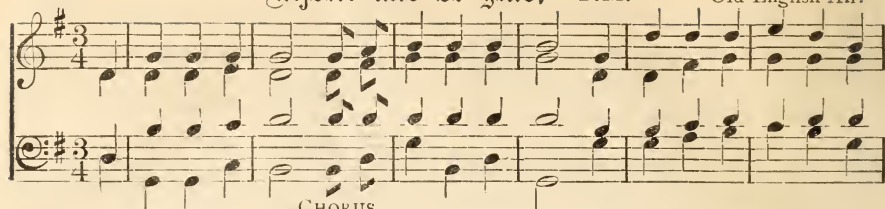
5 The Master hath called us; in life's early
 morning, [sod;
 With spirits as fresh as the dew on the
 We turn from the world, with its smiles and
 its scorning,
 To cast in our lot with the people of God.

6 The Master hath called us His sons and His
 daughters,
 We plead for His blessing, and trust in
 His love;
 And through the green pastures, beside the
 still waters,
 He'll lead us at last to His kingdom above.
Sarah Doudney.

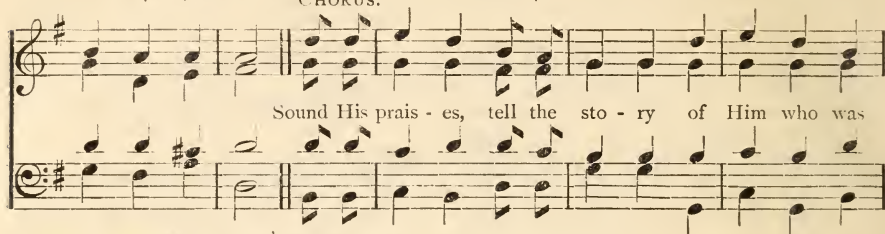
325

Rejoice and be glad, P.M.

Old English Air.

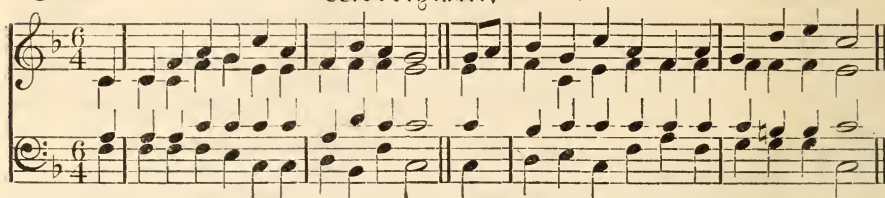


CHORUS.

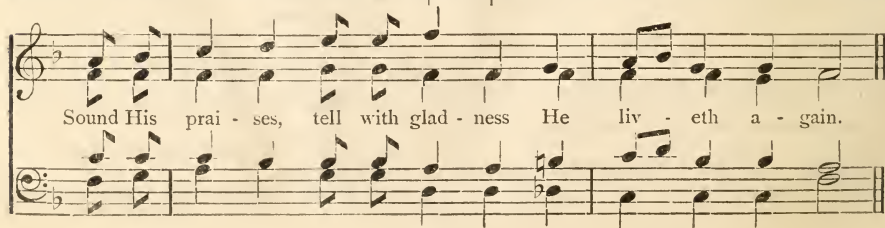
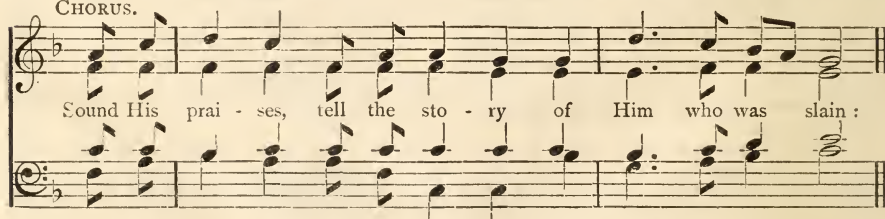


326

Woodchester, P.M.



CHORUS.



1 REJOICE and be glad ! the Redeemer
has come !

Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His
tomb !

(Chorus.) Sound His praises, tell the story of
Him who was slain :
Sound His praises, tell with gladness
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad ! it is sunshine at last,
The clouds have departed, the shadows are
past.

3 Rejoice and be glad ! now the pardon is free !
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

4 Rejoice and be glad ! for the Lamb that was
slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

5 Rejoice and be glad ! for He cometh again ;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was
slain.

Sound His praises, tell the story of Him
who was slain ;

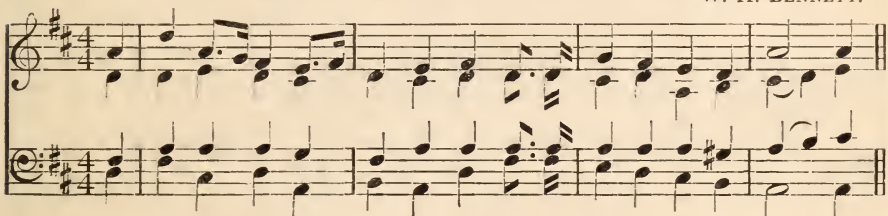
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He
COMETH again.

H. Bonar.

327

March on, March on. P.M.

W. H. BENNETT.



156

1 MARCH on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the love of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

2 Through the earth's wide round, we the
tidings sound
Of the Lord who came from heaven ;
Of the mighty hope, that with death can
cope,
And the love so freely given.

3 We march to fight with the powers of night,
That hold the world in sorrow ;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its
smart,
And arise to a joyful morrow.

4 We fight against wrong, with the weapon
strong,
Of the Love that all hate shall banish ;

And the chains shall fall from the down-
trodden thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.

5 O'er the realms of night shall our standard
bright
Arise, their darkness clearing ;
And the souls that were dead to the Lord
who bled,
Shall revive at His glad appearing.

6 Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us ;
And the prayers that rise to the listening
skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us ;

7 Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall shine on the Victor's glory,
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
Shall rejoice in the finished story.

E. S. A.

rit.

Ped.

Stately. A little slower.

Full Swell closed.

cres - cen - do.

rit.

Ped.

- 26
1 THE valleys and the mountains, the
woodland and the plain,
The rivers and the fountains, the sunshine
and the rain,
The stars that shine above us, the flowers that
deck the sod,
Proclaim aloud the glory of our God,
Praises, holy adoration,
Praises to the God above ;
Praises through the wide creation,
Sound aloud His greatness and His
love.
- 2 And shall the voice of nature thus glorify its
King,
And man, made in His image, no grateful
tribute bring ?
Shall mercy strew his pathway, and all the
senses please,
And man withhold the sacrifice of praise ?
Praise Him ye that live for ever ;
Praise Him every heart and voice ;
Praise Him, He's the glorious Giver :
Praise Him in your sorrows and your joys.
- 3 The word of life He gave us, to guide us to
the sky ;
That He might justly save us, He gave His
Son to die—
To die in shame and anguish, to die a
sacrifice ;
To save us from the death that never dies.
Praise Him, praise Him for salvation :
Praise Him, praise Him for His Son :
Praise Him, every tribe and nation,
Praise Him for the victory He has
won.
- 4 Then train your youthful voices, to hymn
His praise above, [love,
For he who here rejoices in Jesus' dying
Around His throne of glory shall all His
love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
Praise Him, praise th' eternal Father ;
Praise Him, praise th' eternal Son :
Praise Him, praise the Three together,
Father, Son, and Spirit. Three in
One.



257

1 WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of Mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day,
 God save the people!

2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong? [skies;
 "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs,
 God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of Mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott.

Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, let them

out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a-do-ra-tion

Tell it out! Tell . . . it out! Tell it out!

that He shall in-crease; That the migh-ty King of Glo-ry is the

King of Peace; Tell it out with ju-bi-la-tion, tho' the waves may roar, That He

CHORUS.

[illegible]

246

216
I TELL it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations, let them shout
and sing !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out with adoration that He shall
increase;

That the mighty King of Glory is the King
of Peace ;

Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves
may roar,

That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King
for evermore.

(Chorus.) Tell it out among the heathen that
the Lord is King!

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations, let
them shout and sing !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the
Saviour reigns !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst
their chains !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the weeping ones that
Jesus lives !

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest
He gives ; [save,

Tell it out among the sinful that He came to
Tell it out among the dying that He
triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns
above!

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations that His reign
is love !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes
at home ;

Let it ring across the mountains and the
ocean foam !

Like the sound of many waters let our glad
shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of
the sea. *Frances R. Havergal.*

From SCHUBERT.

Glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high - est! An - gels in cho - rus

joy - ful - ly cry; Glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high - est!

Trem-bling and weak our voi - ces re - ply. Fain would we e - cho their

an - them a - bove, Fain would we sing to the Foun - tain of love,

Glory to God—continued.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! What though but fee - bly our

ac - cents a - rise, Deign - ing to heark - en, He bends from the skies,

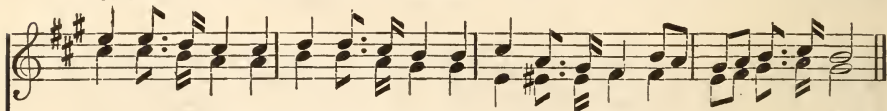
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! *p Org.*

- 15
1 **G**LORY, glory to God in the highest!
Angels in chorus joyfully cry;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Trembling and weak our voices reply.
Fain would we echo their anthem above,
Fain would we sing to the Fountain of love,
Glory to God in the highest!
What though but feebly our accents arise,
Deigning to hearken, He bends from the
skies,
Glory to God in the highest!
- 2 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Bright beaming stars of midnight proclaim;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
All nature peals forth in praise to His
name. [breeze,
Warbles the woodland, and whispers the
Roar out the torrents and tempest-toss'd seas,
Glory to God in the highest!
Loud His creation, still ceaseless prolongs,
Praise to her Maker in all her glad songs,
Glory to God in the highest!
- 3 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Mortals, break silence, gratefully sing;
Reigning in majesty throned above,
Yours is the royalest gift of His love.
Glory to God in the highest!
Spread through creation, His grandeur we trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace,
Glory to God in the highest!

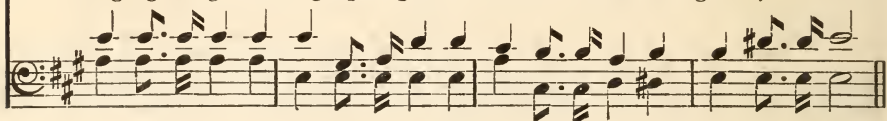
W. Tidd Matson.



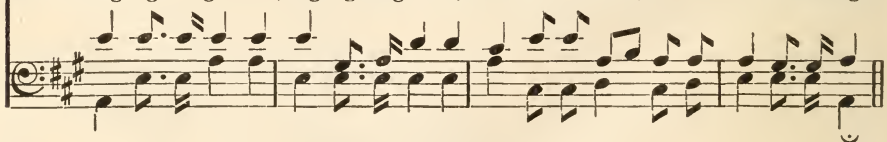
CHORUS.



Sing-ing to-ge-ther, sing-ing to-ge-ther, Teachers and scho-lars glad-ly u-nite :



Sing-ing to-ge-ther, sing-ing to-ge-ther, Love fills our hearts, and our fa-ces are bright.



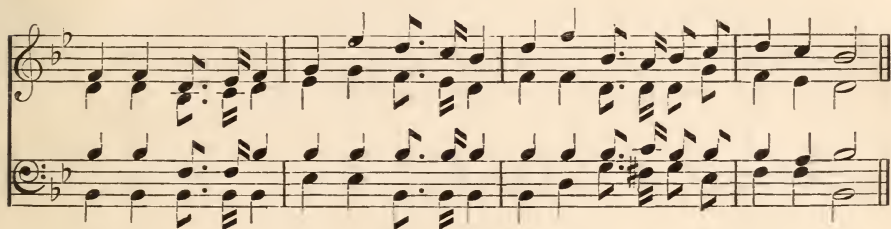
207

1 WE hail our anniversary,
Our voices rising loud and free ;
And with the notes of sweet accord
We praise our ever blessed Lord.

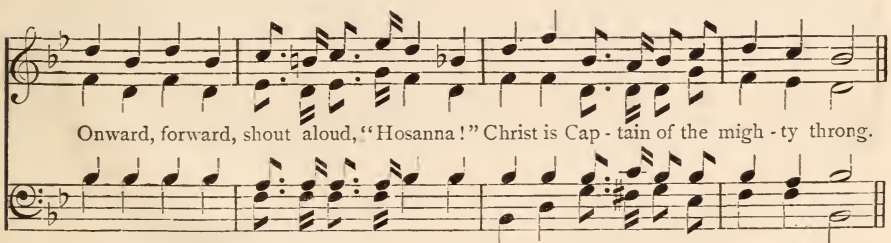
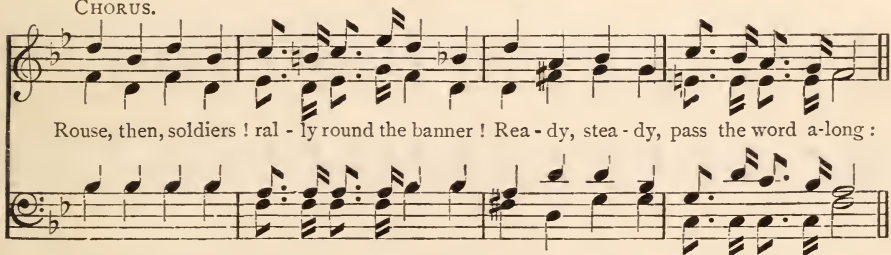
(Chorus.) Singing together, singing together,
Teachers and scholars gladly unite :
Singing together, singing together,
Love fills our hearts, and our faces
are bright.

2 We praise Him for the year now past,
And at His feet our cares we cast :
And O, may He who guides our way,
Forbid our youthful steps to stray !

3 Our Sabbath school, O, may He bless,
And guard its lambs with tenderness ;
And lead us gently when we die,
To our Good Shepherd's fold on high !



CHORUS.



- 161
SOUND the battle cry ! see the foe is
 nigh,
 Raise the standard high for the Lord ;
 Gird your armour on, stand firm every one ;
 Rest your cause upon His holy Word.
 (Chorus.) Rouse, then, soldiers ! rally round
 the banner !
 Ready, steady, pass the word
 along :
 Onward, forward, shout aloud,
 "Hosanna !"
 Christ is Captain of the mighty
 throng.
- 2 Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
 While our cause we know must prevail ;
 Shield and banner bright, gleaming in the
 light ;
 Battling for the right, we ne'er can fail.
- 3 O Thou God of all, hear us when we call,
 Help us one and all by Thy grace.
 When the battle's done and the victory won,
 May we wear the crown before Thy face.

W. F. Sherwin.



421

1 **W**HEN mothers of Salem
 Their children brought to Jesus,
 The stern disciples drove them back,
 And bade them depart ;
 But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
 And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
 "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

2 "For I will receive them,
 And fold them in My bosom ;
 I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
 O, drive them not away ;
 For if their hearts to Me they give,
 They shall with Me in glory live :
 Suffer little children to come unto Me."

3 How kind was our Saviour
 To bid those children welcome !
 But there are many thousands who
 Have never heard His name ;
 The Bible they have never read,
 They know not that the Saviour said,
 "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

4 O, soon may the heathen,
 Of every tribe and nation,
 Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast
 Their idols all away ;
 O, shine upon them from above,
 And show Thyself a God of love,
 Teach the little children to come unto
 Thee.

W. M. Hutchings.

